



*l i d i a*  
*i n l o v i n g r e m e m b r a n c e*



Lidia  
Antoniuk





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*From one light shines  
so many others.  
Thank you for the light  
you have given me.  
I love you, Mom.*

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A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read "MOM" or "MOMMY".



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*memories from*  
*family*

# diana clingen

Lidia was the idyllic aunt. I looked forward to each visit to upstate New York, and her trips to Marblehead, Massachusetts. The “girls”, who consisted of Lidia, Nadia and me, made sure that a portion of each visit was spent shopping – any kind, but preferably for clothes. I am not aware of any scientific proof that shopping is genetic - though most of my female friends participate in this “sport” - but if it’s not, then I most definitely learned early and extremely well from these two women!

During one of our shopping excursions, I came across a pair of Calvin Klein jeans (or just “Calvins” as they were known, the kind Brooke Shields so controversially wore all over billboards and magazines) that I recall I

*Traveling New England was one of Lidia’s favorite summer excursions.*

“just HAD to have!” This wasn’t the first time I had shopped with them, so knowingly I approached Aunt Lidia first. “Of course you can get them,” was her response. Great! Easy! Backed by Lidia’s support, I approached Nadia for final approval. “No.” Just as I suspected. Once opposing sides had been taken by the two sisters, the events that took place after that were strictly out of my control; within minutes and depending on the day, a decision would be made that could turn out for or against me. It turned out to be my lucky day!

Traveling New England was one of Lidia’s favorite summer excursions. She would visit Marblehead, where



*Lidia and Jerry polish off a lobster in Rockport, 1996/97.*



*Three generations together: Lidia, Tatiana, Diana and Nadia.*

her sister resided since the late ‘60’s, every time she came back East. Marblehead, Salem and the surrounding towns were as familiar to Lidia as her own neighborhoods of Little Falls, Utica and Hanover Park.

During Lidia and Jerry’s last visit the three of us drove up to Rockport, a picturesque fishing community just north of Marblehead, for lunch and a stroll. It was a brilliant summer day



diana clingen (continued)

← and after working up an appetite we agreed on the traditional feast of lobster. Obviously our idea was not unique, as every restaurant we tried was packed. Undiscouraged and happy to be outdoors, we continued to walk and browse until we noticed a weathered, unassuming restaurant and

decided to try it out. A narrow flight of stairs opened up to an empty dining area with buoys and lobster traps hanging from the rafters. How charming! There was no doubt we were meant to eat here! The best seat in the house was ours – a table overlooking the water and docks where fishermen were unloading “the catch of the

day”. Just after placing our order, the other tables began to fill up around us. Feeling as lucky as lottery winners, we donned our bibs and prepared to devour every bite. We did just that and the picture (opposite page) is proof! I keep this picture out as a reminder of Lidia’s smile, laugh and energy. ■

# paul & jennifer clingen

We love remembering Aunt Lidia because she was so full of love herself. Her only sister, the late Nadia Antoniuk Clingen, was Paul T. Clingen and Diana D. Clingen’s mother. This writer is Jennifer Clingen, Paul’s wife, and I am lucky enough to feel that she was my Aunt

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Lidia, too! Lidia was five years younger than Nadia, which is important to us because that made her both a respected parental figure, but at the same time a friend and ally in our relationship with our mother. We always had great care packages from Lidia at Christmas and our children’s birthdays, after Nadia passed away. It felt to us as though Lidia was committed to being as much of a surrogate mother as she could, despite the distance between

Illinois and Massachusetts. We had long phone conversations on many weekends, and I personally felt that I could tell her anything. She was superbly supportive of me as a new mother with Kira in 1994, and again with Kirk and Miranda, who were born in October, 1997.

When Nadia died in 1994, Lidia and Jerry Kolar came out to Marblehead, Massachusetts, to visit twice in the same year, which was truly a source of strength to all of us. While they were here helping Diana and Paul with Nadia’s house (where Diana was living too), both Lidia and Jerry enjoyed Devereux Beach and the East Coast very much. We tried to be sure that



Lidia with Paul and Jennifer in Marblehead at 38 Rowland Street, August 1993. Jerry and Lidia visit when Nadia was ill and Jennifer was pregnant with Kira.

they could enjoy the setting as much as possible even though their visits





*paul & jennifer clingen (continued)*

← began for a sad reason. We went sailing a couple of times that summer. We also had a wonderful afternoon - somehow, it was not melancholy - when we went to Plum Island in Newburyport to sprinkle some of Nadia's ashes, as Nadia had requested.

At Plum Island one can view the North of Cape Ann and Massachusetts Bay, walk the beach for miles, pick beach plums and feel the warm sand and waves of cool water. Despite scads of mosquitoes swarming and stinging, Lidia, Diana, Paul, Jerry and I made the best of our mission, taking turns with seashells, sprinkling those light, fine, grey ashes. We retreated from the flying pests to The Grog, a

*We took ashes to  
Plum Island as Lidia  
had wished.*

renowned restaurant and pub in Newburyport for respite and fortification. We had a wholesome time in the bar with our daughter Kira, Nadia's first grandchild and Lidia's first grandniece. Lidia had a giant smile on her face watching Kira, four months old, in a yellow stretch suit, sipping with a straw from a glass of ice water with lemon on the rim!

In October of 1999, we took ashes to Plum Island as Lidia had wished. Paul and Kira sprinkled Lidia's ashes in a secluded, elevated valley upwind of a sand dune while Kirk and Miranda, two years old, played on the beach. The wind was steady but not overpowering, the mosquitoes were still buzzing about, and the views of Massachusetts Bay were breathtaking. We hope Lidia could feel the love in our hearts and a sense of continuity, too, as her ashes blended into the blue sky and the soft warm sand at that ever-beautiful site. ■



*Paul and Kira sprinkling Lidia's ashes. There was beach grass all around them and it was windy, but serene and lovely. October, 1999.*



*The ashes fly up nicely. Paul sprinkling ashes from a seashell.*



*Left to right: Kirk, Paul, Miranda.*

# mike jeffers

I met Lidia through marrying Kari, Jerry's daughter. She always treated me with the utmost respect, and was always social and pleasant with me. Even though there may have been underlying things, I was unaware of what occurred before I met her. I knew I was always welcome in her house, and felt comfortable there.

The main quality of Lidia that I took in my limited time of being around

her was that she didn't judge people based on what happened around her. She dealt with each person individually, and took me for who I was, how I dealt with her, and never let any of the situational factors that neither of us had control over affect how she and I interacted.

From the time I spent with Lidia, I can tell you that even though we were together about five or six times, I



Mike and Kari Jeffers.

developed an attachment to her and was saddened by her death. ■

# jerry kolar

I remember when we got married. The first winter was cold. The thing I recall about that was that I came home from work one night, was cold to the bone, and Lidia was making supper. She told me to take a nice hot shower and sit by the fireplace. She had a nice fire going after the shower, and she called me upstairs for dinner. After dinner, she told me to

*I just started crying  
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go downstairs and sit by the fire and read the paper. Lidia was a giver like me, not a taker like a lot of people.

She cleaned up the kitchen and came downstairs with two cups of coffee with Grand Marnier. I just started crying because I never had someone so outgoing from the heart. She was a classic lady. We had it all, Lidia - Key Largo.



Lidia and Jerry's wedding day in Las Vegas, August 29, 1987.

I gave Lidia cards all the time. I would write special messages in them to her. One day she started to cry, and asked me not to write anything on the cards. I could see she never had anything like that before, and from that day on,

I just signed my name as "Your Groom". I miss her a great deal, but I have her in my heart, and I know that when my time comes, Lidia will be waiting for me. ■

# the kresser family

john, lisa, heather and nicholas

We came to know Lidia through my father, Gerald Kolar, who married Lidia on August 29, 1987, making her my stepmother. I do know that she and my father had a very special relationship together.

We all wish we had spent more time with Lidia. We do have some special memories of her. One of them is that

*It was a beautiful, hot summer day, and it was really nice just having all of us together.*

one summer she and my dad invited us all over for a barbeque. My brother David, his wife, Maria and their son, Michael, were there and so was my sister Kari and Brooke. We all had a really nice time and spent the whole day together in the backyard. It was a



Left to right: Heather, Lisa Kresser (Jerry's daughter) and Zack Jeffers.

beautiful, hot summer day, and it was really nice just having all of us together. I wish we had more special days like that. I also remember that whenever Lidia and Jerry would drive out to our house for a visit, they would almost always stop at the Huntley shopping mall, which was on the way. I know they had a lot of fun together shopping for bargains.



Left to right: Nicholas, John and Lisa Kresser and Zack Jeffers.

One more special memory we have is visiting Lidia and my dad every Christmas day. We would all sit downstairs by the fireplace and talk and munch on cheese and crackers, while their grandchildren Heather and Nicholas opened their presents. Lidia was a very friendly and caring person. We are glad she was part of our lives. We will miss her dearly. ■

# jim ortlieb

I remember the years with Lidia like they were only yesterday. She was such a special person who touched everyone's heart in her own special way.

Lidia was the shining example of motherhood, of a daughter and of a best friend. She was the type of person that you always wanted to be around.

Lidia always put everyone else's needs in front of hers. From the boys, to her parents, to her friends, they always came first.

Her motherly attention to Michael and Travis knows no equal. Lidia always made sure that they were surrounded by love that continued until the very end. There are no two other

boys in this world that received so much love and care.

Her love for her parents and her constant attention to making their lives easier was so evident in the daily calls to their home, weekly Sunday visits, and later on in helping them relocate closer to our home in upstate New





jim ortlieb (continued)



York. Making their retirement a joy was one of Lidia's goals, and she did it so well. Mike and Tina were very lucky to have a daughter like Lidia.

Lidia's friends always knew that they could count on her, whether it be an

*She was the person  
in the neighborhood  
who you knew you  
could count on.*

emergency or a planned affair. Lidia was there for them for whatever they needed. She was the person in the neighborhood who you knew you could count on to be there and give you help for whatever was needed.

Life was too short for such a special person, and I think God made a mistake when He took Lidia so soon. She



With friend Loes Kok, Travis, Lidia, Michael and Jim enjoy a break outside Chicago's Field Museum in 1983.

still had so much more to do, so many more hearts to touch and so much more love to share with everyone. I know we will all miss her in our own special way, but we can look back

fondly at the time we had with her and smile a little remembering her smile.

Lidia, we will miss you. ■

# michael ortlieb

I was at work the day I called Mom to ask her how the doctor's visit went. She had recently visited Travis and me in Seattle, and had complained of a persistent cough. I suspected Mom might have a bronchial infection or something similar.

I had been in a state of indecision whether to move back to Chicago, but after Mom told me of her diagnosis, the question to move was answered. She told me that she shouldn't be the only reason I was moving back. I told her of course that wasn't the only reason, but as I look back at my three month stay there, I believe she knew me better than I thought.

It seemed like things were getting better, too. Around the time I moved back to Seattle, it sounded like everything was under control. The chemo

*Mom was one of  
the few consistent  
things in my life.*

was working — her cancer was in remission, it seemed. I'm not sure if that was ever the case, though. Mom was a very unselfish person, and always put others' feelings ahead of

hers. She didn't want us to treat her like a charity case, so I was never sure if Jerry, Travis and I received a version of events that differed from the reality of her situation.

Mom's independence meant a great deal to her. She worked until about a month before her passing, wanting to keep and maintain a normal lifestyle. One might say she was a very stubborn woman. I just call her a Ukrainian, and I wouldn't have wanted her any other way.

Mom was one of the few consistent things in my life. I could always talk to



michael ortlieb (continued)

her about most anything, and visited or called her every week. Even when I moved to Seattle, I still maintained weekly contact with her. In some ways, I appreciated her more after I moved because sometimes I think I took her for granted since she was around all the time.

I was a bit of a schemer growing up, and Mom could see through all of that and call me on my bullshit. I learned more from her with each passing year, and realized along the way that she had been there for major events in my life — my high school graduation and Eagle Scout court of honor, among others. The more I learned about her, the more I began to understand the amount of trauma she had been through in her lifetime. There exists in me a strong belief that she held a lot of these events inside and never really expressed herself regarding them.

If Travis and I were doing something wrong, she would yell a count to three. “One!” would alert us that something was up. “Two!” would make us stop whatever we were doing (usually something to spark the count to three in the first place). I don’t remember her ever getting the chance



Left to right: Michael, Jerry and Travis. May, 1999.

to yell “Three!”, because we knew she meant business.

I remember afternoons with Grandma Mazvijko long ago helping her make pierogies. It had been a long time since I had tried to make them, and Mom sent me recipes that came very close to Grandma’s. I wanted to keep some of the Ukrainian traditions in my generation, and Mom helped me to do that. Mom told me a few stories about her childhood.

Kids used to make fun of her at school because her clothes were handmade, and not bought from a store. She told me there was a boy who used to pick on her in Little Falls on her way home from school. She finally confronted this boy and punched him, giving him a bloody nose. A crowd gathered, including a policeman. The policeman couldn’t believe what had happened, and laughed.

Not a day goes by that she isn’t in my thoughts. I miss hugging her and talking to her. She was a close friend as well as a loving mother, and she has had the greatest, most positive impact

*She was a close friend as well as a loving mother, and she has had the greatest positive impact on my life.*

on my life. This book is my tribute to her. The thing is, I know if she were alive today, she’d tell me not to make such a fuss about her.

But that was Mom’s way, and it was one of the reasons I loved her so much. It’s hard to believe that it’s been almost two years since her fateful doctor’s visit. I still feel her presence and spirit around me.

Na zdrowie. ■



Mom and me in younger days - 1 month young.



# robert ortlieb

I first met Lidia when she and my son Jim began dating, shortly after his return from Vietnam. She was a beautiful young woman, very intelligent, and I think with a good family background.

I will always be indebted to her for providing me with two grandsons that she raised with lots of love, discipline, and the guidance needed by all children to become caring and responsible adults.

One of my favorite memories is of our morning coffees. Lidia would stop at our house on her way to work and have coffee with my wife and me. We had great discussions about family, work and the world. I don't know that

we solved any big problems, but we had fun trying.

Lidia worked hard and was a perfectionist in whatever she attempted. That is why her children turned out so well.

She was also very talented and had a great sense of humor. We were lucky to have a person with her qualities. We loved her and will miss her. ■



Robert with son Jim, and Lidia.

# travis ortlieb

I remember Mom in a lot of different ways. I remember the way she laughed, the way she lived, and the way she cared about us. The impression that she has had on me and my life is something that will never leave me.

I guess I didn't really know how good I had it growing up. It's only now when I look back, that I realize what a great mother she was to Mike and me. While we were growing up, she dealt with a divorce, worked full time, and took care of both of us and our home.

Mom had lots of friends. She loved socializing with her friends in the neighborhood, friends at card club, and friends back in upstate New York.

I remember going back to New York with Mom on the train, the Lake Shore Limited. It took a long time to



Michael, Travis (at front) and Lidia on the front steps of 504 Cedarbrook Crescent, their home in Utica, New York.

get from Chicago to Utica, and I'm sure Mike and I were both handfuls, but getting there was all worth it. We

would go to Grandma and Grandpa's house, with the green siding and huge



travis ortlieb (continued)

hill in the backyard, and Mom and Grandma would speak to each other in Ukranian for hours. Every once in a while they would seem to be arguing, and Mike or I would ask, "What are you arguing about?" To which she would say, "We're not arguing. We're talking."

Mom always made sure we knew how important we were to her. Mike and I were both in the Boy Scouts, and I

*It took a long time to get from Chicago to Utica, and I'm sure we were both handfuls, but getting there was all worth it.*

remember once when Mom was making "meal packs" for us (foil-wrapped meals that you just throw on the fire), and she had run out of hamburger. She gave us steak instead.

One thing about Mom – she loved her



Travis with fiancé Jen at her brother's wedding, 1999.

shopping. I remember going shopping with her many times. She loved to check out every sale, every clearance rack, every nook and cranny for a bargain. She loved to take care of us, and if we needed something she would take us out to get it, from a new Boy Scout uniform to school clothes. One of the reasons she loved Seattle was the Pike Place Market. Once she was there she would walk for hours, check-

ing out all the booths, smelling the flowers, and looking at all the people.

I think the most important lesson she taught me was how to treat other people in your life, and that is with love and respect. She had a great impact on many peoples' lives, and she will truly be missed.

I love you, Mom. ■



*memories from*  
*friends*

# sam bottini

Jim and I went to high school together and really had a great time. After high school, Lidia and Jim met at Mohawk Data Services and started to date. Lidia always wanted to be with him. Jim, like the rest of us, wanted to party with the guys. It made for some wild nights.

One thing Jim and Lidia had in common was their love for having parties. The one that really comes to mind was when they were living in Utica... what a blast! Of course the noise was

too loud, and the police were called.

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*She was always  
willing to help  
someone, and she  
did it with a smile.*

---

All the men got drunk and left their house, and didn't return until the next

morning. All of our wives were mad, but Lidia laughed it off.

When I moved to Utica from Ilion, Lidia insisted on helping my wife buy and plant all the shrubs in front of our house.

Lidia was always sincere in everything she did. She was always willing to help someone, and she did it with a smile. She had a wonderful personality and was a very well liked individual. She will truly be missed. ■

# karen depaul

I don't really remember where I first met Lidia. Perhaps it was at Laurel Hill Elementary School. Maybe the PTA or PTO. Perhaps it was a Cub Scout meeting or activity. Somewhere

along the way she placed an Avon order with me and continued to do so from time to time over the years.

When we spoke on the phone for

Avon reasons, we got into extended conversations to catch up on our families, friends, etc. One of the things I remember the most is that she was so proud of Michael and Travis. ■

# andy grzesik

I came to know Lidia through her joining our little company, Tantec, in Schaumburg, Illinois. I often stopped to speak with her as I arrived in the morning. Lidia started very early, and she was usually the first person I saw.

Lidia always joked about wanting to travel with me on my trips to the East Coast. New York and Massachusetts always got her attention. She said that she would be glad to come along to repair any demo equipment that might fail while on the road.

My wife and I met up with Jerry and Lidia in a grocery store. She was very

kind to my wife, who was also ill at that time. We all tried to convince

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*Lidia was very kind  
to my wife, who was  
also ill at that time.*

---

Lidia that she should really take it easy and forget about work for a while. I think she enjoyed remaining active as long as possible.

Lidia attended a small informal

Christmas party at Melanie's house (a co-worker at Tantec). I do remember she really enjoyed the special drinks Jerry (another co-worker at Tantec) was preparing. She convinced us she was okay for the drive home and made it through a tremendous snow. She spoke about how much fun she had months later.

Lidia had a sincere work ethic. She was always early at work, she always did a high quality job, and she always managed to have fun doing it. She could joke around in an industrial environment filled with guys without being offended. ■

# melanie hobbs

Lidia was working at Tantec when I started working there, in the summer of 1994. We interacted quite frequently, since the company only had a dozen or so employees at that time, with very few female employees.

Lidia and I would often talk about new restaurants we had tried or new

movies we had seen. We had very similar likes and interests. The event I remember the most, though, was at one of our company Christmas parties. Lidia had a few too many margaritas, then went home and danced for her husband Jerry on top of their coffee table, while flinging her shoes off into the air. I just remember hearing about

it on Monday morning, when we returned to work, and teasing her about it for years after!

Lidia had zest for life. She would make even the smallest of things, like a good recipe or a good movie, sound absolutely wonderful. She had pride in her family, constantly talking about

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Tantec company photo. Lidia is third from left in the first row.

her husband and how proud she was of her kids. She had a wonderful and bold sense of humor. She had honesty, because she could always say anything to anyone, to stand up for what she believed was right and truthful. And she had her fighting spirit, for what she believed in, for her family, for her rights and for life. ■

# carolyn & eb hoerling

I was a very good friend of Lidia's when we lived down the street from each other. We moved from New York to Chicago in 1978. A neighbor saw our New York license plates on the car, and Lidia and Jim came down to meet us. We became best friends from that day on. Lidia and I talked almost daily on the phone. We shopped together, went garage saleing on the

weekends, and out to dinner often. Of course, on weekend nights we would go to wherever Jim and his brother were playing their guitars. It was always a lot of fun.

Lidia and I also took a painting class together. She was really creative and painted so beautifully! One of my fondest and most fun memories is a

night that we had one of those wonderful Chicago blizzards with below-freezing temperatures and horrible wind. We decided to go to dinner together on Irving Park Road to a restaurant across the street. The weather was so severe we had to walk backwards most of the way, and we were frozen to the bone when we got





carolyn & eb hoerling (continued)

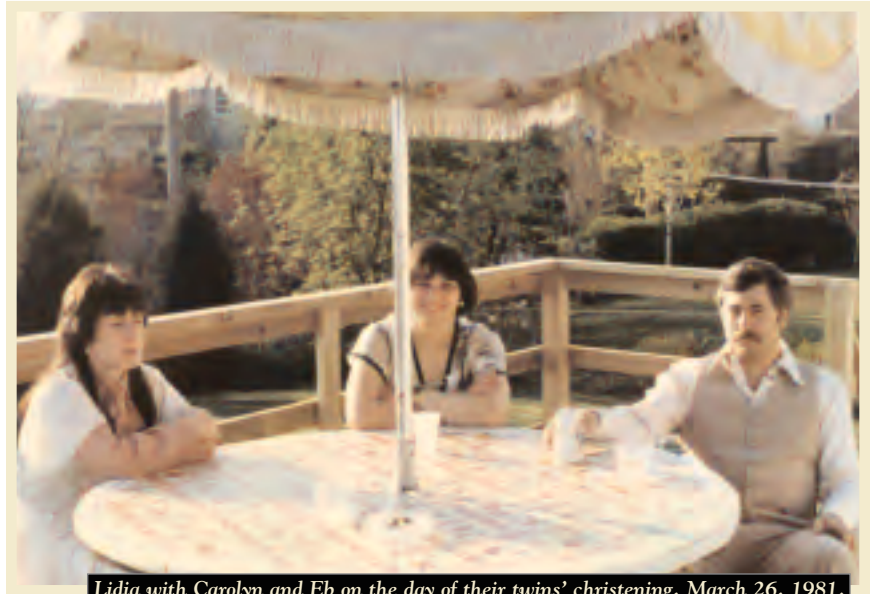


there. Of course, we were the only people in the restaurant besides the waitress, who thought we were nuts. Well, needless to say we had a lot of laughs and fun that night. We were so crazy to go out.

Lidia was very helpful to me when my twins were born. She babysat for me

*She was really creative and painted so beautifully!*

when my husband and I were desperate for a night out. She was always very helpful, generous, and so pleasant. She had a great sense of humor and was always fun to be with. Lidia was a very sincere and honest friend and loved her boys so much.



Lidia with Carolyn and Eb on the day of their twins' christening, March 26, 1981.

We moved from Chicago in 1983, but I went back in 1991 and visited with her and her new husband, Jerry. She had me over to the house for cake and coffee. She was always willing to visit,

so we were able to keep up-to-date with what was going on in our lives, and we exchanged Christmas cards. We will always remember her fondly as a very dear friend. ■

# wanda iacobucci

My first day to meet Lidia Antoniuk was June, 1959, on a Monday morning at 7 a.m. at the corner of Main Street and Mary Street in Little Falls, New York. We both were scheduled to attend summer school in Ilion, New York. The school was approximately 15 minutes west of Little Falls. I lived in St. Johnsville about 10 miles east of Little Falls. My family had a car and I could drive.

My grandmother was Polish and lived in the same apartment building as Lidia. Lidia's mother, my grandmother and mother were friends and could speak Polish to one another. I could not understand them that well, but my mother would tell me what was going on. My parents were farmers, and every Sunday for many years, we

would go to see my grandmother. Of course, as children my grandmother and Tina (Lidia's mother) would try to

*My mother told me that I would pick up Lidia on Monday, or that I would not be going to school.*

get Lidia and I to play together, but we never did.

June, 1959, was a different story. We could not get out of meeting one another. My parents made arrange-

ments with Tina and my grandmother that since I drove and was going to school in Ilion, and since Lidia needed a ride, I was to take her with me. I gave my mother trouble about it, because I just figured that Lidia would talk Polish and I didn't want to be with her. I guess Lidia's reasons were that she didn't want to go with me because I was a farmer. We were both 16 years old and had to go to summer school to go on to the next year of class. I needed English and would take Drivers Ed, just so I could get my blue card to drive at night at 17 years old. I don't remember what classes Lidia had, but she had two also.

My mother told me that I would pick up Lidia on Monday, or that I would



*wanda iacobucci (continued)*

← not be going to school. This was very upsetting to me, but I had to do it. So, Monday morning, there she was, waiting with her goods in arm and watching for a 1956 white and green Buick. I just looked for a girl that looked Polish. I stopped and she opened the door and said, "I am Lidia," and I said, "I am Wanda. Get in." I guess when we saw one another, we both realized that we really were not what we thought. The 15 minutes to Ilion was about class and where to meet after class. We agreed to meet at the car at noon. Noon came and we started for home.

I got a bright idea that maybe we could go to Caroga Lake for the afternoon if my mother and her mother agreed. Lidia thought that it was a good idea, and we would both see her mother first, and then call my mother. Grandma and Tina were waiting for us to come home from school, and when we both walked in and were getting along, they were happy. Lidia pinched me and said, "Okay, I'll ask." Tina and Grandma were so happy that we wanted to have fun that day, they would have agreed to anything we wanted to do. Then I called Mom and she said, "Sure, have fun, but be home at 5 p.m." When 5 p.m. came, we went to my house, and by that time we had made more plans. I decided that Lidia should stay overnight and go to school from my house. My mother had no problem with that, and she called Tina for us. Let me tell you, this was the best summer I ever had and the only summer that I can say was a ball.

By the second week of summer school, we were like sisters, but Grandma, Tina and Mom were not happy with this deal. We didn't care, because it was their idea for us to meet, and now that we did, they didn't like us always running around, plus putting gas and miles on the car. When you're 16 years old, gas and miles really aren't a concern, but to the parents it was, as well as the everyday party we were having.

We passed our classes, so that made it a little better for our parents.

In the summer of 1959, I introduced Lidia to a friend of mine from St.

meant, and she said the girl in the dressing room, referring to Lidia. I got upset, but didn't respond. At that point both Rosie and Lidia came out of the dressing room, and I told them



*Lidia and Wanda, 1999.*

Johnsville, named Rosie Battisti-Shostek. We were all familiar with a clothing store in Little Falls called the Boston Store. Two elderly Jewish ladies owned the store, and knew all three of us very well, but they didn't know that all three of us knew each other until we all went into the store

*Tina and Grandma  
were so happy that  
we wanted to have  
fun that day.*

together to shop for school clothes. While Lidia and Rosie were in two different dressing rooms trying on clothes, I was still cruising the store looking for something when one of the Jewish ladies approached me, and asked me what I was doing hanging around a refugee. I asked who she

to put everything back, and that we were out of there. We left, and when they asked why, I told them to wait until we got outside, and then I would explain what had happened. Lidia was ready to go back into the store and rip their faces off. Lidia spent a lot more money in that store than Rosie and I did because she lived on the same block where the store was. Needless to say, we never shopped there again. A couple of years later, the store closed. We always called Lidia a refugee after that, and she always called us farmers.

That fall, Lidia went to California to live with her sister and to graduate from high school. I went back to St. Johnsville and graduated in 1960. That fall, I got engaged and married in 1961. Lidia came home from California in 1960 and started working at MDS in Herkimer. Life was different because we both had responsibilities. I was engaged, so my time was spent with my boyfriend. Lidia would come



wanda iacobucci (continued)

down on weekends and go out with us. In 1961, I got married, and Lidia was in my wedding. Years passed, but our friendship remained. It seemed that no matter how many months or years would pass, we always maintained a great friendship. We were like sisters. I could tell her anything.

In 1965, my kids were one and three years old, and on weekends, my then husband Primo and I would get a babysitter and go out, usually with a few people. Lidia would also go with us if she didn't have other plans on the weekend. Camille was our regular babysitter. Camille's mother Hilda was a hairdresser and did my hair. Hilda's shop also had her father's barber shop and one of the barbers was named Paul Hoffman. Paul and I went to school together in St. Johnsville and graduated together in 1960. We were all friends. Lidia was always interested in Paul, and wanted a date with him. Finally in June of 1965, Paul made a date with Lidia for Saturday night, but said he wouldn't be around during the day. He was in the National Guard and had to march in a parade at Cherryvalley Days. He would be in by 7 or 8 p.m. and then we would all go out. Cherryvalley Days was quite a booze affair, and after the parade, kids from St. Johnsville partied there.

Around 6 p.m. that night, Paul called my house for Lidia to explain he would have to break the date because he was in no condition to go out. Lidia was disappointed, but understood. Of course, we were still all going out that night without Paul. Camille decided that she couldn't babysit for us, so we went to a restaurant called Sarno's in St. Johnsville with Hilda and her boyfriend and Camille's brother JJ. Lidia went with us. We left Sarno's about 1 am and Lidia went back to Little Falls. About 2 a.m. the phone rang, and it was JJ telling us that six kids were in a bad accident, and that Camille was in the hospital with back and head problems, one girl with her

ankle cut off, one with a broken hip, and another with 18 stitches in her head. Paul was with them, and he was rushed to Albany Med. He was in a coma and lost his leg. It was cut off from the car chrome on the side of the car, and they didn't think he would make it that day. I called Lidia about 2:30 am that morning to tell her about Paul. She came right down and we all went to Camille's house. About 6 am, Camille was released from the hospital. She looked bad, but at least she was all in one piece. Paul lived eight days longer, then died.

Paul had recently bought a new 1965 Buick Skylark convertible, all black with a white top. After a few weeks,

*My last words to her were, "Wait for me. I'll be there Saturday."*

Paul's mother and father were selling Paul's car, and Lidia decided to buy it. The car was a real eye catcher, and so was Lidia. The car eased the sorrow of Paul's death.

Later, Lidia got married and moved to Chicago. Sometime later, our marriages went to the dogs, and with raising two kids there wasn't much time to talk to one another about problems. In 1985, I went to Albany and moved out of St. Johnsville, and from 1985 to 1988 our life was too mixed up with problems and divorces. I had Lidia's phone number, but couldn't get her on the phone. The area code had been changed, and also her name.

When we finally made contact with one another we had a lot of things to say, both with broken hearts. From that time on we talked every Saturday or Sunday. Lidia and Jerry came out twice to Boston and stopped to see

me. I drove to Chicago in August 1995, and had a great time with her and Jerry. Lidia and I had a lot to talk about, and everytime we got together we would stay up all night and talk until it was time for me to go to work. Then she would sleep, and I would get home from work and stay up the next night. We would laugh about it, and say we wouldn't do it again, but we would.

Lidia was a wonderful person and a very private person. She held many, many, many things inside of her and would never say a thing. She was very private in all she did with relationships. I guess that's why I loved her so much, because she was a true friend. Lidia and I didn't come from rich families – our parents worked very hard to give us a living, and more.

Lidia was a very good dresser and very organized. When I was married and she wasn't, she would come to my house and give me the business about what a mess I had, and would end up cleaning for me and organizing my place. Of course, I had two kids and I worked, so I couldn't keep up with everything. Then she got married and had two kids, but I couldn't get to see her for weeks at a time to bug her about the organizing she was doing. I know she kept up with it, because she was that way. We were different, but also a lot alike. We could give each other the business, but not be mad at one another.

Lidia talked slow and I talked fast. When we were young girls, I could talk her into anything. Lidia never smoked at all during our teenage years – I still can't believe it.

Lidia and I talked for the last time on May 24, 1999. She came back to the phone in the hospital three times in about 15 minutes trying to talk to me. My last words to her were, "Wait for me. I'll be there Saturday." Then she spoke, and we hung up at 9:35 pm, my time, Monday, May 24, 1999. ■



# linda intino

Paul and I first met when Lidia moved into the neighborhood in Utica. She heard me raising my voice and said she felt at home already.

Lidia was my friend who introduced me to gardening. I had never had my hands in dirt, and did not know what to do with it. I remember following her into the woods, holding onto her shirt because I was afraid. I still have the wildflowers and flora from then, plus others she gave me.



Left to right: Linda, Lidia and Paul in Utica.

Lidia's qualities were many, and so hard to put them all on paper. She was easy to talk to, plus we had a lot in common. She was so strong in many ways and so gentle and caring as a true friend could be. We had fun in person, and even on the

phone, for years. I will miss her so much, but will have her in my heart

*She heard me raising my voice, and said she felt at home already.*

forever. Friends are the flowers in the garden of life. ■



Linda and Lidia together on a visit to Utica.

# mitch & arlene jeczalik

We met Lidia and Jerry in the mid-1980's at Hanover Tap, the local bar. Many good times and trips originated from the Tap. There were bus trips to the Sox baseball games, horseracing at

Arlington Park, harness racing at Maywood, and many trips to Lake Geneva and Port Charles in Wisconsin. There was the train trip to New Orleans, a few flights to

Nashville, St. Louis, and of course, Las Vegas. On each trip, one night was designated to go to a special restaurant, at which time we would get



*mitch & arlene jeczalik (continued)*

← dressed up – suit-and-tie type thing – and try to behave ourselves while indulging in fine cuisine. Some of us were a bit loud, sometimes embarrassing, but I can honestly say Lidia was not in this category. She conducted herself as a true lady, yet a lot of fun to be with. Her usual drink was coffee with Bailey's Irish Cream.

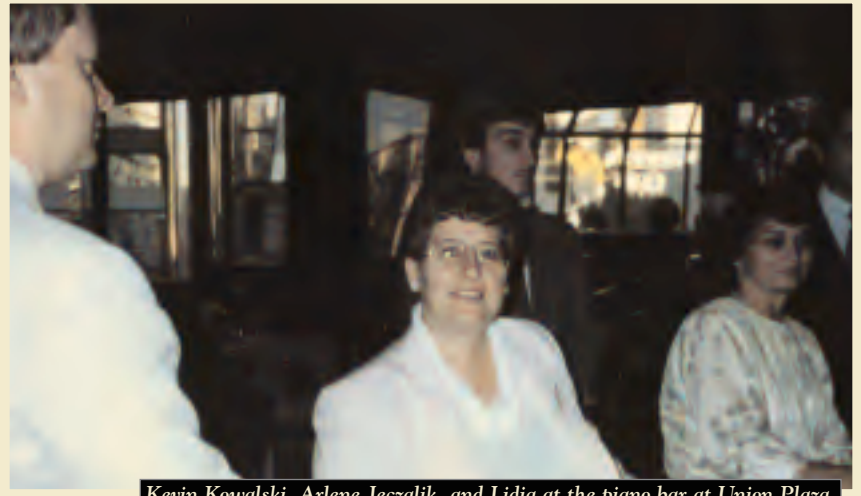
We had some great times in Nashville, seeing the Boots Randolph show and then talking and taking pictures with him. In Nashville, we also met with Minnesota Fats, and some of us played pool on his table at the Embassy Suites hotel where he lived and we stayed.

*It was a beautiful wedding and Lidia looked radiant and so happy.*

Jo Anne and I from Bon Gusto gave a bridal shower on a Sunday afternoon in August, 1987, at our home in Bartlett. Lidia was very surprised and happy to see all of her friends at the party. The next day Jo Anne and I were surprised when we each received two dozen roses as a thank you.

One time we went with about 20 Hanover Tap friends to the Union Plaza Hotel in Las Vegas on August 29, 1987, to witness their wedding. It was a beautiful wedding and Lidia looked radiant and so happy. I remember at the reception, we were all at the piano bar and sang Bobby Vinton's "Melody of Love", and I sang the Polish verses. A good time was had by all who attended.

It is so ironic that on the day Lidia passed away I was in Las Vegas at the Union Plaza with my daughter. I →



Kevin Kowalski, Arlene Jeczalik, and Lidia at the piano bar at Union Plaza Las Vegas, for Lidia and Jerry's wedding reception. August 29, 1987.



Lidia and Jerry with Boots Randolph.



Lidia and Jerry in Nashville, 1980s.



Jerry and Lidia's wedding reception at the Union Plaza. August 29, 1987.

mitch & arlene jeczalik (continued)



talked about Lidia and Jerry, and wanted to show her the restaurant and wedding chapel, but the stairway was

blocked and we were unable to go upstairs. I remember that day, May 25th, because it's the day before my birthday and I was in Las Vegas cele-

brating. The last time I saw Lidia and Jerry was in July, 1993, at the farewell party that our family gave when we were moving here to Arizona. ■

# kathy kielma ma

I met Lidia when she moved onto our block and she started playing cards with us. I also bowled with her on Wednesday nights with Joan Piazza. I was the one who introduced her to Jerry Kolar when Jim left. She would stay home and not eat, so I would get her to go out to the show and get something to eat. Sometimes Denny would meet us after he got off work to have a drink. Jerry is a good friend of Denny's and mine, and he would meet us also.

That's how Lidia and Jerry's love story began. We used to go on trips with the

*We always had a good time, no matter what was going on at the time.*

people from the Hanover Tap, like celebrating Kevin Kowalski's birthday with a bus ride from here to Wisconsin, stopping at small, out-of-the-way bars all the way up. Then, trips to Grand Ole Opry in Tennessee, where we met Minnesota Fats at the Hermitage Hotel, where he resided, and also meeting Boots Randolph at his show where he played Yakety Yak on the sax.

We had some good times traveling with the gang and such, plus all the fun we had up at Mary's cottage, going to the flea markets and playing cards



*The group after seeing Minnesota Fats.*



*Minnesota Fats showing his billiards moves, as Lidia watches.*



*Dinner at the Hermitage Hotel.*

until the wee hours of the night. I miss Lidia a lot. We always had a good

time, no matter what was going on at the time. ■



# arie & loes kokkok

Loes and I came to know Lidia through Mohawk Data Services (MDS), the company Jim worked for in the seventies. I did the same in Holland and was sent over to the USA for a couple of months to work there in some kind of exchange program of MDS, and later on another time to sort out several reorganisations in MDS Holland. Particularly the second time I worked quite a lot with Jim. Later on he came to Holland for the same reorganisations and spent some time in our house.

So we came to know each other quite well, and this resulted in our visit to their home in Utica in 1977. So there we met Lidia. I think we stayed approximately 2 weeks with Lidia and Jim, and their two children, Michael and Travis.

Anyway, in our memory, we spent a pleasant time there. I remember that Lidia had quite a laugh about us, when we found out that we had come by a

*Loes and I felt very much at ease with Lidia, and appreciated her hospitality.*

rented car all the way up from New York City to Utica in hot weather and had not realized that the car was air-conditioned.

Further on during that period we were very lucky that Lidia was kind enough to lend us her car so we could tour around and see things. We did not go out much with them during our stay. Only on the day of our arrival we went to, if I remember well, a pizza place and ate pizza, and that Lidia was



Arie and Loes in front of the Sears Tower in Chicago, 1983.

quite angry with Michael and Travis, because one of them wanted to have something different and started to yell when they did not get it.

A couple of years later, in 1983, we revisited Lidia and Jim in Hanover Park. On arrival at Chicago Airport we were awaited by Jim, Michael and Travis, and went to some baseball game right away.

Only after that we went to their Hanover Park home and stayed there some time. It was a very pleasant time and we found Lidia very friendly and nothing but good things about her hospitality. She and Jim showed us around in Chicago and other places, and we had a great time. Also during that time Loes had her birthday and we went to some restaurant to have

dinner. We do not remember where, we only know that in the middle of the restaurant there was a small pond in which a ship was drifting.

For dessert, however, we had to drive another half an hour or so, because that place served such particularly nice desserts, we were told. This behaviour of course struck us as being rather remarkable, but we liked it. Loes even got a birthday present from Lidia, whereas I had nothing to give her for her birthday at all. Loes felt very much at ease with Lidia, and appreciated her hospitality. I felt this way too.

We felt very much at home with she and Jim, and regretted very much when we heard about their divorce shortly after our 1983 visit. ■

# frank kowalski

I met Lidia at Tantec, where we both worked. Her workstation was just inside the entrance I used, and consequently, she was the first person I saw there every day.

She always helped start the day on an upbeat, sometimes off-the-wall, note. If you weren't feeling that way to start, she would somehow get a smile out of you anyhow.

She was someone you could confide in, joke with, and in general, be a joy to know. The world is a poorer place for her loss. We have too few people like her to spare. ■

# patricia loomis

Lidia was my neighbor. She would come over and talk as I was doing yard work or painting the trim on my

house. I was always working, and she would say, "Pat, take a break!" Sometimes when I saw her and Jerry

sitting on their front steps, I would go over and visit with them. She was always friendly and a good neighbor. ■

# jennifer & art merritt

Lidia lived next door to my mother-in-law, Pearl Merritt. I don't know when I actually met her. I started dating my(to-be) husband, Art, in 1986. It was obvious that Art enjoyed his friendship with her, so I started knowing her before I even met her!

Before Art and I were married, Pearl participated in a street-wide garage sale. I offered to help — working a garage sale for my parents was always enjoyable, because I like talking with people. But this particular day dragged a bit. I didn't know anyone, so conversations were slim, and, I admit, I was feeling very out of place. I was getting restless. Lidia, by this time whom I'd actually met and liked, came over to see how things were going. We chatted and laughed a bit. Lidia was always an "easy laugh." Then Lidia took me by the hand (literally) and introduced me to the

neighbors. That little effort on her part allowed me to feel as if I belonged. Lidia was special that way.

For the past several years, after Art and I had finished mowing Pearl's lawn,

*Lidia took me by the hand, and introduced me to the neighbors.*

*That little effort on her part allowed me to feel as if I belonged.*

shoveling the driveway, or sharing a meal with Pearl, we'd frequently find ourselves in Jerry and Lidia's garage, or we'd make them take a break from gar-



Lidia and Jerry (top row, right) at Art and Jennifer's wedding.

dening and yard work to gab about work or a recent trip or special purchase. Lidia and Art teased each other mercilessly. We'd usually leave them with a smile on our faces. That "easy laugh", her positive attitude and her pride in doing something well are the qualities I associate mostly with Lidia. She could listen without judgement. She wasn't vain. And she *always* had something she could talk about!

We'll miss her. ■

# bud & ginger miedema

Bud and I came to know Lidia when Travis was in his Cub Scout den. She was always very appreciative of Bud and me taking Michael and Travis to

church and of Bud being their scout leader. She would show her appreciation in various ways, sometimes with a gift, sometimes with a word of encour-

agement. She would always take the time to stop and talk if she saw you passing by. She was always concerned for others. We both miss her a lot. ■

# paul & joanne piazza

We got to know Lidia by being neighbors. We would all sit outside on the front porch and talk about all kinds of things for hours. We all got along well with her, and miss her and the fun times we all shared on Gladiola. ■



Lidia and Jerry (center) at Tammy (Paul and Joanne's daughter) and Jay's wedding. June 27, 1997.

# dayna pintello

I came to know Lidia about seven years ago through her oldest son, and my best friend, Michael.

One day, back in early winter of 1992, Michael had invited me over to Lidia's house for dinner. Both she and her husband Jerry welcomed me with open arms. I have to admit that I was

*She greeted me with a warm smile and told me that I was welcome anytime.*

a bit nervous meeting her at first, but all of those feelings instantly dissolved.

Despite my multi-coloured hair, piercings and tattoos, she greeted me with a warm smile and told me that I was welcome there anytime. That meant a

dayna pintello (continued)



lot to me, and over the years, I would spend my holidays with them.

One strong memory I have of Lidia is shortly after meeting her. I believe it was in the summer. Michael came out for a visit from Seattle, and we went

shopping for a new leather jacket for him. I also coloured his hair black for him to complete his "new look". When Lidia arrived home from work later that day, she looked at Michael and said, "What have you done? You look like a hoodlum!" Michael and I have gone through many styles and

colours of hair, and she would always kid around with us. At Christmas, I was over to visit and had white strips upon black in my hair. She called me her "little skunk".

Lidia, you are beautiful and your spirit will live on. I will miss you. ■

## mary rausch

I worked with Lidia for about six or seven years at Tantec. My favorite memory of Lidia is her making me chocolate chip cookies without the chocolate chips (my favorite).

Lidia's strength impressed me. She never said, "Poor me," but just dealt with her illness. Another special quality of Lidia was her sense of family. Jerry, Michael, Travis, her sister, niece

and nephew on the East Coast and their children were very special to Lidia.

I think of her often and miss her. ■

## joanne rauscher

My husband, Bob — who passed away June 3, 1999 — and I had many good times with Lidia. I first met her when she bowled at Streamwood Lanes with Cathy Kielma, Alma Zane and Joan Piazza. She impressed me as a very charming lady.

I went to Las Vegas on the "wedding" trip with Lidia, Jerry, Michael and Travis. Kevin Kowalski, Michael Anderson, my mother and a fairly large group of friends were there to attend the wedding, as well as to gamble.

We spent several New Year's Eves together at hotel parties put together by Kevin. Lidia was always a fun-

loving lady at these events.

We flew to St. Louis twice to have Sunday brunch at an airport hotel. We went shopping in the older areas

*She impressed me as  
a very charming lady.*

of St. Louis. We had a lot of fun and a lot of laughs.

She was excited and full of energy when preparing to go to New Orleans on a mystery train trip. Jerry and Lidia

accompanied the usual group and all had a great time.

Lidia loved margaritas! I remember one Friday night when she, Jerry, my husband Bob and I talked Tom Roman into making margaritas by the pitcher for us. We called Kevin and Michael to come party with us, but to no avail. So we drove to Kevin's house, got them out of bed and all headed to Chi-Chi's where we partied on margaritas, nachos and dip. Needless to say, we all had a good time.

Lidia was always a very pleasant person. I don't recall her ever being angry or badmouthing anyone. ■

## jack & kay rivers

We only knew Lidia for a short time, but it felt like we had known each

other for a lifetime. We first met Lidia in June of 1998. We have known Jerry

for over 30 years but had lost contact with him around 1980. ➔

## jack & kay rivers (continued)

Last summer we traveled to Chicago for a couple of days, and started trying to locate him. After several leads we did find him, and when we called, he and Lidia said, "Come on over!" We were a little apprehensive about meeting Jerry's "new" wife, since we had known his previous wife, Dianne. But the moment we walked in, we fell in love with Lidia. She was so gracious and made us feel right at home. We talked and talked and talked for hours. She and Jerry showed us their house and the improvements they had made, and we were so impressed. But most of all, we were impressed with the effect she had on Jerry's life. The old Jerry we had known drank a lot, smoked a lot, and wasn't really happy. Jerry immediately told us about how they had met and how Lidia had put her foot down, right from the beginning, about drinking and smoking - it wouldn't be tolerated! He told us he gave up the drinking and smoking, and being married to Lidia has been

the happiest time in his life. Their love for each other was so obvious. We left that night with plans for them to come visit us in Florida real soon, and to keep in touch real often.

Shortly after that, Jerry called us with the news of Lidia's lung problem. We

*Jerry and Lidia were  
so faithful to call us  
and to keep our son  
Steve in their prayers.*

were so devastated and began praying that God would cure her. With each test and treatment, they would call us, and Lidia was always upbeat and sure she was getting better. Then, that December, our son, Steve, who Jerry knew as a little boy, entered the hos-

pital in Virginia with cancer throughout his body. We spent the next two months at the hospital by his side. Jerry and Lidia were so faithful to call us, and to keep Steve in their prayers. Even after Steve's death, Lidia and Jerry would call and try to console us. All of this during the time that Lidia was suffering and trying so hard to get well herself. She was that kind of person, a very giving and caring person.

Then in March or early April, Lidia and Jerry called and said they hoped to come visit us in Florida real soon. The next call was from Jerry, telling us of Lidia's death. Like I said in the beginning, we didn't know Lidia for very long, but how thankful we are that she came into our lives. I feel God led us to Chicago last year because it was important that we meet Lidia. We're so thankful He did, and we know she is safe in God's arms now. ■

## jan rumbutis

At the time Lidia lived in Utica, I was a working mom, teaching school, and I didn't have much time, having a family to care for, but we got together as much as all of us with busy lives do. My fond memories are the good girl talks we would have over coffee (which I hated, but learned to love with my neighbor friends).

The many evenings we went out socially on the town without our husbands to enjoy some time alone away from family, the parties we had in the neighborhood, and the shopping trips were all very much rote for that time in our lives. But I do remember Lidia celebrating my 40th birthday party in my back yard around the pool. When you celebrate that special birthday, you want only friends around, and

Lidia was there. She was ambitious, too. She could mow the lawn, strip a piece of furniture, and still go shopping - all in the same day. She always

*We got together  
as much as all of us  
with busy lives do.*

enjoyed art, and was interested in what I painted.

When Lidia and her family moved away, I always kept in touch through cards at the holidays. Lidia seemed very happy with the move, although she did miss our neighborhood. She

came in to visit, unfortunately at some sad times, when her mother passed away, and then her sister. She endured a lot, and when she and her husband separated, I guess that changed her life. She met Jerry, and they came to visit a few times. It was good to see her happy. Linda Intino would be able to shed more light on this and all the correspondence they kept up.

At Christmas, we would write as to what was happening on Cedarbrook Crescent. Throughout Lidia's illness, Linda kept us informed, and I would send her cards. After Linda and I heard she was in the hospital, we sent her a happy package. One item was an angel book to make all kinds of angels, and I thought Lidia would like that because she liked art. ■



# joann scalpone

I came to know Lidia because she was a neighbor two doors away from my house, and because she was a member of the Gladiola card club. My favorite

memories of Lidia were her “dry” sense of humor and her “front porch position” on summer evenings. Lidia was like a walking encyclopedia of where

to get the “best buy”. She made me laugh a lot, and was a classic example of a strong-willed woman. I miss her a lot. ■

# ed & dolores schroeder

Our good friends Donna and Bruno Sowinski introduced us to Lidia many years ago. My favorite memory was when we played cards. Lidia and I

were the worst players in the game called ‘Nertz’. As time went on she got to be a pro at the game and I hated it. We loved her friendliness. She always

had a smile. When we visited the Sowinskis, and Lidia was sitting on her front porch, she would always come across the street and talk to us. ■

# jeff slartman

I had the good fortune of knowing Lidia for a couple of brief visits, while helping her son Michael move home, and then back to Seattle.

The first thing that struck me about her was that she could handle Michael’s wit and mine and still make us seem like amateurs. I considered her a very strong person with a very good personality. I am glad most of that personality carried on through

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*She could handle  
Michael’s wit and  
mine and still make us  
seem like amateurs.*

---

her sons. Her love of playing Tetris with Jerry was great. And I will not

forget the time we watched “The Fifth Element” and the time we went to Omega for dinner. I really connected with her when I found out her love of Beanie Babies, which is a pursuit my own mother enjoys. I only wish I had known her more.

Just talking to her made me feel she was someone who had been through a lot and deserved a certain amount of respect. She definitely had mine. ■

# rosi stachel

Lidia and I met at Tantec. I always admired her generosity and sense of humor.

I said once, “Hey, Lidia! I love your leisure suit. When you don’t want it anymore, you can give it to me!”

The next day she gave me a package with “Guess what?” ■

# mary syslo

We moved to our house on Gladiola on September 10, 1983. One month later, I met Lidia at card club at Sandy Smith's house.

I had come to know her real well in the past four or five years. Lidia and Jerry came to my house a few years for

We were always going to make plans to go out and celebrate, but unfortunately never did.

All of us girls from card club went on a very memorable trip downtown in 1998. We rented a limo and went on the Odyssey. It was such a beautiful

playing Nertz, laughing, eating, laughing, shopping, laughing, boating, more eating, and of course, more laughing. This year, our trip wasn't the same without our Lidia. We felt the emptiness, although we talked to her as if she were right there. We hope she heard us!



*The card club girls on an Odyssey cruise in July, 1998. Front row (left to right): Kathy Kielma, Marlys Nyberg, Mary Syslo, Lidia Kolar, Donna Sowinski. Back row: JoAnn Scalpone, Sue Thurbee, Nancy Johnson.*

Christmas Eve and Easter. My family feels like they are a part of us. Whenever they didn't show up, my family would be asking, "Where are they?" They came to the last four SuperBowl parties we had, 1999's being the most exciting, when Jerry and Jeff won the big pot. We were all screaming that night (mostly Jeff) and holding our breath, waiting for the final score. A lot of hugging and kissing too, since everyone was so happy.

day. After our cruise, we walked on Navy Pier for quite a few hours and took the limo back. It was great! Everyone seemed to have such a good time, and of course we laughed a lot. At that time, Donna and I were the only ones who knew that Lidia had cancer.

Every year, we girls would go to my cottage for a girls' weekend away. We always had such a nice time laughing,

I'll always remember going to the ceremony when Michael received his Eagle Scout rank. "Mom" was so very proud. Soon after, she had a chance to be proud again when Travis received his. She loved those boys more than anything. They were everything to her, and everyone always knew that.

Donna Sowinski, Lidia and I were making a habit out of going to the

mary syslo (continued)



show on Wednesday nights. Of course, we would always stop for something to eat afterwards, to talk about the movie, and anything else we could think of!

We always loved it when Jerry and Lidia would come up to our cabin. One time in particular was very memorable. Jerry had called me to tell me they were leaving soon to come up to the cabin. He asked if there was anything he could bring. Kidding, I said, "Sure! Our dog, Shadow." That's a real friend – they brought Shadow. Jeff and I almost fainted when they pulled up with the dog. Well, that was a hell of a trip. It normally took three hours, but it took them four. The dog cried all the way, so Jerry kept stopping to let her out. Of course, she christened the car anyway. Every once in a while, she would put her head on Lidia's shoulder. Can't you just picture that? Shadow was a big, black Labrador retriever. I wonder if Lidia would recognize Shadow or vice versa if they see each other in Heaven? What true friends to even think about doing something like that. The best part

is that they stayed our friends after finding out I was just kidding!

Lidia was so precious. She was very giving and had a great sense of humor. I know I had to take a lot of picking on from her. Everytime I would give her something, she would turn around and give me something. I was starting

*The first time I saw Lidia without her hair, I called her GI Jane because she looked so good. She reminded me of Demi Moore.*

to feel that I couldn't really give her anything. She taught me many things. One big thing that helped me was that she would always say she had her kids helping around the house as soon as they were old enough and able to. I am very grateful for that, as my kids do so much around my house.

The first time I saw Lidia without her hair, I called her GI Jane because she looked so good. She reminded me of Demi Moore. What a beautiful person she was!

Lidia always told me how happy and in love she was with Jerry. She always said whatever she wanted, she could get. They would do everything together. They had a super marriage.

Andrea and Gary just told me the other day that they miss answering the phone and hearing her voice on the other end. She was such a good friend to all of us.

I feel very, very lucky to have known such a wonderful lady and to have spent so much time with her during her last six days. I just hope it meant something to her since it meant so much to me. She knew her sons were up in that plane when she let go. Even though Jerry and I were by her side, she was closer to Michael and Travis at that moment.

I love her and miss her so much. ■

## sue thurbee

I did not live on Gladiola Avenue, yet it was my good fortune to be invited to join the neighborhood card club. We met monthly and played a silly game called Nertz. We would gather and play the oldies radio station, singing along as we played the mindless card game. Then we would eat and talk and laugh.

I had played with the group about a year when Lidia mentioned she had a man for me to meet. Being divorced, the gals were always on the look out for a new man for me to date. Little did they know dating scared me to

death. But I trusted Lidia, and quite honestly, was so touched she would even think of me, I agreed to meet this man. He called me and we would talk on and on about how much we loved and respected Lidia. Though we didn't work out as a couple, I did learn so much about Lidia from this man. He had worked with Lidia for a period of time and had great stories of her dedication, loyalty, cheerfulness and stamina.

In July, 1998, the card club went on a field trip. We rented a limo, went downtown and took the Sunday

brunch cruise on the Spirit of Chicago. We had a terrific time. It became apparent as the day wore on that something was wrong with Lidia. No one was saying anything, just going on as usual, but there was definitely something wrong. Shortly after that, we found out about Lidia's diagnosis. Our monthly meetings started to change. We shared more of our true hearts, and played less. Cried some, laughed more, continuing to eat, of course. When we had cards at Lidia's, we voted to pull back on the food presented as it was just getting to be too



sue thurbee (continued)

← much! Lidia laughed and said things like, "This is our night out, let's splurge — eat up, girls!" Eat up, we did, both the food and the friendship!

We took a field trip to one of the gal's cabins in Wisconsin, August of 1998. It was during Lidia's chemotherapy. She had already lost all her hair, but Lidia being Lidia, she looked adorable in the turbans and hats she wore. She got a wig that looked so natural and so very nice on her. I really appreciated the honesty of the group but mostly of Lidia. She never complained, but did share what the treatments were like, what she was feeling; it was good for all of us to be able to talk about all aspects of her health. Through it all, her attitude remained: to enjoy what we have: time, health - whatever degree that may be - and friends. We

*She never preached.  
She never condemned.  
She lived a life of  
grace, empathy,  
sincerity and joy.*

played cards in our jammies. We laughed more than we cried. Lidia encouraged and told jokes, sharing the treasure of her. I have often thought, would I have the grace, the dignity, and the stamina that Lidia had shown? What strength, what a woman, what a friend.

Lidia was the kind of Christian I pray to be. She never preached, she never condemned, she lived a life of grace, empathy, sincerity and joy. She loved her sons. They were her world, along with her wonderful husband and best friend, Jerry. I learned so much from Lidia. Things that make life a deeper, better journey. The intangible yet invaluable things. Lidia truly lived her faith, sharing her love of God through



Left to right: JoAnn Scalpone, Kathy Kielma, Mary Syslo, Marlys Nyberg, Donna Sowinski, and a nice shot of the back of Lidia's head! Gladiola Card Club: March, 1999.



Donna Sowinski, Sue Thurbee, Lidia Kolar at Gladiola Card Club. March, 1999.

her actions. Lidia was like still waters to me. I praise God for blessing my life with the friendship of such a true disciple named Lidia.

At card club at my home in March, 1999, we were silly, wearing shamrocks on springs. We laughed, we talked, sharing our hearts, talking

about chemotherapy, radiation, kids, husbands, dogs and other mundane facts of life. In it all, Lidia shared her heart, shared her smile, encouraged each one of us. The way she lived her life, and the way she loved each one of us, is her true legacy, and it will live on in our hearts. ■



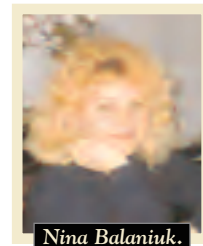


# genealogical *history*

# overview

genealogical research by nina balaniuk

I'd like to give special thanks to Nina Balaniuk for contributing this genealogical history of our family. Her research into my mother's side of the family has filled many gaps previously unknown to me. It is my honor to bring the fruits of Nina's research to you, whether you are a family member or a friend of the family. Through the pages that follow, we can come to understand and appreciate the special human being Lidia was to all of us.



The patronymic will be used throughout this section. For example, Lidia's full name was Lidia Demkova Antoniuk. Her father's name was Demko Ivanovich Antoniuk. In the Slavic custom, she would be politely addressed as Lidia Demkova, *Demkova* being the patronymic.

The following pages contain family trees and photographs from each family branch. Each branch is identified at the bottom of the next page. For example, Tatiana Trofimovna Kazmirschuk's (Lidia's mother) branch connects to Family Tree 2, located two pages forward. Where possible, short descriptions of family members accompany photographs. With further research more gaps in our history will be filled.

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read "Michael Ortlieb". The signature is stylized and somewhat cursive.

Michael Ortlieb  
10 September 1999

### Geographical terms:

Lidia Demkova Antoniuk was born in the village of Fussiw. Fussiw is located in the District of Sokal (Sokalskyj Rayon in Ukrainian). Rayon is translated into English as county. The Sokalskyj Rayon is located in the Lviv Province. In Ukrainian, the Lviv Province is called *Lvivska Oblast*. In the United States, it would be referred to as a state. In Canada, it would be referred to as a province. The *oblast* is the main identifier.

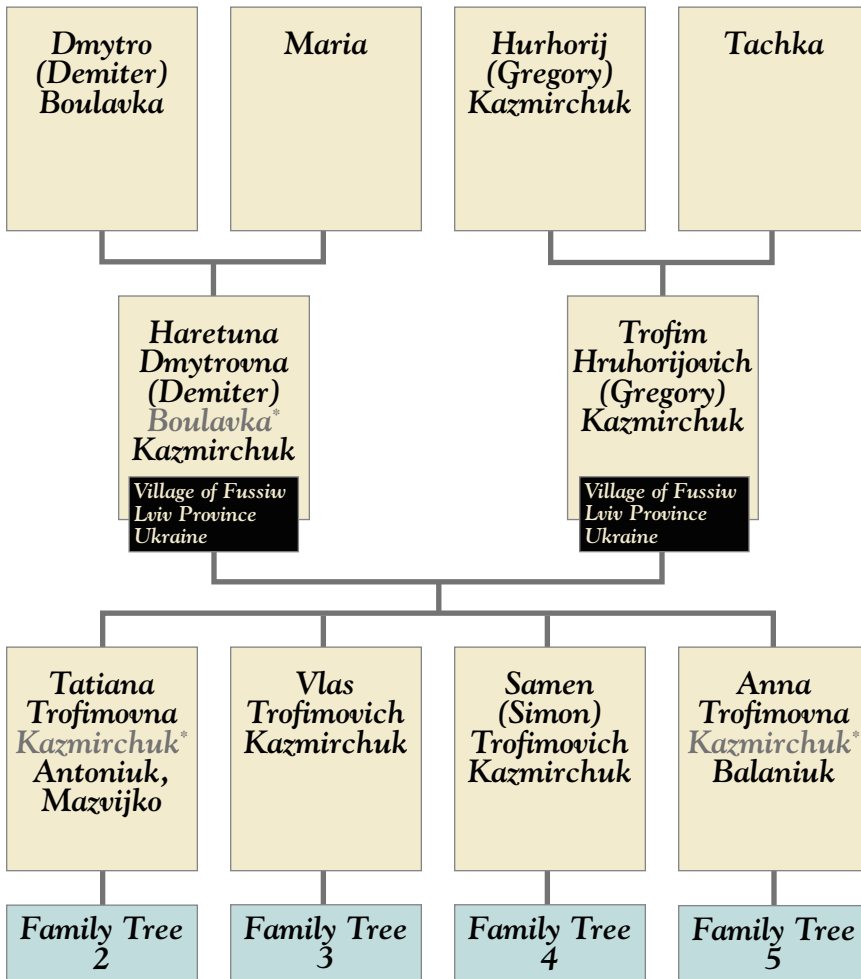
District of Sokal  
(Sokalskyj Rayon)

Lviv Province  
(Lvivska Oblast)



### Family Tree 1: The Kazmirchuk Family

\*née



### Branch descriptions:

**Maria Boulavka**, Haretuna Kazmirchuk's mother and Tatiana's maternal grandmother. Patronymic and maiden name unknown.

**Dmytro Boulavka**, Haretuna Kazmirchuk's father and Tatiana's maternal grandfather.

**Hruhorij Kazmirchuk**, Trofim Kazmirchuk's father and Tatiana's paternal grandfather.

**Tachka Kazmirchuk**, Trofim Kazmirchuk's mother and Tatiana's paternal grandmother. Patronymic and maiden name unknown.

**Haretuna Dmytrovna Boulavka Kazmirchuk**, Tatiana's mother.

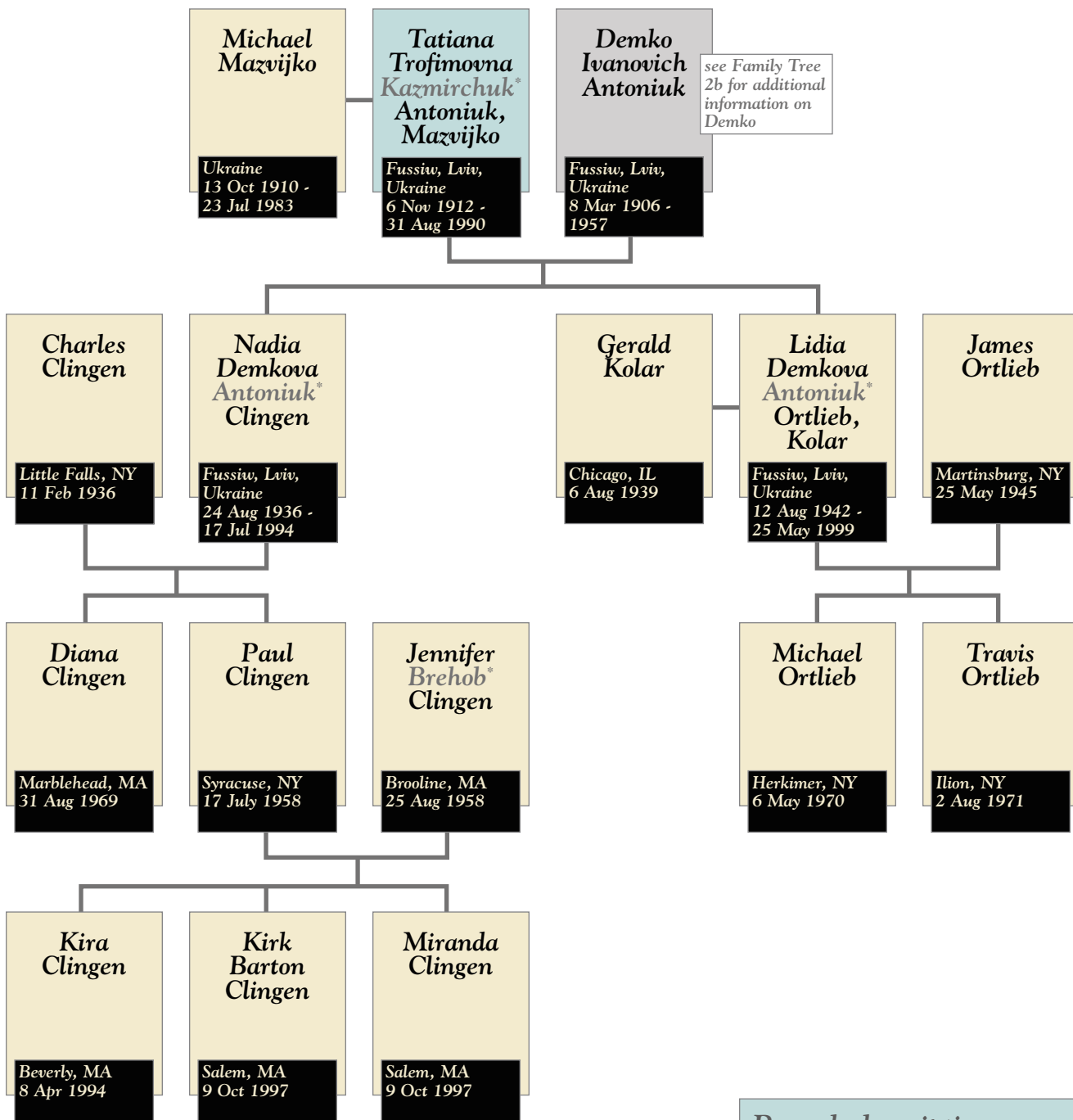
**Trofim Hruhorijovich Kazmirchuk**, Tatiana's father.

**Tatiana Antoniuk** (Lidia's mother) had two brothers and one sister. Their names are: **Vlas Trofimovich Kazmirchuk**, **Samen Trofimovich Kazmirchuk**, **Anna Trofimovna Kazmirchuk Balaniuk**.

overview (continued)

Family Tree 2: The Kazmirchuk Family: Tatiana Trofimovna Kazmirchuk

\*née



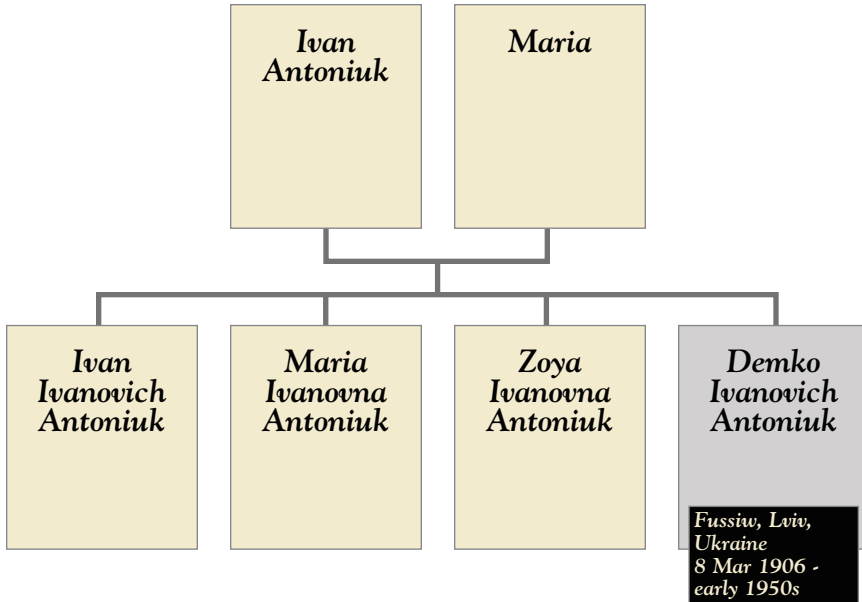
Branch descriptions:

Information on this branch is located in Family History, which follows this section.



## Family Tree 2b: The Antoniuk Family: Ivan Antoniuk (Demko's father)

\*née



### Branch descriptions:

**Ivan Antoniuk**, Demko's father. Patronymic unknown.

**Maria Antoniuk**, Demko's mother. Patronymic and maiden name unknown.

**Demko Ivanovich Antoniuk**, born in Fussiw on March 8, 1906. Lidia's father. He had two sisters and one brother. Their names are:

**Maria Antoniuk**  
According to Anna Balaniuk (Lidia's aunt), Maria was captured along with the rest of the group from Fussiw and taken prisoner to the Wieden labor camp in Germany. It's possible she went back to Ukraine.

**Zoya Antoniuk**

**Ivan Antoniuk**



**Maria Ivanovna Antoniuk, Demko's sister. June 16, 1944.**

Back of photo translation:  
Antoniuk Maria, June 16, 1944

*Antoniuk Maria  
June 16, 1944*

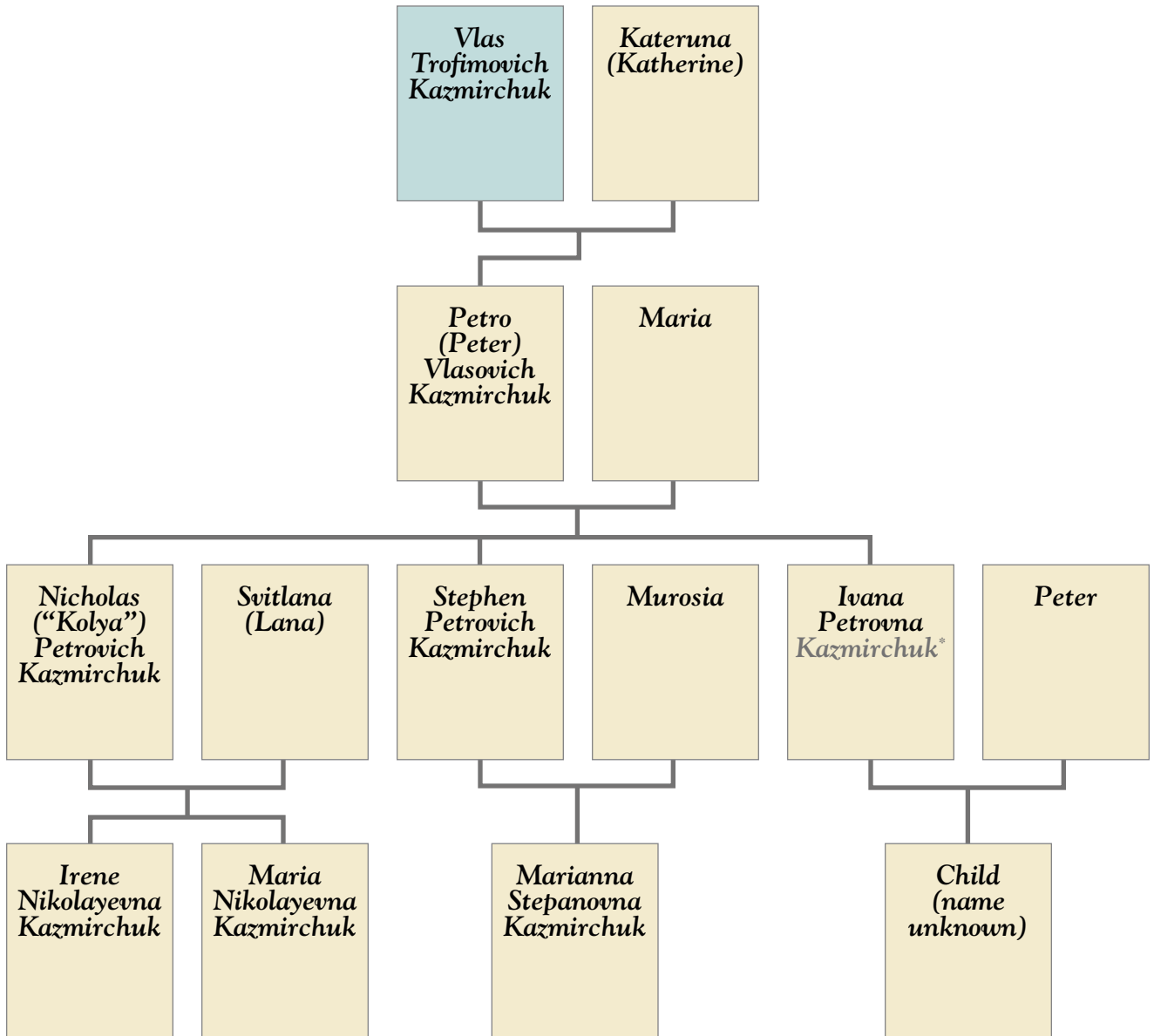


**Demko Ivanovich Antoniuk (bottom row, left) and possibly family. No photo date.**

overview (continued)

Family Tree 3: The Kazmirchuk Family: Vlas Trofimovich Kazmirchuk

\*née





Kateruna Kazmirchuk, wife of Vlas Trofimovich Kazmirchuk, Tatiana's brother, and 86 years old in 1999.



### Branch descriptions:

**Vlas Trofimovich Kazmirchuk** married **Kateruna**. They had one son by the name of **Petro (Peter)**. Peter's father, Vlas, died in World War II. He was a partisan. One day he went into the forest and never came home. His wife, Kateruna, is still living at the time of this writing. She is about 86 years old. She, along with her son and growing family, live in Fussiw.

**Petro (Peter) Kazmirchuk** (Vlas's only child). He married a woman by the name of **Maria**. They have three children, two sons and a daughter:

**Kolya (Nicholas) Petrovich Kazmirchuk** married a lady named **Svitlana**. They have twin daughters about age 10. One is named **Irene**, and the other is named **Maria**.

**Stepan (Stephan) Petrovich Kazmirchuk** married a woman by the name of **Murosia**. They have a daughter by the name of **Marianna**. She is about eight years old.

**Ivanka (Ivana) Petrovna Kazmirchuk** recently married a man by the name of **Petro (Peter)**. They have a baby daughter about six months old. They don't live in Fussiw.

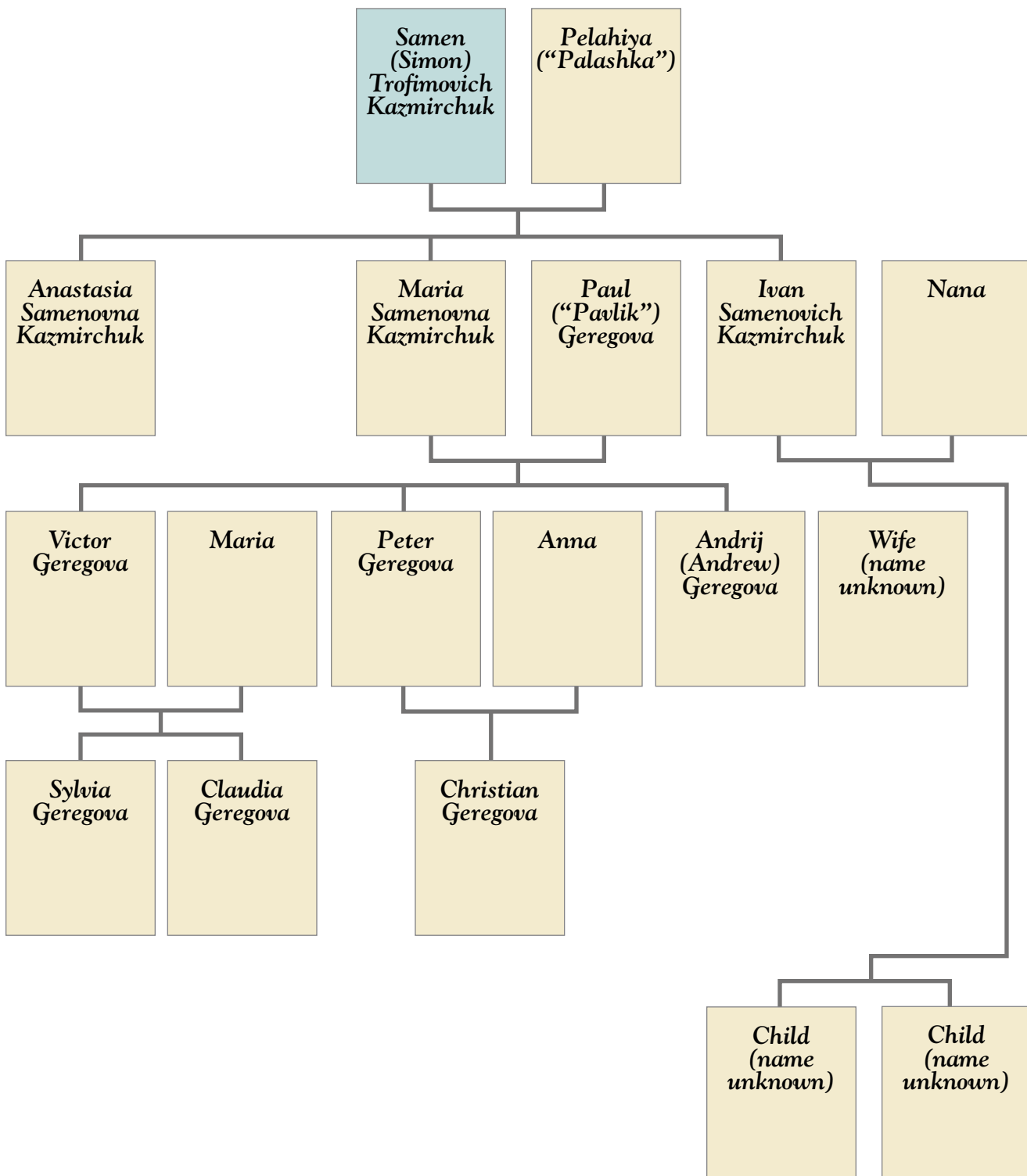


Petro Kazmirchuk's family, son of Vlas Kazmirchuk, Tatiana's brother. Photo circa 1993. From left to right: Maria (wife of Petro), Petro Kazmirchuk, Murosia, husband Stephan "Styopa" Kazmirchuk and daughter Marianna (the eldest girl). Kateruna Kazmirchuk, the matriarch, wife of Vlas Kazmirchuk. Svitlana, husband Kolya (Nicholas) and twin daughters Irene and Maria Kazmirchuk. Ivanna, daughter of Petro Kazmirchuk, is not in photo.

overview (continued)

Family Tree 4: The Kazmirchuk Family: Samen (Simon) Trofimovich Kazmirchuk

\*née





Samen Kazmirschuk with his wife, Pelahiya ("Palashka"), and their daughters, Anastasia and Maria.

На добру пам'яті  
всім родичам  
і друзям  
13-III-1959

Back of photo translation: For long and unforgettable remembrance to Family Antoniuk from Family Kazmirschuk. March 13, 1959.



Samen's daughters, Anastasia and Maria Kazmirschuk. March 13, 1959.

На добру  
пам'яті  
Ліді та  
Теті, від  
Настасії та  
Марії  
13-III-1959

Back of photo translation: For long and unforgettable remembrance for Lidia and Auntie, from Nastousi and Marousi (Anastasia and Maria). March 13, 1959.



Samen's children, Maria and Ivan. July 17, 1959.

На добру пам'яті  
всім родичам  
і друзям  
17-VII-1959

Back of photo translation: For long and good remembrance to Family Antoniuk from Family Kazmirschuk. December 17, 1959. Ivan and Maria.

### Branch descriptions:

**Samen (Simon) Trofimovich Kazmirschuk** married **Pelahiya** (nicknamed "Palashka"). Samen died of a heart attack some years ago. Palashka is still living in the village of Fussiw. She is about 84 years old. They had three children: two daughters and one son.

**Anastasia Samenova Kazmirschuk**. In her late teens or early twenties, she fell into a well while getting water and drowned.

**Maria Samenova Kazmirschuk** **Geregova** married **Pavlik (Paul) Geregova**. They now reside in Presov, Slovakia. They have three grown sons - **Victor**, **Peter** and **Andrij (Andrew)** - and are all married with families:

**Victor** is the oldest son, aged 34. He is married to a woman named **Maria**. They have two daughters: **Sylvia** (age 6 years), and **Claudia** (age 3 years).

**Peter** is 30 years old. He is married to a woman named **Anna**. They have a three-year-old son named **Christian**.

**Andrij (Andrew)** is 23 years old. He just recently married.

**Ivan Samenovich Kazmirschuk** married a woman named **Nana** shortly after his release from army service. They lived in the city of Dnepropetrovsk, in the Dnepropetrovsk Oblast, which is located in the southeastern part of Ukraine. Ivan passed away on July 15, 1998, of a sudden heart attack. He had two children. His death was tragic because he was only 48 years old.



overview (continued)

Family Tree 4: The Kazmirchuk Family: Samen (Simon) Trofimovich Kazmirchuk



Samen's son, Ivan Kazmirchuk.  
April 3, 1969.



Ivan Samenovich Kazmirchuk and his wife, Nana. He died at age 48,  
on July 15, 1998. They lived in the city of Dnepropetrovsk, Ukraine.

На  
добрий  
добрий згадку  
багатою від сина  
Івана.  
Гід час служби в армії  
2. 12. 1968  
№ 01930  
Бірю-601.  
Казмирчук

Back of photo translation: For long and  
good remembrance to my parents from  
son, Ivan, while serving in the army.  
Loukov, April 3, 1969.

На добрий і  
взагадування  
нашого родині  
шлюбові блз  
Івана.  
Іван. І. 1961.

Back of photo translation: For a long and  
heartfelt remembrance to Family Antoniuk  
from Maria. July 27, 1961.



Maria Samenovna Kazmirchuk.  
July 27, 1961.



Maria with her husband, Pavlik (Paul) Geregova, and son, Victor. Maria has three sons now: Victor, Peter and Andrij (Andrew), and three grandchildren. She now resides in Prešov, Slovakia.

Back of photo translation: To dear Auntie from Maria, Paul and Victor.

Доповісти  
матері  
був Матфеї  
Габенка і Вікторі.



Maria Kazmirschuk Geregova's family, circa 1997. From left to right: Peter, wife Anna and son, Christian Geregova. Victor, wife Maria, daughters Sylvia and Claudia Geregova. Andrij (Andrew) Geregova. Maria Kazmirschuk Geregova. Maria's husband, Paul, is not in photo.



Maria as a young girl, 1957.

Дарую це фото пам'яті  
на нашу маму Татяну  
і Надію і Лідію  
13-1957 року

Back of photo translation: I am presenting this photo as a remembrance to Aunt Tatiana, Nadia and Lidia. 1957.

## overview (continued)

## Family Tree 5: The Kazmirchuk Family: Anna Trofimovna Kazmirchuk

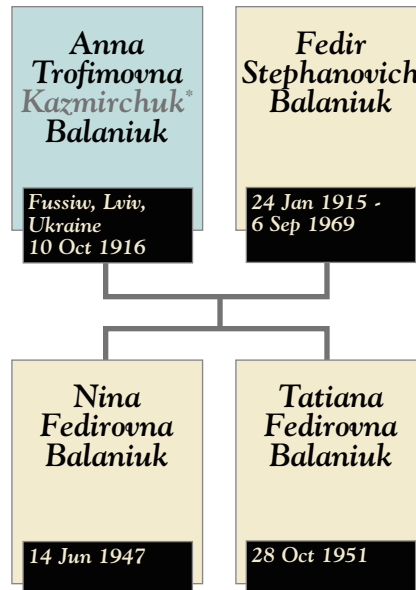
\*née

**Branch descriptions:**

**Anna Trofimovna Kazmirchuk Balaniuk** was born on August 10, 1916, in the village of Fussiw. After World War II, while at the Regensburg Refugee Settlement Camp, she married **Fedir Stepanovich Balaniuk**. Fedir was born on January 24, 1915, near the city of Dnepropetrovsk, in the Dnepropetrovsk Oblast. He had a very large family - there were ten children. In September of 1946, Fedir, Anna and Nina moved to Havré, Belgium, where Fedir worked as a coal miner. On May 15, 1956, they immigrated to America, and settled in Rochester, New York. Their sponsors were Mrs. Lida and Mr. Fedir Fedorenko, who had been their friends and neighbors not only in Regensburg, Germany, but also in Havré, Belgium. In Rochester, Fedir worked in a bakery and in various factories. Anna did house-cleaning, worked in factories and in meat-packing plants. Fedir passed away on September 6, 1969. Anna is still living at the youthful age of 83.

Anna and Fedir Balaniuk had two daughters:

**Nina Fedirovna Balaniuk** was born in the Regensburg Refugee Settlement Camp on June 14, 1947. She moved with her parents to Belgium shortly thereafter. After immigrating to America in 1956 and graduating from Benjamin Franklin High School in Rochester, New York, she attended Bradley University in Peoria, Illinois, from 1966 to 1970. During her Junior year, she studied abroad in Aix-en-Provence in southern France at



Anna with her husband, Fedir Balaniuk, in Regensburg, Germany. Picture circa 1946.



After Regensburg, the Balaniuk family moved to Belgium in September, 1947. Anna, baby Tatiana, Nina and Fedir living at 3 Chemin de Binche, Havre, Hainaut, Belgique (Belgium).





Tatiana and Anna Balaniuk.



Anna with the traditional Ukrainian baskets at Easter.



On May 15, 1956, the Balaniuk family immigrated to Rochester, New York. This picture of the Balaniuks and Wasyl and Paulina Turlenko was taken in 1963.



Nina's high school yearbook graduation photo. Benjamin Franklin High School, Rochester, New York, June 1966.

### Branch descriptions:

continued

← the Institute for American Universities and Université d'Aix-Marseille, where she majored in French and Secondary Education. She taught French and English in Chicago, Illinois, and has worked for insurance firms and banks, as well as working as a travel agent in Atlanta, Georgia. Nina was recruited as a member of the "Inner Circle Team" of Pere-stroyka Politics, whereby Mikhail Sergeyevich Gorbachev and Boris Nikolayevich Yeltsin of the Russian Democratic Team of Russia, and the Men-in-Black, Marine Corps Team of the United States, combined their talents to overthrow the communist regime and win the Russian democratic revolution. Now living in Rochester, New York, Nina continues to apply her political talents in an incognito fashion.

**Tatiana Fedirovna Balaniuk** was born in Havré, Belgium, on October 28, 1951. She graduated from Benjamin Franklin High School in Rochester, New York, from 1966 to 1970. She attended Buffalo State University and received her baccalaureate in Art in 1975, and her Masters degree in 1980. Tania is an aspiring artist.



Nina and Anna making "varenuku" (dumplings).



Anna with spirited friends plucking geese for goosedown and feathers, and a good dinner.

# family history

## Ukrainian beginnings to World War II

**Tatiana Trofimivna Kazmirchuk** was born on November 6, 1912, in the village of Fussiw, in the area of what was then called Galicia, in the western part of Ukraine. At that time, it was

### The Antoniuk family and friends

*All of these photos were taken at the Regensburg and Erlangen Refugee Settlement Camps in Bavaria, Germany, after World War II.*

under Polish rule. Today, this region is called the Lvivska Oblast, or the Lviv Province. The village of Fussiw is located in the Sokalaka District of the Lviv Province.

As a young woman, Tatiana, along with her husband, Demko Antoniuk, and her sister, Anna Kazmirchuk, worked as farmhands for a rich Polish landowner named Ivan Diduch. Ivan had vast farmholdings with many cultivated fields which included wheat, rye, oats, clover and flax. He also had many farm animals such as cows, horses, ducks, pigs, rabbits, chickens and goats. His farm estate included the mandatory orchard with a great variety of fruit trees, as well as an apiary. To help him run his very busy farm, Mr. Diduch employed many people, many of whom he recruited from the nearby village of Fussiw. Mr. Diduch

*Mr. Diduch did not pay in money, but in produce from the farm.*

did not pay in money, but in produce from the farm. For example, Tatiana's sister, Anna, for a season's work of harvesting and carrying the very



**Lidia and Nadia.**  
Regensburg, May 18, 1948.

*Back of photo translation: For remembrance to our uncle and aunt and Nina, from Nadia and Lidia.*

heavy sacks of grain into the barn for winter's storage, received five sacks of wheat, and three sacks of rye, each weighing 100 kilograms. She worked six years on this farm doing heavy farm labor.

When Tatiana got married to Demko Antoniuk in the mid 1930's, she stopped working at the Diduch farm estate and became a mother and homemaker. She was very busy, because first Nadia was born on August 24, 1936, and then Lidia, on



**Top row: Havrousha Pulepchouk, Demko Antoniuk and a lady. Middle row: Ksenia Pulepchouk, Tatiana and Nadia. Bottom row: Yevhen (Eugene) Pulepchouk, Lidia.**  
Regensburg, May 18, 1948.

*Back of photo translation: I am sending to you, Kouma\*, a photo of us for remembrance abroad and please send me yours and Nina's. — Pulepchouk, Ksenia*

*Back of photo translation: I am sending to you, Kouma\*, a photo of us for remembrance abroad and please send me yours and Nina's. — Pulepchouk, Ksenia*

*\* Kouma is a title of respect given to a godmother by friends and family of the godchild. Tatiana was Nina's godmother and Havrousha Pulepchouk was her godfather.*

August 12, 1942. Tatiana's husband and her sister continued to work on the Polish landlord's farm. The work was very arduous because it required





Group photo of a religious gathering taken at Regensburg. August 8, 1949. Tatiana is not in photo.

Back of photo translation:  
Group photo in Regensburg  
taken on August 8, 1949.

Справка  
в Регенсбург  
30.08.1949.



Lidia in Regensburg.  
September 16, 1948.

Лидия была  
навестилась  
16/9/48

Back of photo translation: For remembrance  
to Nina from Lidia. September 16, 1948.



Nadia and Lidia in Regensburg.  
September 16, 1948.



Lidia and Nadia in Erlangen.  
August 26, 1950.

Лидия и  
Надя  
26/8/1950  
Ерланген  
от Лидии

Back of photo translation: For remembrance  
to Uncle Fedir, Anna and Nina. August 26,  
1950. Elvangen (Erlangen) from Nadia and  
Lidia.

very long hours and great physical stamina. During the planting and harvesting seasons, it was labor from sunup to sundown. Everyone worked very hard.

When the Soviets came, they sent Mr. Diduch to Siberia and collectivized his lands and farm. It was the beginning of especially great misery and hardship. In April of 1944, a few years after World War II began, the German troops stormed the village of

Fussiwi, rapidly captured and collected the young and able people in the village, and transported them off to Germany to work as laborers. Anna remembers this day very vividly because it was exactly on Easter Day when they were all captured. They were in church, attending the high holy Paska mass. Anna, Tatiana, Lidia, Nadia, and Demko and his sister Maria were put onto a horsedrawn farm wagon, then trucks, and then transported by train to the Wieden labor camp in Bavaria, Germany. There, Tatiana worked in a food ware-

house, Anna cleaned the railroad tracks, and Demko did heavy labor. Survival was difficult and they were always hungry. The German soldiers gave them very little food. Sometimes,



## family history (continued)



Demko, Nadia, Lidia and Tatiana.  
Regensburg, Germany. June 17, 1949.



Lidia Antoniuk. December 23, 1949.

Antoniuk  
Lidia  
2059  
на пам'яті  
дядьки Федора  
і тещі Анни  
і Ніни. 23/12/1949

Back of photo translation: For remembrance  
for Uncle Fedir, Aunt Anna and Nina.  
December 23, 1949.



Demko, Nadia and Lidia sightseeing  
in Ulm, Germany, in 1949. Photo  
taken at the Ulm military post.

Ужгород, 28/12 1949.  
на пам'яті. Федір  
і тещі. в Регенсбурзі  
в 1949 році

Back of photo translation: For remembrance  
of Uncle Fedir, Anna and Nina. June 7,  
1949. Regensburg.

local German citizens. They would  
privately go to the German houses  
and farmhouses and beg for food.  
Whatever little the German people

## The Regensburg camp held mainly Ukrainian refugees.

had, they would usually share kindly.  
Thus, the Antoniuks and Anna sur-  
vived in Germany when the war  
ended and the labor camps were liber-  
ated in May of 1945. The Allied forces



A friend, Nadia and Anna  
(Tatiana's sister). Regensburg,  
Germany. Summer of 1946.



Demko, Tatiana, Nadia and  
Lidia Antoniuk in Regensburg,  
Germany. June 7, 1949.

and Russian troops found teeming  
masses of roaming refugees. The  
Western Allies set out to build refugee  
settlement camps to provide shelter  
and care for the displaced peoples.  
The Antoniuks landed in the  
American Zone, in Regensburg,  
Bavaria, Germany. The Regensburg  
camp held mainly Ukrainian refugees.

The American and European govern-  
ments of post-war governance decided  
that organizing the numerous refugees  
by national origin would be the most  
sensible arrangement in the refugee  
camps. They determined that this  
would be most practical, particularly  
in foreseeing the future for the logical,  
and eventual emigration to distant  
lands for all the displaced peoples.



Tatiana brought a little food from the  
warehouse. If some food fell to the  
floor, the German supervisor would  
motion her to pick it up and bring it  
to her children.

The Antoniuks, like other refugees,  
had to depend on charity from the







Anna Kazmirschuk  
(Tatiana's sister).



Tatiana Antoniuk.



Demko Antoniuk.

### Identification photos

These photos were taken circa 1945 in Germany.

Heiden, Obp.  
18/10, 1945.  
C. Antoniuk, D.

Back of photo translation: Demko Antoniuk.  
July 18, 1945. Wieden, Germany.



### The German Reich's Work Book for Foreigners

This xerox copy of a book called the "Arbeitsbuch Für Ausländer" was issued to Tatiana, Demko and Anna, in Wieden, Germany, in April of 1944, after their capture from the village of Fussiw, Lviv Province, Ukraine. Anna used the Antoniuk name (spelled Antonjuk in German) for documentation and group cohesion purposes. They worked on the railway and railroad station, cleaning and repairing it.

Many families were separated, some never again to be reunited. The war dispersed people throughout the latitudinal circles of the globe, never again to return to their homelands. The Antoniuks were part of this dispersion.

The refugees had lost everything, as had the Antoniuks. They had been violently uprooted from their families, friends and villages, only to be terrorized, banded like herds of cattle, and then to be transported to slave labor camps. They were taken as prisoners, with only the clothes on their backs. After the war, the refugees had to somehow rebuild their tattered lives. The war had not only destroyed people's lives, but with equal devastation, it had destroyed nations, national borders, politics, economies, historical gems of architecture, and the old order of everything. In historical perspective, the world had actually then entered the 21st century.

Thus, the Antoniuk family, as well as the countless millions of other refugees in Europe, ended up in a settlement camp after World War II. All the refugees wanted to leave the camps and emigrate, but each country had strict immigration quotas. Most people wanted to come to America, so the longest waiting period was for the United States, followed by Canada and Australia. The most lenient quotas were for Brazil and Venezuela.

The United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Association gave aid and sustenance to all of the refugees in the camps in the way of shelter, supplies, food and clothing. The people in the camps referred to it by its acronym, U.N.R.R.A.

This was a very tumultuous time on the European continent. World War II

was an apocalypse throughout most of the world, in its duration, scope of devastation, and the horrific degrees of human suffering, death and destruction. A great deal of Europe and Asia was a heap of rubble. Millions of people had been killed, and most people's lives were totally uprooted and shattered. Most families had someone missing or killed because of the war.

## family history (continued)

### Refugee Settlement Camps and U.N.R.R.A.

Scenes of a typical refugee settlement camp after World War II in Germany. This one is in Regensburg, Bavaria, Germany. The Antoniuk family lived in this camp and the one in Erlangen for over six years.



The housing at the refugee settlement camps consisted of wooden barracks. Four families would share one small room, partitioned only by blankets.



Another vista view of the Regensburg camp.



Masses of dislocated people from all across Europe and Eastern Europe were organized by nationalities in the camps.



U.N.R.R.A. gave great assistance to all refugees. The refugee camp leaders helped the U.N. personnel with aid distributions.

*Belgium agreed to let refugees emigrate there with the stipulation that the men work as coal miners.*

Most of the Ukrainian refugees eventually reached America via this cir-

cuitous route. People with children and families had priority on the waiting lists.

By special agreement, sponsored by the International Relief Organization of the United Nations, on January 23, 1947, there was an accord signed between Belgium and the United States regarding the recruitment of workers from the refugee camps in Germany. Belgium agreed to let refugees emigrate behind its borders with the stipulation that the men work as coal miners. With such special

### Well-Organized

In spite of the overcrowded conditions in the settlement camps, life was very well run, with good, sanitary conditions.

They were well-organized, with food and clothing distributions by U.N.R.R.A., the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Association. On the camp premises, there were churches, movie theatres and medical clinics, as well as technical training schools and workshops.

economic and political arrangements, the refugee crisis was relieved because people were able to emigrate and obtain work and housing, and the



*A lighter, happier occasion in camp life.*



*A performing troupe of Kozaks recruited from the diaspora of Slavs in the refugee camps in Germany.*



*A workshop in auto mechanics conducted by teachers recruited from the camps.*



*An auto mechanics workshop taught by Mr. Bulat.*

← impoverished European nations benefitted with labor in their post-war economic development and reconstruction programs. This is how Anna's husband Fedir Balaniuk, Anna, and their daughter Nina were admitted as residents of Belgium. They moved from the Regensburg refugee camp to Belgium in September of 1947. Many Ukrainian, Polish and Russian people and their families came to live in Belgium as a result of this IRO U.N. agreement. Most of these displaced people then emigrated to the United States and Canada. Some stayed behind, to see their children grow up and thrive as Belgian citizens.

While waiting to be admitted into the United States by awaiting word from the Immigration Bureau, the

Antoniuk family continued to live in the Regensburg Refugee Settlement Camp. They were later transferred to the Erlangen Camp in Bavaria. Camp life was overcrowded. Four families shared one very small room with only

*For breakfast, the adults were served a piece of bread with butter or margarine, and coffee.*

blankets serving as partitions. For meals, everyone had to queue in line everyday to be served from the camp cafeteria. For breakfast, the adults were served a piece of bread with but-

ter or margarine, and coffee. For lunch, they were usually served a bowl of soup and a piece of bread. For dinner, the meal usually consisted of soup, potatoes and a piece of bread. Everyone walked around in various states of hunger.

The children had a separate camp cafeteria where they were served more generous portions than the adults, including daily milk portions as well as a bar of chocolate per week.

In the humble wooden barracks there were medical clinics, church services and movie theatres. For cultural entertainment, there were festivities where dancing and musical troupes would perform, all recruited from the diaspora of the refugee camps' talent pool.





## family history (continued)

## Coming to America

In 1951, the Antoniuk family was finally admitted to the United States. They settled in Little Falls, New York.

(A point of historical interest: the refugee camps in Germany weren't closed until 1956, at which time all of the refugees had found homelands throughout the globe to start their new lives. In their new lands, the refugees were confronted by culture shock, foreign cultures and, in some cases, prejudice.

Through diligence and hard work, often doing very menial factory labor, they all strived and achieved some levels of economic success and prosperity for themselves and their children, building new lives with strong cultural communities.)

There, Tatiana Antoniuk worked in a textile factory, sewing garments for meager, minimum wages. For many years, the family lived on the second floor of a large brick building on the corner of the very steep North Mary

*Tatiana Antoniuk worked in a textile factory, sewing garments for meager, minimum wages.*

Street and Main Street. They had a four room apartment with enormous windows and cavernous 12-foot ceilings, but with very tiny rooms. There were no bath or shower facilities. Instead, they had an enormous tin tub, and would heat water in various



*Tatiana at the sewing machine.*

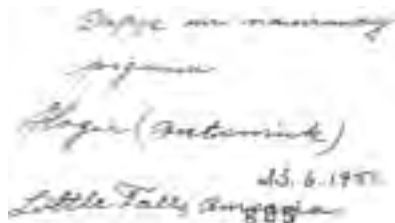
pots and pans on top of their stove, and then pour and fill the tin tub with hot water. There were no bathroom facilities inside the apartment — they had to use the community commode down the hallway. Everything was always spotlessly clean, neat, and the rooms freshly painted in the apartment, thanks to Tatiana's fastidious standards of cleanliness.



*Lidia Antoniuk. June 23, 1951. Little Falls, New York.*



*Nadia Antoniuk. June 23, 1951. Little Falls, New York.*



*Back of photo translation: A gift for remembrance from Nadia Antoniuk. June 23, 1951. Little Falls, New York.*

← Life was full of new hope and challenges for the Antoniuk family. Nadia was a teenager when she came to America in 1951, so she was placed in a high school. Lidia, a few years younger, went to grade school. Nadia loved books and learning — for her, it was a vocation. As for Lidia, it was more difficult to discipline her toward the academics as she always had her eyes and mind “outside the school window.” Nadia had the restless mind, whereas Lidia had the restless soul.

*Nadia loved books and learning — for her, it was a vocation.*

Lidia was a bit “on the wild side.” She loved to have many friends and be engaged in many social activities. She was a very social person, enjoying people and social gatherings. Everyone loved her gregariousness, ladylike manners, and respected her devotion to her family and friends. She was always kind and courteous, and always very considerate.



*Lidia's Little Falls High School letters.*

In the early 1950's, Lidia's father, Demko Antoniuk, tragically died. He



*The Antoniuk women circa 1957. The last picture to be taken together before Nadia's wedding in July, 1958.*



*Nadia's wedding day, July 30, 1958. Nadia and Charles Clingen. Little Falls, New York.*



*Muhajlo (Michael) Mazvijko. Photo date unknown.*

hung himself in the apartment during the day, while everyone was away. He was very ill and in great pain, and because he was of the religious conviction that did not believe in doctors, he did not seek professional medical treatment.

Tatiana, Nadia and Lidia had to some-

how gather all their extra courage to live normal lives and survive. As new immigrants, they were still strangers in a strange land. Then, in 1958, Tatiana married Michael Mazvijko. Like her previous husband, Michael was a very devoted, respectful and respected man, and he was also a very



## family history (continued)



Lidia in September of 1959.



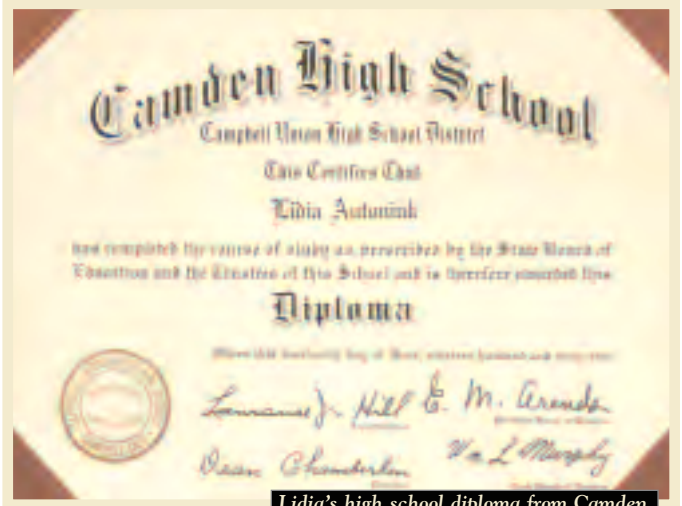
Paul Clingen at age 5 in 1964.



Nadia circa 1956.



The Clingens in San Jose, California. November, 1966.



Lidia's high school diploma from Camden High School in San Jose, California.

← quiet, unassuming man, with very gentle manners. Michael brought a great deal of emotional comfort and economic stability to the family.

On July 30, 1958, Nadia married Charles Clingen of Little Falls, New York. He was her high school sweetheart. Everyone loved Charlie. He was always a gentleman, rather reserved, impeccably well-mannered, super-intelligent, with great ambition. Charlie's first job had him assigned out to Syracuse, Cincinnati, Phoenix, San Jose, and then to Marblehead, Massachusetts. Needless to say, Nadia was a very busy lady with all these relocations, while Paul saw many different schools during this time. Charlie steadily moved up the ladder

of success in the field of computer science and engineering.

While the Clingens were living in San Jose, Lidia was invited to live with

*Lidia loved California.  
She thrived on  
the restlessness and  
youthfulness of a  
booming state.*

them and study there during her senior year of high school. Lidia loved

California. She thrived on the restlessness and youthfulness of a booming state. There was constant sunshine, beaches, parties, new friends, and new places to visit and explore. Nadia and Charlie were her anchors, so she always felt secure and accepted. It was her home away from home. California had a positive effect on Lidia's life, and she would always think fondly of the time she studied and lived there.

In the early 1960's, Michael and Tatiana Mazvijkko bought a modest home in Utica, New York. It was



Jordanville Church and Monastery Complex. Jordanville, New York (near Utica).



Nina Balaniuk and her best friend, Lana Kowaluk, visiting Jordanville's fame and mystique.

### Jordanville, New York

Jordanville was a favorite place for the Mazvijkos and Lidia to visit, especially during the summer on Sunday excursions. It was a special place for many people because it offered peace, solitude, spirituality, contemplation in the church and cemetery, pastoral passages, fresh air, the colorful monks' rustic "cuisine" (usually a hearty borsch soup and homemade bread made from the wheat that the monks grew in their own fields), picnicing, and the ever-present spirit of "gemutlichkeit", especially invigorated whenever a bottle of vodka would magically appear from car trunks and picnic baskets. Merchants from out of town would also be there selling holy icons, gold crosses and beautiful Ukrainian scarves. New friendships would be formed, and old friendships would be warmly strengthened.



Left to Right: Anna and Fedir Balaniuk, Muhajlo (Michael) and newly remarried Tatiana Mazvijko, at 4 N. Mary Street in Little Falls, New York, in 1959.



Travis and Michael with Grandma Tatiana in the backyard of their home in upstate New York in the early 1970s.

← located on 404 Briarcliff Avenue, in a very quiet neighborhood. It had always been Tatiana's dream to own her own home and have a beautiful garden, and the Mazvijkos lived there for many happy years.

In November of 1969, Lidia married James Ortlieb. After living on South Fifth Avenue in Ilion, they eventually moved to Utica at 504 Cedarbrook Crescent, and raised two sons, Michael and Travis. In December of 1978, the family relocated to 7390 Gladiola Avenue in Hanover Park, Illinois. In 1984, Jim and Lidia divorced. Lidia married Jerry Kolar on August 29, 1987, in Las Vegas. ➔



Cousins posing for a picture in Lidia's backyard in Utica, New York. Nina Balaniuk and Lidia Ortlieb.



Lidia with her first husband, Jim Ortlieb.



Left to right: Jim and Lidia Ortlieb with Michael and Travis, Anna Balaniuk, Muhajlo and Tatiana Mazvijko.



## family history (continued)

### Epilogue

Michael Mazvijko passed away from a sudden heart attack on July 23, 1983. After many years of suffering from a weak heart, Tatiana passed away on August 31, 1991, of congestive heart failure. They are both interred at the St. Mary's Ukrainian Orthodox Cemetery in East Herkimer, New York.

After a long, debilitating illness, Nadia Clingen passed away on July 17, 1994, in Marblehead, Massachusetts. She was only 57 years old. Only five years later, her sister, Lidia Kolar, tragically died. She passed away on May 25, 1999, in Elk Grove, Illinois. Lidia was 56 when she departed this earth, almost the same age that Nadia was when she died.

May all these many wonderful and beautiful people, who all died much too young, rest in eternal peace. In Ukrainian, as is so befitting, eternal memory is expressed as "Vichnaya Pamyat!" We miss them dearly. They left us marvelous and precious legacies.

— Nina Balaniuk

Sunrise, sunset  
Sunrise, sunset  
Quickly flow the years  
One day following another  
Laden with happiness and tears.



A reunion of mother and daughters on a casual, summer's day in the late 1980s.



Tatiana and Muhajlo (Michael) Mazvijko at Christmas in the late 1960s.





# *image* *gallery*

















## Lidia Antoniuk, James Ortlieb Wed At Falls

**LITTLE FALLS** — Miss Lidia Antoniuk and James M. Ortlieb were united in marriage, during a 12 noon double ring ceremony and Nuptial Mass on Saturday, Nov. 25, in the Church of the Annunciation, Ilion, with the Rev. Gregory Malna's pastor, the celebrant.

Vases of pumpkins and gladiolus decorated the altar. Organist Mrs. Bertha Urtz provided traditional wedding music.

### In Bridal Party

The new matron is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Mazujko of 4 Mary St., Little Falls. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ortlieb of 144 Fifth Ave., Ilion.

Serving as matron of honor was Mrs. Wanda Jacobson with bridesmaids Mrs. Pat Lennon, Miss Lois Ortlieb and Miss Barbara Gerdin.

William Ortlieb was best man. Ushers were David Janney, Thomas Ortlieb and Hubert Ortlieb Jr.

Given in marriage by her stepfather, the bride was attired in a gown of silk tulle, accented with pearls and crystals. She carried a bouquet of white roses and lilies.

The honor attendant and bridesmaids wore gowns of red velvet, trimmed with satin and white lace. They carried colonial bouquets of white pumpkins and sweetheart red roses, with streamers of red ribbon.

### Reception Follows

Following a reception at the Top Hat Restaurant from 5 to 6 p.m. the couple left on a wedding trip to the New England States. They are making their home at 7 E. Clark St., Ilion.

The bride attended Little Falls High School and was graduated from Camden High School in San Jose, Calif. She was formerly employed at Mohawk Data Sciences, Herkimer, as a clerk-typist. The bridegroom was graduated from Ilion High School and attended Cobleskill SUNY. He is now employed at Mohawk Data Sciences in the Customer Service Department.

Wedding guests were present from New York City, Rochester, Boston, Binghamton, Syracuse and Valley towns.





















*In Loving Memory of*

**Lidia Kolar**

*Born into Life*

August 12, 1942

*Born into Eternal Life*

May 25, 1999

*Services*

Countryside Funeral Home

Friday May 28, 1999

*Cremation*

*Private*

God hath not promised  
Skies always blue,  
Flower-strewn pathways  
All our lives through  
God hath not promised  
Sun without rain,  
Joy without sorrow,  
Peace without pain.  
But God hath promised  
Strength for these days,  
Rest for the labor,  
Light for the way,  
Grace for the trials,  
Help from above,  
Unfailing sympathy  
Undying love.

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2001 JEFFERS FUNERAL  
211 GARDEN DRIVE, ST. LOUIS, MO 63105

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**In Loving Memory of**  
**Lidia Kolar**



Aug. 12, 1942 - May 25, 1999

When I leave you don't weep for me,  
Pass the wine around and remember  
How my laughing pleased you  
Look at one another, smiling,  
And don't forget about touching,  
Sing the songs that I loved best  
And dance one time all together.  
As for me, I'll be off, running  
Somewhere on the beach, and I'll fly  
To the top of the tree  
I always meant to climb,  
When you're ready, I'll be there—  
Waiting for you  
Take your time

Lidia

One year has passed  
you are missed very much

Jerry

Michael Ortlieb

Travis Ortlieb

James Ortlieb

Anna, Tania and Nina Balaniuk

Paul and Jen Clingen and Family

Diana Clingen and Pete

David and Maria Kolar and Family

Keri and Mike Jeffers and Family

Brook Cermak

Lisa and John Kresser and Family

Jeff and Mary Syslo and Family

Donna and Bruno Sowinski and Family

Paul and Linda Infino

Wanda Jacobsen

Jack and Kay Rivers

Louis and Jeanie Hervid

and your card club

Nancy, Kathy, Marlys, Joann, Donna, Mary  
and Sue

Lidia, you will always be in our hearts and  
thoughts. Key Largo babe, Your Groom

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*<http://www.pulphaiku.com>*

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