



Carpatho-Rus'

Karpatska Rus'



NO. 7, CARPATHO-RUS, ALLENTOWN, N.J. JUNE 11, 2004, VOL. LXXVII

Continued from Issue #6, May 14, 2004.

The Land That Time Forgot Or in Search of the People Who Say "Lem"

The authorities weren't able to deport the *tserkva's* cemetery. It occupies about two acres, overgrown with weeds and grass, immediately in front of Saint Dmitri's main doors. Many large stone and metal grave markers are intact but badly weathered. The hope that visitors will find long forgotten ancestors' grave sites is soon abandoned; the names which are readable, whether in Cyrillic or in Latin characters, hold no surprises. That there are many elaborate and expensive markers indicates that in the distant past there may have been a money economy in the area. The pastor confesses he has not been able to take care of the cemetery. A visitor wonders where the recently deceased of this re-activated parish are buried, but, in light of the dilapidated tombstones, perhaps the question is unfair. On the south side of Saint Dmitri's, there is another graveyard where are buried about forty unknown soldiers of Franz Josef's army who fell in battles in the area in 1915 and 1916. How considerate that the new pastor recently planted a wooden cross over each grave and the vegetation has been trimmed. There is yet another smaller grave site at Saint Dmitri's, a bit to the east of the soldiers'. In this plot are buried some of the church's earlier pastors. Father tells the visitors that one of his predecessors, if they can be so deemed, was executed by Polish partisans in 1944, apparently for having supported the UPA in those years.

The visitors move on, two kilometers westward to Jaworze. Some geese chase their car a few yards, young kids walking home from school are startled by a shiny red Ford moving up the road. They continue on the road, now hardly paved, looking for house No. 14. Orchards alternate with tilled fields and meadows, all on steep hills. Across the valley, to the south, can be seen the higher mountains towards Slovakia. Suddenly the road gives way to a narrow, mostly

overgrown, trail. This must be the village limits! The driver realizes it's not prudent to force the car further westward. There are three women and a man working the potato crop up the hill; the guide inquires about No. 14 and the people who live there.

It's the house down the hill, to the south some one hundred yards. So here, finally, on the edge of Jaworze or Javirje is the place where the visitors' ancestors lived, until 1947, according to the present inhabitants. That was that year the authorities visited these settlements in hills and valleys whose people had hidden

Gomulka from the Nazis. Those representatives of the newly founded Peoples' Republic gave the inhabitants two hours to gather their most prized possessions and climb onto wagons which would relocate them outside their ancient lands.

There are three buildings at Javirje No. 14; they clearly show an evolution in housing. The oldest, now used as a storage facility, is a large log cabin with wooden slat roof, no windows. Behind it is a stone cottage, solidly built with tin roof and two or three windows. The design vaguely suggests it was erected early in this century. In front of these two older homes is a modern two storey concrete block house with basement. It is still under construction, now about 95% complete. Three generations of occupants are at work this mid-afternoon, sawing wood, feeding chickens.

They quickly tell the visitors that their family has been living at No. 14 since 1952. That year the authorities in "overpopulated" Gorlice told them to move into the "better land" of Jaworze! The settlement had been closed and the property had been vacant since 1947. Moreover, they reminded the visitors, when the village was closed by the authorities, there were about fifteen more houses, to the west, which area is now overgrown with vegetation. The officials demolished those houses and reduced the size of Jaworze by half. They complain that life is never easy here; it's almost impossible to sell their produce and they have no money. Judging by the lack of mechanization (except for an electric drill which one man is using to install a porch railing), they are stating the truth. A village without cars, trucks, or tractors. What an irony, the visitors think! How fortunate their ancestors were to make the trip to America, else it probably would have been to former East Prussia.

It's soon obvious that the visitors aren't particularly welcome in this sad place.

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NOTICE

KERMESH

Readers and friends, mark your calendars to attend!! The Carpatho-Russian American Center is planning a Kermesh for November 14 from 3:00PM to 8:00PM to be held at the Dunwoodie Golf Club in Yonkers, NY. With entertainment and excellent food, a good time is promised to all.

More details will be provided in the next issue.

From our 1988 Lemko Calendar--a somewhat sad but very inspiring visit to Lemkovina.

Along Native Byways

Last summer, my wife and I decided to visit the lands of our childhood, the villages of Balutianka near Rymanow and Rostaine near Krempana, which doesn't exist anymore since the resettlement [*Aksia Wysla*]. We had long dreamed of this trip. Our ancestors had lived in Lemkovina for ages gone by and worked its rocky soil, which had fed them with oaten and wheaten bread.

We traveled by car with our neighbor who came from the village of Hyrowa and wanted to see the grave of his father. He took his son with him, so that the boy could see the Beskid Mountains. The first place we came to after crossing the Polish-Russian border was the ancient city of Przemysl on the San River. Our car sped on. From Diniw, where the Ukrainian writer Yaroslav Haian spent his childhood and went to school, to the county seat of Krosno we passed through the villages of Cheresnow and Hochew. I had know these places in my youth, because I used to go there with my father to get basswood for carving. Scarcely any old buildings are left there, and the new ones have two stories. The roads are paved with asphalt, electric power lines are everywhere.

Our native mountains soon showed up on the horizon. My heart began beating faster as we approached a couple of Lemko villages. They were Woroblik Korolewski and Woroblik Shliakhetski, where our railroad station was located. That's where I got on a train for the first time in 1941 when I was going to Krynica for schooling. That was also where we loaded all our personal goods into freight cars on January 12, 1945, and said goodbye for the last time to our burned and demolished houses and our beloved mountains. Cattle bellowing, sheep bleating, children crying -- those are the most unforgettable images of my life. I can still see today the tears in the eyes of our parents.

Then it was the city of Rymanow. I remember that as a market center crowded every Monday with all kinds of carts from Lemko villages: Woroblik, Yablonitsia (the home village of the Baiko sisters, our folk singers), Siniawa, Besko, Odrekhowa, and the mountain villages of Rudawka, Terniawa, Posada Horishnia, Doshna, Woltushowa, the Koroliks Polski and Woloskowi, Wilka, Balutianka, Shkliar, Wislochek, Kamianka, Yaslisko, Dalowa, Tylawa.

We students at the Polish seven-year school (among whom were Ivan Krasowski of

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They decide that they have gathered as much information as is available in settlements where record keeping and historic memory are not very high priority items. They move on, towards Dukla for a visit to the Lemko Museum.

The museum is the lifetime labor of love of Fedor Gocz in Zydranowa. He is a Lemko whose family refused to leave the area forty-five years ago. His story is dramatic and curious. As a child he witnessed the 1944 battle in what became known as the Valley of Death, the route to the Dukla Pass and, through the Pass, to Budapest. That Battle has been memorialized in one of the museum buildings which contains war relics, which Gocz has uncovered farming and scavenging over decades in the area. Helmets, shell casings, canteens, boot fragments, epaulets, all are on display together with wall mountings which record the history of the great battle.

For the visitors, the more interesting sections of the museum are the re-creations of life on a Lemko farm prior to *Actija Wisla* and the expulsion. Here is a cottage with thatched roof, dirt floor, one room serving as kitchen, parlor, boudoir. Gocz points out that it lacks in complete authenticity; note that the hole-in-the-roof long used in place of a chimney is not present. There are some ikons, folk art, photos of church dignitaries from long ago, framed quotations, a picture of Nikifor (and his story), a litho of Taras Shevchenko, mannequins dressed in festive peasant garb. A quarter mile down the road is the wooden church Gocz rehabilitated. It is a tiny chapel with room for perhaps fifty worshipers, canonically correct except for a disturbingly Latin Rite porcelain statue of the Virgin Mary as a side altar. A Ukrainian Orthodox priest celebrates the Divine Liturgy on a regular basis for the Gocz family, and for interested neighbors and visitors.

The Gocz sons today are ripping logs to make boards with which they will repair the sheeting over which a thatched roof is woven. Curator Gocz and his wife, an elementary school teacher, invite the visitors for tea and *horilka* [liquor]. They confirm what others have said: there's little to buy, commerce is almost non-existent. If country folks are to survive, they must make their own food and shelter. The family prides itself on the self-sufficiency it has achieved in this valley. That Curator Gocz developed his Lemko museum and historic farm during a time when the state policy of Poland was to deny the very existence of the Lemki is a worthy and remarkable accomplishment.

It is late afternoon and the visitors decide to begin their trip back to Cracow, now about 100 miles to the northwest. The experience of traveling through this Lemko land, mostly forgotten by time and man, has been both saddening and illuminating. Among themselves, the emigrants of the 1890-1913 period may have talked about life in these hills. They did not share those experiences with their children and grandchildren. After visiting these ancestral lands, it is easier to understand why their memories were poor, why they were so silent about the old days. It is now also much easier for the visitors to empathize with the American Indian or the Yaqui, or the peoples of Ethiopia or Europe's Jews and Palestine's Arabs, deprived of their ancestral lands, their churches and temples, their languages and their lives, sacrificed like the Lemki, to demonstrate the power of some foreign state and a culture of ideology it thereby sought to defend.

By: John T. Zubal

Translated from Zahoroda, 1997, is this story of another village in Lemkovina.

My Korostenka

Korostenka [now Krasna] is one of nine villages that form a small island laid out in a hilly locality north of Krosno and south of Strzyzow.

Most of what I know about Korostenka came from my grandmother Eva, with whom I spent many a day and evening in my childhood. And every time she began talking about Korostenka, tears would form in her eyes. "Why do you cry for this Korostenka, Granny? You don't have it too bad here."

In response I would get, "Oh, dear grand daughter, if you could see with your own eyes the beauty of those mountains and those glades, you too would cry. There is no place on earth so pleasing as our Lemkovina, and no village as lovely as our Korostenka. That's where I was born, and my mother and father, and our grandparents and great-great-grandparents. There the sky is blue-blue, the sun is bright, and the moon sometimes floats right above the housetops. There is always a rustling in the woods, and in the brooks and creeks cold water gurgles crystal clear. The flowers in the glades and meadows are such that words can't describe them. The stone three-domed church of St. Michael the Archangel** in the center of the village was the grandest in the whole region, and the people were good, kind, and considerate. Although we were poor, our life was merry. We enjoyed our Kermeshes, and on St. Michael's Day, many priests came and people from all around, which added to the festivity. And oh, how grandly we celebrated Christmas, Jordan, Easter, and Rusal'. We always had our melodious songs, so our spirits were high and it was good to be alive. Then came the war, and with it began our troubles. The Germans took their quotas and forced young people to go to work in Germany. But they too came to their end. Afterwards there was agitation to go to the Soviet Union. Lemkos believed the stories about a better life and left their native homesteads with unspeakable sorrow. There also were bandits who came around at night pillaging, and even killing, and life became unbearable. Leaving our hereditary thresholds was not easy, but there was no other way out. It's really a sin to complain, because we had the good luck to come to Ukraine, while those who stayed were driven out in 1947 [*Aksia Wisla*] to the western lands of Poland, for assimilation."

Talk of Korostenka always brought tears to Granny's eyes. She still had hopes, and a great yearning, to return to her village, to sit at her native hearth. But that was not to be. She would keep telling me, "When you grow up, take a trip to Korostenka, kneel for me at the graves of our ancestors, say a prayer, place some flowers on those neglected gravestones, so that those dead will know that we still remember them."

Years went by, I grew up, went to school, and then university. After that, it was off to work. Granny passed away, but thoughts of her and her stories about Korostenka came to mind more and more often. The desire to go there kept getting stronger.

In 1995, I went to Lemkovina for the first time, to Zydranowa for the Rusal' celebration, in company with other members of our Foundation. My visit there left me with unforgettable impressions of the museum, a concert, meetings with people, and the talk. The beauty of the mountains, the forests, and the church inflamed my desire and lifted my spirits. But I could not go to Korostenka that time. It was not until 1996, when we again went to Zydranowa for Rusal', that my dream was realized.

Early Saturday morning, we traveled by microbus through Krosno, Odrzykon, and Chirczina, to Korostenka. We passed on our left the Lemko village of Chornoriky. We could see a stone church, but there were very few houses, because only new settlers were living there now. Farther on, our road led through Waniwka, and then there were only forests, no more villages. The road was good, and my heart beat faster, sensing that we were close.

At last we got through the woods and before us towered a tall three-domed church, just like Granny had described it. I looked all around, and I couldn't believe my eyes that I was finally in Korostenka.

But I had to find the house where my Grandma and Grandpa had lived, where my mother was born. Some old duffer on a motorcycle noticed that we were newcomers. He stopped and asked what we were looking for. When he heard that I would like to see the house where my relatives of the Hazdayk family had lived, he readily agreed to show me. He said that he had been living here for many years, and he even gave me a ride on his motorcycle (even though it was only a few hundred yards).

"So here is your house," he said, "but other people are living there now." The owner and his wife were out in the yard. When they heard whose daughter I was, they were glad to show me around and tell me about their life here. They invited me inside and asked me to stay a while. I will remember that day for a long time. Not only were the people pleasant, but so was nature. A gentle breeze rustled in the trees, and their green leaves seemed to radiate joy at this encounter. I wiped my eyes, took a snapshot, and it was time to return to Zydranowa for the opening of the Rusal'.

I felt excited, but also sad to be leaving my ancestral village. The genes of my forebears were aroused, I was entranced by the land and the scenery, and the words of my Granny acquired new meaning.

As I left Korostenka, I vowed to return, for this is my land, this is my sky, and this is where my roots are.

Irina Chirtik, Lvov
Translated by: Dimitri Gallik

* * *

** Elsewhere in this issue is an appeal to help St. Michael's church. It is the same church noted above. Ed

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

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Doshna, now a historian, and Mikhail and Ivan Petronchak of Korolik Woloshowi) pressed through the market crowd with boyhood enthusiasm to admire the colorful range of Lemko apparel. Women and girls were dressed in blouses, skirts, aprons, with white kerchiefs on their heads and bast shoes on their feet. The men wore homespun white trousers and vests, while in the winter they wore heavy pants and short coats.

From Rymanow our road turned south through Posada Horishnia and Rymanow Zdroi to the village of Doshna. Years ago, my father's uncle Petro Petrowski, a noted sculptor, used to live there. He left Doshna in 1936. This is also where my childhood pathways began. We saw spots where houses had once stood but are now overgrown with fennel and other weeds. The sites of the church and cemetery are also overgrown. Only the remains of stone crosses stand out above the weeds.

Along the road on the right side there is potable mineral water, which can be found all around the Carpathian foothills. Farther on are an old flour mill and a sawmill, badly neglected for there are no sculptors bringing basswood to be sawed for them. And then there is a wooden bridge between Doshna and Korolik. The road is paved now, something our fathers had dreamed about. They traveled the river, and when that was impassable in rainy weather they used a path around the Kopa peak, which led back to the Doshna road.

The village of Balutianka begins at the Korolik peak and extends along both sides of a small brook all the way to the hill of Primirok and Partia. On the other side of the mountain is the little village of Wilka, noted for its sculptors (there is not a trace of it left now). Beyond the mountain and forest on the south side is the village of Kamianka, and toward the southwest is Zawadka Rymanowska.

With mixed emotions we went by some new Polish houses built on Kuzmow's former field and passed a chapel that had been built by Teodor Odrekowski. He and Andrei Binch (a cantor in Wilka) and Mayor Kotsiab were the organizers in the building of a schoolhouse in 1925. The old church in Balutianka is still standing. It had been saved by five Polish families who had lived among the Lemkos of the village and would not let it go to ruin, as had happened in Doshna and Kamianka. The cross and dome, which had been damaged by bombs during the war, have been repaired. The wall around the church is neglected, and the bell tower is standing lonely, sorrowing for the people who had built it and left it without sound, for the former bells of Peter, Paul, and John are gone. The cemetery in Balutianka holds the graves of my mother and grandmother.

Children's laughter enlivens the school in the village. It seems to me that I can hear the voice of my first teacher Sofia Popel of Lvov. It was she who later sent me to Rymanow for further schooling.

I imagined I was living in the village where I was born, where my parents and my neighbors had lived. I had forgotten everything. My eyes searched for those pathways where my mother had walked, and my father, where I had run barefoot. I scanned the spot where our house had stood. I recognized it only by the old apple and pear trees, silent witnesses to the obliterated nest. I washed my hands in the brook that ran past our house and took a sip of water from my boyhood spring.

We drove on to the village of Zydranowa, to our friend Fedor Goch, organizer of the Museum of Lemko Culture. On the way, thoughts ran through my mind

about the pretty villages that at one time were scattered through the tranquil Beskid Mountains from the Biala River to the headwaters of the San River. Now, in their place there are only abandoned churches and broken stone crosses standing on knolls. The only sound now is that of pines, firs, and larches, which have grown up in the postwar years, worriedly whispering among themselves. I was reminded of the words of Bohdan-Ihor Antonich, the poet of Lemkovina, in his poem "Rizdwo".

*God was born among the bobsleds
In the Lemko town of Dukla.
Came some Lemkos in brimmed hats
And brought with them a rounded moon.*

Lemkos have created a rich material and spiritual culture that is as yet not well known. This issue is the most important for us scattered Lemkos, especially those who are living in their ancestral lands and yet do not have their own schools.

It is obligatory for every one of us, wherever we may be, to visit more often our ancestral places, to pay homage to the land that gave us life, to locate memorial points, to take pictures of architectural monuments, to restore the graves of our forefathers and our neighbors, to renew the inscriptions on them in our native tongue.

Stefan Kishchak
Translated by: Dimitri Gallik

The Cooking Corner

Pot Roast in Aspic [Zalivnoe iz Myasa]

The better the beef, the better this dish.

2-3	lbs	beef-tip or rump roast-in one piece
1-1/2	tsp	salt
		pepper to taste
1	tbsp	fat
2		medium-sized onions, chopped
1		bay leaf
2-1/2	cups	boiling water
1	tbsp	gelatin
1/2	cup	hot water

Garniture:

2		hard-cooked eggs
2	cups	cooked fresh or canned green peas
1		cooked carrot, diced
1-1/2	cups	potato straws
1	tbsp	sour cream

Wash the meat and rub it all over with the salt and pepper; then brown it on all sides in the fat in a skillet, put it into a saucepan and add the chopped onions and bay leaf. Swirl out the skillet with 2-1/2 cups boiling water and pour over the meat. Bring to a boil, then simmer, covered, for 2 hours. When cooked it should be very tender but not stringy.

Strain the stock from the saucepan, add some more water to bring it up to 2-1/2 cups again. Allow to cool. Melt the gelatin in 1/2 cup of hot water. Add to beef liquid. Cut the meat into pieces about the right size for serving. Arrange rings of hard-cooked egg on the bottom of a 6-cup ring mold that has been rinsed with cold water. Pour a little aspic over them and leave to set for half an hour. Put in the pieces of meat and pour the rest of the aspic over it carefully. Leave to set for 3-4 hours. Unmold, put peas and diced carrots in the center and potato straws all around. Serve cold.

A spoonful of sour cream on the peas and carrots looks attractive and tastes good. 8 servings.

AUDIO & VIDEO TAPES

Item #1: Karpato-Rus' Folk Songs:

Eighteen folk songs from the Carpathian Mountains. Transcribed from 78 RPM discs recorded in 1910, this audio cassette tape presents wedding, christening and Christmas songs...the way our ancestors did them.

Item #2: Russian Balalaika and Polkas, Chardashes and Gypsy Eclectic:

This audio cassette tape contains Russian polka and balalaika selections, Slavic chardashes and gypsy melodies. Several folk songs provided here were originally recorded in 1910 on 78 RPM discs.

Item #3: East European Folk Festival:

Lemko Association sponsored many festivals in the past of East European dancing and singing. This video offers highlights of the 25th Festival held in 1993. It includes excerpts of an Orthodox Catholic prayer service and concert of Karpato-Rus, Ukrainian, Russian, and Slovak folk songs.

Item #4: Canonization of Father Maksym Sandovich;

This video includes a biography of Saint Maksym, the first Orthodox Catholic saint of the Karpati-Rus;. The major sites and events of his glorification which occurred in Gorlice, Poland in September, 1994 are uniquely recorded.

Item #5: Video Recording of the Akafist Male Chamber Choir of Moscow and the Slavic Male Chorus of Washington, D.C.;

Recorded at St. Luke's Serbian Orthodox Church in McLean, Virginia on March 12, 1992, this video includes 17 classic liturgical songs and shows the interior and exterior of all Slavic Orthodox Catholic churches in the Washington, D.C. area.

Item #6: Canonization of Father Alexis Toth;

St. Alexis' biography and canonization ceremony are preserved on this video which was filmed at St. Tikhon's Monastery.

Item #7: Folk Songs from the Uzhorod Region:

"Muse Zakarpatskaia through 12 folk songs that were recorded in Soviet days in 1955.

ITEM #8: Lemko Wedding Music by Stephen Skimba in cassette; and ITEM #9: same as #8 in CD form.

We were fortunate in finding one of Steve Skimba's original 78 RPM records and this has been duplicated.

PRICES:

Item #1.....	\$12.
Item #2.....	\$12.
Item #3.....	\$25.
Item #4.....	\$20.
Item #5.....	\$30.
Item #6.....	\$20.
Item #7.....	\$12.
Item #8.....	\$12.
Item #9.....	\$20.

All prices include shipping costs. Send check or money order made out to Lemko Association to:

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Press Fund Contributions

MM John Kurdilla	\$50.
Dr. John Matolyak	50.
Mrs. Melania Duda	30.
Mr. William Adamchak	20.
Total	\$150.

In Appreciation

We extend our thanks for help in producing this week's issue of Carpatho-Rus to Ludmilla Marshovska.

CARPATHO--RUS

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A Short History of Florynka

Where the town of Grybow is located, there were important crossroads for the merchant-traders from West Europe to the East -- to Red Rus, and from the Baltic Sea to the Balkans. At such crossroads, villages, little towns and cities were built. The territory north of Grybow to the Border of the Polish kingdom was covered with dense forests. It was impossible to go through it because of wild animals as well as bandits who attacked the merchant caravans.

For bravery merited in the battle of Plaszc, King Wladyslaw Lokietek -- according to legend -- offered the citizens named Grzyb land located north of the little town of Grybowo. The king hoped that one named Mr. Grzyb would stop the bandits and establish a peaceful roadway for the caravans. But the bandits, in a short time, killed him and his two sons -- Florian and Wawrzyniec. In memory of the two young men, two little towns were founded: Florinkovo and Wola Warzkowska.

The names of those towns were later changed to Florynka and Wawrzka. In the 14th century, besides Grzybowa, other villages were organized and settled, such as Brunary, Binczarowa and Brest. There is a lack of documentation as to the beginning of Florynka, but it is commonly accepted that it was settled in the 14th century. The village Woloska is mentioned for the first time in the year 1529. There are many Polish names from that time which demographically were strongly Wolosi, therefore; Florynka developed

as a Lemko town. From the 19th century, Wolochow was settled by the Lemkos, and together with other villages occupied by them began to be called Lemkovshchina, which has a significant population on the Polish-Slovak border, from the San River to the River Poprad. Lemkos were Russian mountain people (Russian hillbillies). In their everyday conversation they used a Lemko dialect based on old Slavonic. They dressed in folkwear clothing. Their religion was either Orthodox or Byzantine Catholic. The latter were called Uniates. Florynka officially was founded September 27, 1574, by the Bishop Frank Krosinski of Cracow. This village existed and belonged to the bishops of Lemkovshchina

(Lemkovina). Later they called it Florynka and from 1683 it was called Bishop's Florynka. Everything was fine from the beginning. They were Orthodox even in the small towns, but thanks to the Council of Brest in 1595, and the help of the Bishop of Cracow, Marcin Czynskowski, Florynka, with the other Orthodox parish, accepted the Greek Catholic rite. About 1620 it was established by the same bishop as a Greek Catholic parish. In the 17th century, Florynka was one of the biggest villages. In 1780 100 families lived in the village, and they had their own parish school.

In 1875 a new stone church was built -- previously it was wooden. It was named St. Michael's. The old church was very neglected and run down by time and it was too small for a large crowd. The new stone church was built by the village bricklayers, the same people who had built the Tarnow and Nowy Sacz and Muszyna Koczyce railroad. Thanks to two pastors, Atanazy Czernianski and Justin Konstantynowicz, the preparation and construction project was done in three years.

Pastor Michael Rydzaj finished the building and became the first pastor in 1874. At that time, 900 people lived in Florynka, with just a few Polish families, some Jewish; but most were Lemkos. As a result, Florynka was declared a Russian National Republic of Lemkos. The government of this republic touched several counties, such as Nowy Sacz and Gorlice. After 16 months as a republic, the county authorities arrested the so-called government of Lemkos and put an end to it. In 1935-36 the population of Florynkawas 1,260 -- 265 Greek Catholics, 905 Orthodox, 16 Roman Catholics and 20 Jews. In 1945, about 60 Lemko families left and went to the Ukraine. In June 1947, the rest of the Lemkos from Florynka were forcefully sent to the newly occupied Polish territory which was taken from the Germans. Only one family was left in Florynka with a few of their relatives.

Polish people from overcrowded villages quickly moved in to the abandoned houses. Then on August 28, 1946 a Roman Catholic priest, Father Michael Zurek, came to Florynka. About two years later, three Sisters of Saint Joseph came from Tarnow. They occupied the rectory and are still living in it. April 5, 1949, pastoral care of Florynka was taken over by the priests of the Sacred Heart of Jesus congregation. On December 29, 1951, a Roman Catholic church parish, which had been a Greek Catholic (Byzantine rite or Uniate), was established. The church is built without style with few distinctive features of Orthodox or Byzantine character. It was built of stone and covered with plaster; the towers were covered with metal. The nave is long and made a little wider in the middle of the church.

From The Truth, RBO

Request Of Our Readers

Through our archives we have searched for old Lemko Calendars from the 1930s, 1940s and 1950s. Many of those old Calendars are missing. We would like to request, from our readers, any old Calendars that they may have and do not need. This would be of help to us in researching the history of our people. Also, as you have noticed, we translate articles to English from these old Calendars since most of our readers don't understand the Cyrillic alphabet

NOTICE

To all members of the Carpatho-Russian American Center of Yonkers:

For quite some time now, the Board of the CRA Center has tried to locate members who have moved or, perhaps, married and changed their names. We would appreciate hearing from members with their current addresses so the Board's files can be updated. Kindly use the name and address of the editor shown elsewhere in this issue. Thank you.

CRA Center,
Board of Directors

APPEAL

This appeal is made to help restore the original beauty of the historic **St. Michael the Archangel Church in Peregrymka, Poland**. A parish of Orthodox Church of Poland, it was built in 1870 replacing a church built in the 17th century. Restoration funds will be used for the roof, electric wiring and the interior.

During its long and rich history, the church and surrounding villages were home to many families who eventually emigrated to the U.S., settling in Mayfield, Simpson, Wilkes Barre and Carnegie, PA, Singac, NJ and Massachusetts. Some of the families include: Bavun, Chanas, Cypula, Danielak, Danilo, Dragan, Dubowchik, Dutko, Duzey, Dziadosh, Dziama, Dzugan, Fecina, Fil, Glodko, Glowach, Gunia, Guresh, Guzy, Hadzinsky, Hatalowicz, Homyak, Honczak, Horbal, Hruby, Juszcak, Kanczuga, Kanczuk, Kiehart, Klimash, Komara, Krasnosielski, Krol, Kuczera, Kulemich, Kulick, Kuliczyn, Luciszyn, Mecinska, Musiala, Najdzik, Olenich, Oryszczak, Parocha, Pawlak, Pelak, Peyko, Piszik, Poliwna, Popowczak, Pospolita, Rak, Reszetak, Rewak, Rozdielsky, Sembrat, Senio, Serafin, Serniak, Siecik, Smarsh, Smerek, Smoley, Sochaczka, Sopcin, Sowyrda, Stachursky, Stec, Szach, Szwed, Szwider, Telep, Tomaszewsky, Tyrpak, Wasylec, Sladyka, Wychowanec, and Yurkowsky.

Checks can be made out to Rev. Roman Dubec [Pastor of St Michael] or Maryann Dubowchik Bacsik and mailed to Maryann Bacsik, 40 Morningside Circle, Little Falls, NJ 07424 or to Carpatho-Rus.