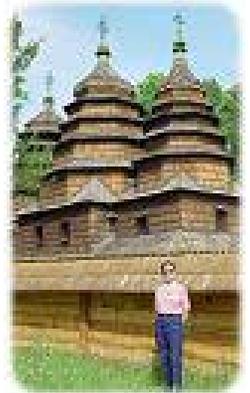


The four of us left the building and continued our walkabout the nearby shops and sites of interest. The hour was getting late and we had no way of contacting Olesya or Slavko to pick us up for the drive home. It turned into a near comedy-of-errors as we tried to come up with any number of solutions of how to get a cab driver to recognize either address in English and how to contact Olesya by phone. Well, after a while one taxi driver seemed unfazed by our dilemma and drove us to Olesya's for less than \$2. All turned out well. That evening we again had a late supper and wondered what we should do the next day – Saturday.

With no plans in hand and another trip to the Archives would have been fruitless (the books on order were not of vital importance, simply for fill-in searches), we abandoned our Archive visit and instead headed for the L'viv Museum of Folklore Architecture. A short walk from our hosts' apartment we got to the Museum at 9AM and waited for Slavko, who agreed to give us a private guided tour, to arrive. He was a Museum Director. Typically Slavko is meticulous in keeping his appointments but this day he was late. We did not ask why. Keeping in step we all proceeded as a group to explore the various architectural jewels of the museum. You may remember I produced a slide show CD of this complex after my 2001 visitation. The notable difference on this trip was that virtually all of the houses in the museum were open for viewing and each included a guide who could answer questions. For the next 90 minutes we walked, we explored (right), we visited each open house and delighted in experiencing the lifestyle of people who habited these homes.



In time Olesya joined us, as she came back early from her doctor appointment in a town some distance from L'viv. Olesya agreed to drive us to the Wysoki Zymek (High Castle) area so that Dolores and I could explore the city on our own the rest of the day. The entire afternoon we walked and explored the highest hill in Lviv, the Castle, followed by the old section of Lviv, the City Center with the Opera (left), and all manner of churches along the way. This tour of ours was unhurried yet on a good pace. By now I was quite familiar with the layout of the city and decided that it would be ideal to just walk back to the apartment instead of taking a trolley or a cab. We walked leisurely, stopping to buy some more chocolates and vodka to take back home to the family. By 6PM we were back and settled in. At 9:30PM Olesya returned from her rounds, prepared an enjoyable supper of some type of a Russian fish (delicious, but Dolores does not eat fish so I ate hers also), we spoke for a brief while and turned in. Tomorrow is an exciting day – Yuriy invited us to his house for lunch and a tour of Zymna Voda.

Sharply at 9AM Slavko pulled up in front of the apartment. My kind of guy; punctual. We hurriedly finished our breakfast and headed for Zymna Voda, the village of my birth. But before we got there I asked Slavko to make a slight detour near the Lviv train station to see if we can find the old high school (gymnasium as they are called) that brother Joe attended in the late 1930s. Joe hand sketched a map that I could use to try to locate this old school and Slavko seemed eager to try to find it.

Using the map directions we navigated the side streets by the new train station and arrived at a building (right) that seemed as if it was the right one. Could not tell much --- it was Sunday and the building was closed. I walked around the perimeter of the building taking as many angled photos as possible. Across the street is a spital (hospital) that I also photograph. To me this all seems foreign but maybe upon my return Joe would recognize it (or not). After a 10-minute stop, we're off again for Zymna Voda and arrive at its outskirts in short order.



Sunday -- got to love it with no traffic. We head for the train depot section of the village for all we have is Yuriy's address.



Hopefully Slavko can find it. We find the appropriate street, park the car and begin our trek up and down the street. Cannot seem to find house #1 ... but then a familiar figure begins to walk toward us and it's Yuriy himself. No need to worry, he was as anxious to meet us, as we were to meet him. No wonder we could not find it, his was house #2. Anyway, within a few minutes after introductions, handshakes and the niceties of seeing someone again after a short absence, we were ushered into his house to meet his wife, his family and a fellow teacher, Marta Dmytryshyn (right), a fellow English teacher (who would act as our interpreter). It did not take long for us to realize that Yuriy and I could converse adequately in Polish. So between bouts of English-Ukrainian-Polish we could make good progress in having ourselves understood. By now it was 10AM and Yuriy's wife (we are embarrassed but we do not remember her first name) was preparing the lunch. I saw the makings of pierogis and was delighted at the prospect of having an authentic Ukrainian lunch. While the lady of the house was preparing lunch the rest of us went out for the walk that was planned – to see if we could locate the many houses that the Rozylyowicz family lived in during the periods 1934-1943, four homes in all.

Crossing the railroad tracks near his home, we wound up heading west towards the new Orthodox Church. We passed an open-air-market building and happened by the Church as services were being held. The services were piped to loudspeakers outside as there was a throng of parishioners standing 20 deep outside – the inside must have been packed tightly. We understand that these services could last up to three hours so we were pleased that the air was crisp and the day was sunny. We walked another few city blocks west of the church and Yuriy pointed out an old house (right) --- said it was in all likelihood the house #1 where the family lived before I was born. The house in itself was not in that



bad of a shape. Built around late 1920s it seemed right architecturally to what the brothers remember. We observe it carefully and noticed an older man in the back yard. Seemed to be the owner or the tenant. Yuriy called out to him, he approached and before one could say "Hello" we were invited into the house for a first-hand look at the inside. The owner gave us his spin on the history of the house but because our family only lived there for a year or so, he could not add anything meaningful. We wandered the four small rooms, admired the genuine cleanliness of the interior, thanked the man for his time and soon departed. Yuriy believes that it is certainly our House #1. The brothers will have to decide on that once my photos are inspected. We head on back to the rail depot section, cross the tracks again and head south on Bandera Street, the street where supposedly we lived in House #4. (House #2, according to Yuriy, has been torn down because in its place only new construction exists).

We locate the supposed House #4 (left) and examine its exterior. Built in 1932 it is a two-story structure that has seen much better days. Desperately needing repairs it is nonetheless "home" to four families. As is customary in Eastern Europe, as soon as people see that you are interested in their home, you are invited in. This was no different. After explaining our purpose for being there the owners

of one apartment graciously invite us in to view the interior of their tiny apartment. Clean and orderly, it is tiny. Two medium sized rooms with a tiny kitchen, for four people. With seven people wandering about this tiny flat it is becoming crowded. We are told that all the apartments are of similar size and layout. Amazing ... here in the States our master bedroom is bigger than their entire apartment. There is no such thing as a dedicated bedroom. The front parlor, sitting room or "front room" serves as a bedroom with their pullout sofas and/or mattresses on the floor. We are spoiled by our abundance. In short order we vacate the apartment and walk the grounds. As is so typical, each family has a small plot called a garden in the back. A well is nearby for there is no such thing as interior plumbing. A commode is in the rear. Must be difficult in the wintertime when nature calls. Still, the residents accept their situation with the usual shrug of the shoulder and say that's the things are for the moment. But in the next breath they also say "things will get better with time". That's typical of the optimism we experience here in the Ukraine. We extend our profound thanks, take leave of the house and wind our way down the street, turn right and head for the location of our supposed House #3 ... the house where I was born.

On the corner stand two homes. On the spot that brother Henry says, and his hand-drawn map identifies, House #3 stood is now a recent vintage home. Certainly cannot be the actual house where I was born. Across the street is a house from the time period (right) that matches our living here. It is old and also in a sad shape. A widow lives there now but we see no activity around the house and simply stare at it. Could Henry be wrong and the old house is actually House #3?



Uncertain of what are looking for we take our leave and walk another block to a corner that, according to Henry's map, was the start of a wide-open field, but it is surrounded by recent vintage homes (left) as far as we can see. In the 1930s Zymna Voda had a population of perhaps 1,500 residents. Today, it is a major suburb of Lviv with a population of around 20,000. Time has a way of changing the landscape and Zymna Voda changed as well. Few, if any, remnants stand today that would remind one of the times when we lived here. Our exploration had to stop for there was nothing else to explore, except the church, which we will do in two-days time.

We wind our way back to Yuriy's house for the long-awaited lunch. Yuriy has lived in this particular house for 45 years. He, his wife (right) and son seem to enjoy this laid-back lifestyle in Zymna Voda. Due to retire in 2003 he has no intentions of moving. We all congregate in the formal dining room and begin our two-hour chat. He showers me with maps of Gorodok and Zymna Voda, which I requested in a previous letter. I'm also given a book that details the history of Gorodok. We receive additional items that show that he and his family are pleased to receive us as visitors.



Having dragged my COMPAQ notebook computer all the way from New Mexico I told Yuriy that the computer is our donation to either himself (personally) or to the Zymna Voda school for use in his history class. His jaw dropped at this donation and he was beside himself in knowing how to respond. To us, this computer was just taking up space in our office. It was pristine, in top working order but had a relatively slow processor. Here in the Ukraine, this unit was considered top technology and quite rare. Not wishing to dwell on the motivation for the donation I simply told Yuriy that any "thank you" is adequate, the subject is closed and that its time to eat. After giving him more books for his history class we closed the gift-giving session and set down to a mid-day meal. A bottle of champagne (left) was popped open, toasts raised and the informal discussion started. The pierogis, salads, sandwiches and other goodies soon were placed on the table (right) and the fun-part commenced. With the addition of some homemade wine (so typical of Ukraine) the spirits flowed easily and the merriment was endless. During the course of the meal we asked Yuriy if it was possible to visit the Zymna Voda School while it was in session. He said "of course" and we made tentative arrangements to meet on Tuesday morning before heading back to Przemysl (Poland). Before long it was 3PM and we had an appointment to attend the Polish/Ukrainian Festival at the Lviv Opera. We bid our goodbyes to Yuriy's wife and son, to Marta the interpreter and left the village for the drive back.



However, we had one minor stop to make before we left ... to stop at the Church in Zymna Voda (left). Slavko produced an oil painting of this church at my request (prior to our departure from the States). In five short minutes we were parked at the Church and explored the grounds for an additional ten minutes. Not much to see for it was closed. Built in the 17th century it was nonetheless still an active parish and we were delighted to have seen it. I wonder if the brothers will remember it after seeing my photos of it. With no time to spare, we headed out of Zymna Voda, skirted Lviv center and wound our way back to the Boyko apartment well before 4PM. We briefly rested, freshened up a bit, changed into our "Opera clothes" (clean shirt and slacks) and, with our host and hostess, took a taxi to the Opera House.

[Continued in Section 8](#)