

SECTION 9. THEORY AND HISTORY OF CULTURE

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9.1 History of my family against the background of cultural and historical processes of the 20th - early 21st centuries

Studying the history of my family, I tried to look as deeply as possible into its biography and understand what events influenced the formation of my relatives and what they had to go through. Unfortunately, I only knew my grandparents well on my mother's side, because I had the opportunity to communicate with them more. They always told me stories about their lives, which I listened to with pleasure. My grandfather died 12 years ago, so in this essay I will quote the story of my grandmother Olga (Olya), from whom I was able to learn more details about the biography of our family.

In this essay, I will tell in detail the story of my grandfather Lyubomyr (my mother's father) and his family: how and why they emigrated to Ukraine and what events in our country influenced the formation of their consciousness. And, of course, I will cover the biography of grandmother Olya (my mother's mother): what was the life of an ordinary peasant family with many children in the war and post-war times, how my grandmother was able to move to Lviv and most importantly - how my grandmother and grandfather's paths crossed during the times of Brezhnev's "stagnation". I will also tell the stories of my parents, my brother and me - how the events of the Ukrainian state affected and are still affecting our family.

As I mentioned above, this essay will describe many memories of my grandmother Olya, whom I had the opportunity to ask in detail about the interweaving of the events of our families and the history of Ukraine. I was also able to talk with my grandfather Lyubomyr's sister, Volodymyra, who described to me what their family went through and what my grandfather was like in his early years, before meeting my grandmother. I will also lean on the memories of the stories that my grandfather told

me when I was little. And of course, most of the information was told to me by my parents, whom I will also quote.

For a better understanding of the genealogy, I am attaching a family tree. Photos and documents will also be interesting, which I also add to my essay for a visual perception of the era and to get to know my relatives better.

The times "before" and "during" World War II

The family history of my grandfather Lyubomyr Borsuk.

My grandfather's father, Stefan Borsuk, was born in 1905 in the village of Wojtkowa, modern Poland. At that time, it was the territory of Austria-Hungary. His father, Mykhailo Borsuk, was Ukrainian, and his mother, Kateryna, was Polish. After the collapse of Austria-Hungary and the formation of the West Ukrainian People's Republic on November 1, 1918, the village of Wojtkowa, which was inhabited mainly by Ukrainians, was occupied by Poland. Karolina Borsuk, my grandfather Lyubomyr's mother, and her entire Salabud family were native Poles (see Appendix 1 - family tree).

Stefan and Karolina met in the village of Wojtkowa, built a house there and had a large farm, which they worked on throughout their lives. They had seven children: Stefania, Mykola, Ivan, Yulian, Olga, Lyubomyr and Volodymyra. Unfortunately, the political troubles of the states did not pass by my family, but left a negative mark on it. In 1946, Mykola Borsuk (grandfather's brother) at the age of 19 fought in the "Fans" unit of the OUN and died in a battle with the Bolsheviks. And her sister, Stefania Borsuk, was repressed for her participation in the OUN and spent 1946-1956 in concentration camps in Siberia.

However, in 1947, the whole family became a part of what forever changed their peaceful (as far as it could be called) life - the Vistula operation.

Operation "Visla" - ethnic cleansing, carried out during April-July 1947 by the decision of the party and state leadership of the USSR, the Republic of Poland and the Czechoslovak Republic. It consisted in the forced deportation of Ukrainians from their ethnic territories - Lemkivshchyna, Nadsyannia, Podliaschya and Kholmshchyna - with the use of troops.

I remember my grandfather telling me about those events. He was 12 years old and this resettlement was very well etched in his mind. On an ordinary spring day, he and his little sister Volodymyra were in the field when the soldiers approached them and without explanation took them to the wagons, where their family was already preparing for departure. No one warned them about deportation, not even gave enough time to gather the necessary things. However, this was the last time they saw their home and their native land...

For the first few years, the Borsuk family lived in an apartment in the city of Ternopil. However, at that time there were rumors that it would be possible to return to their native land in Poland, and therefore they decided to move to the city of Sambir - closer to the border, so that when the opportunity arose, it would be easier and closer to return. However, there was no return to Poland. Father Stefan started working at the railroad station, and mother Karolina became a housewife.

The times before and during World War II

The family history of my grandmother Borsuk (Dovha) Olga.

The Dovhy family lived in the village of Benkivtsi, Rohatyn district, Ivano-Frankivsk region (see Appendix 3). My great-great-grandfather, Fedir Dovhyi was born in 1872 and devoted his entire life to his native village and its development. According to the grandmother, he was a priest in their village of Benkivtsi for 17 years (which is a lot). He was highly respected, because he was very kind and generous: he helped the poor and justly managed the treasury in their village. He and his wife ran a large farm and had seven sons and three daughters (see Appendix 2). Three sons: Vasyl, Ivan and Antin, went to America to earn money in 1904, from where they never returned to their native lands. However, the connection with them has not been lost - their great-grandchildren come to visit us in Ukraine and we maintain good relations with them. They are interested in the culture of our country and proudly declare that they are Ukrainians!

Unfortunately, the events of the World War I did not pass by the village of Benkivtsi. One of Fedir's sons, Likarko, went to Odesa, where he served as a soldier on a ship. He was young, 26 years old, when he died suddenly during one of the military

operations... Other three sons of Fedir: Mykhailo, Dmytro and Hryhoriy and three daughters: Anna, Kateryna and Olga remained to live in Benkivtsi. However, I will tell more about only one of them - my great-grandfather Mykhailo, the father of my grandmother Olga.

If we talk about the family of my great-grandmother Yustyna, she was the daughter of Hryhoriy Gerasimiv, a village farmer. She had a difficult childhood, because her father died at the age of 2 months, and her mother had to raise five children by herself: Pavlo, Hilariy, Ksenia, Yulia and Yustyna. However, Hilariy suffered the fate of an ordinary young Ukrainian boy of 1914-1918 - he died tragically in the war. Yulia went to America to earn money. In fact, I did not expect to learn that so many of my relatives managed to leave an ordinary Ukrainian village and go far overseas. However, fortunately, they did not catch these sad events of our country during the 20th century.

My great-grandfather Mykhailo and great-grandmother Yustyna got married at an early age and started running a joint farm in the village of Benkivtsi. Great-grandfather was a horse rider and they had their own horse in the yard. They had five children: Maria, Mykhailo, Anna, Olga and Yaroslava. According to grandmother's memories, they lived peacefully and happily, but the events of World War II did not pass by the Dovhy family either.

World War II was a global armed conflict that lasted from September 1, 1939 to September 2, 1945. It left a mark on the history of the world and we are the ones who are experiencing the consequences of these difficult and terrible times. In this section, I would like to answer the question: How exactly did the events of 1939-1942 affect my relatives, who were their direct witnesses?

My grandmother Olya was born in 1942. She was the fourth child in the family. The period of the Second World War touched her very early years of life, but despite this, the grandmother remembers many moments of this time from the stories of her relatives and from what she saw with her own eyes.

"On June 22, 1941, there was a German occupation of the territory of the USSR, and this primarily affected Ukrainian lands. Germans began to live in our village, there were occupiers in every house.

- Did you also have Germans living at home? There were so many of you, could you all fit in a small house?

- Yes, we had several young German soldiers. They lived in one room, and the rest of us lived in another. I remember how one of them really loved me, I was very young then, but he often came to me and talked to me."

Grandma also remembers that in a barn in their yard, these soldiers kept a Ukrainian prisoner, whom it was strictly forbidden to approach, let alone talk to.

If we look at grandmother Olya's family tree, we can see that she had a brother Fedir, who died at a fairly early age. In fact, this was another of the negative effects of the war on any family - young men were taken to the front, where a different fate awaited each of them.

"Fedir was young, very calm, everyone loved him. However, at the age of 18, he was taken to the war. We do not know whether he died or went missing in 1944. We only knew that boys often die in the war... It was a very difficult time..."

The story of the bombing of the village of Benkivtsi, when my grandmother was still small, is also very impressive. All residents, especially children and women, were previously sent to the end of the village, all the way to the woods, where they had to wait out the German bombardment. The grandmother says that there was terrible crying then, the children were very afraid, because it is not known what awaited them at that moment.

"My mother told me that during one of the bombings, when I was still very small, she was a little behind the other villagers, because she was gathering things at home to go outside. But then the terrible sounds of bombs that were already falling on the village were heard. My mother stood numbly by the window with me in her arms and was shaking with fright. Then she hid in the depths of the room and heard how from the blows the glass began to crack and fly out of the windows..." - says the grandmother.

Sometimes it's hard for me to fully understand what people were going through at that time. I got goosebumps when my grandmother told me about the events during the war: I was actually proud of how much they were able to withstand, but I also asked myself, "Why did peaceful Ukrainians have to be victims of political strife? Why did ordinary peasants have to witness such a terrible life, what was the point of these military actions, so that ordinary people were constantly in fear of losing their happiness at any moment?". However, the war, unfortunately, was only one of the most difficult moments in the life of the Ukrainian people.

The first post-war years in the history of my family

Continuation of the family story of my grandmother Olga Borsuk (Dovha).

1945-1953: the period of post-war reconstruction of the national economy in Ukraine. It was then that the Germans were expelled from the village of Benkivtsi, the hostilities ended and everything seemed to fall into place - people returned to their usual lives. However, the peasants had to get used to a new collective form of economy - collective farms.

I knew from history textbooks that such a reform was forced on Ukrainian villages, quite disadvantageous and cruel. However, my grandmother better explained the events of that time to me.

" - Please tell me about the collective farms, how did they affect your life?

- From who knows where, the head of the collective farm was sent to us, who ordered that everyone be registered, without exception. Two rich families were taken to Siberia, and the head of the collective farm settled in their house. At that time, the situation in the families of our village was different - some women with small children lost their husbands and sons in the war, were left with hectares of fields and did not know what was waiting for them tomorrow. Therefore, they were among the first to enroll in a collective farm.

- Did your family forcibly join the collective farm?

- Yes, forcibly... My father, Mykhailo, was against the signing. But the Soviets kept him and several men for a week in a really cold room with a cement floor, and

without food. I remember how my sisters and my mother and I went to see him and worried about him. That's how my dad was forced to obey the authorities..."

The grandmother said that at that time the authorities took fields, forest territory, livestock, etc. Families were left with only their own garden, where they could grow vegetables and fruits for food, as well as one cow and a pig. People received wheat, rye and sugar on working days, and at other times every adult worked on a collective farm. Great-grandfather Mykhailo was a horse-rider, great-grandmother Yustyna was a local leader, and grandmother's sister, Maria, worked in a dairy. Peasants went to mow, dig or harvest together, in harmony. Grandmother said that even schoolchildren went to throw hay.

I will end this section of the postwar years with my grandmother's memory of the death of Stalin, one of the greatest dictators of the Soviet Union. On March 5, 1953, all children in the middle of the educational process were taken to the stadium to listen to Stalin's funeral on the village radio. This was one of the methods of commemorating the "great leader".

The first post-war years in the history of my family

Continuation of the family story of my grandfather Lyubomyr Borsuk.

Despite the difficult period of resettlement and adaptation to a new life in a new state, my grandfather's family still managed to get back on their feet. The father found a job, the mother took care of the household, and the children got an education. My aunt Volodymyra remembers the post-war period with sadness. In the city of Sambir in 1948, a collective farm named after Lenin was organized, where, as in the entire territory of Ukraine, they were forced to enroll. Unfortunately, the Borsuk family also had to work on a collective farm, but each of the children tried to study well in order to get a better future.

After finishing school in Dubno, in 1952, my grandfather Lyubomyr went to Lviv together with his brother Ivan. There he entered the Forestry University to major in forestry engineering, and his brother majored in tailoring. Of course, for the boys it meant the beginning of a new life and many opportunities.

The period of Khrushchev's rule

Everyone knows that after Stalin's death in 1953, a period of thaw began - a certain departure from the rigid Stalinist totalitarian system, attempts to reform it in the direction of liberalization, relative democratization, humanization of political and public life.

In 1959, my grandmother entered the Lviv Vocational School No. 7 as a seamstress, where she studied for 2 years. Moreover, after graduating from school, she immediately went to work at a factory in an atelier. All that time, the grandmother lived in an apartment with a friend. In addition, in 1961, she entered the evening faculty of the Polygraphic Institute, where she studied for 3 years. Then she transferred to Kyiv to the Institute of Light Industry at the Faculty of Economics. Studying was by correspondence, so grandmother Olya had to go to Kyiv to pass the exams twice a year.

After graduation, my grandmother got a job at the Regional Department of Household Services, where she worked as an economist until her retirement.

Brezhnev's period of "stagnation"

The fates of my grandmother and grandfather crossed in 1970. Lyubomyr worked in the Regional Department of Forestry. My grandmother was still working in the atelier then, and so was my grandfather's brother, Ivan. That is how my grandfather's brother introduced him to my grandmother.

My mother, Roksolyana Borsuk, was born on March 7, 1972. She was the first and only child of my grandparents. The family lived in Lviv, and it was here that my mother went to school and entered the university.

Although my mother caught Brezhnev's period of "stagnation" only at a very young age, she was still able to tell from her own memories about the interesting and sad moments of life at that time.

"- I remember well that there was propaganda of the ideology of the USSR everywhere - on television, in books, in the press. We were all forced to think alike, even if you wanted to stand out - you had to say and do things to please everyone, so that your thoughts did not contradict the ideology of "Lenin-Party-Komsomol". When you are very young, you are necessarily a member of "Zhovtenyata" and wear stars with Lenin's emblem, when you are a schoolgirl, you are a pioneer, and later a member

of the Komsomol. For some reason, all the events of these organizations were held mainly on religious holidays - I was personally accepted into the Komsomol on Sunday of the Easter holiday. If you are not a member of such organizations, you were considered a stranger. Teaching was in Ukrainian, every week we had a “political hour” - we were told the main news that happened in the world.

- But despite such informational pressure from the authorities, could you somehow filter these news and find out what is really happening in the world? - I ask.

- Yes, my peers made antennas, watched Polish television and listened to the BBC radio, although, of course, it was strictly forbidden. But another moment, which I remember very well, is that people really liked to carol in Ukrainian... they were dispersed..."

Also, my mother said that the death of Brezhnev affected her very much at a young age - because there was a lot of stir around. There were rumors that then the war between America and the Soviet Union would begin, because without Brezhnev there would be no good government.

Gorbachev's “perestroika”

In the process of my research, it was very interesting to analyze certain periods of our country and draw conclusions when many opportunities opened up and when the Ukrainian people suffered from dictatorial rule. And it is the time of Gorbachev's “perestroika” that shows what little contrasts our country has experienced since 1986 after Brezhnev's stagnation.

From my mother's memories, the content of television changed: there appeared foreign channels, there was freedom of speech, the field of sales developed, the economy grew, and tourist trips abroad spread. Life really took on different colors, there was better communication with other countries, better opportunities to develop yourself.

My mother also told me how in her 10-11th grade they first organized real Ukrainian evening parties - it was very symbolic and beautiful. Also, they had several week-long trips to Czechoslovakia, Poland, etc. It was there that they saw a completely different, European life.

Passion for science and thirst for learning prompted my mother to enter the Ivan Franko University to major in "Chemist. Teacher". It was there that my mother met my father, Vasyl, who was a student at the same university, but majoring in Physics. If we summarize this information, then I can explain why I chose architecture as a specialty: in my family, everyone works in technical specialties, I really liked mathematics, and we all are good in it. There are also three builders among my cousins. Moreover, all relatives on my grandmother's line were good at drawing. Therefore, my choice is a combination of my desire, ambition and, of course, genetics, which played an important role.

Independent Ukraine

August 24, 1991 is a very important date for every Ukrainian - the date of the declaration of Ukraine's independence. After the collapse of the USSR, our state finally gained autonomy and we had the opportunity to create a new country ourselves. My dad says that then there was a spiritual uplift among the citizens, borders were opened, freedom of movement and speech appeared.

During the time of independent Ukraine, in 1995, my parents got married. To this day, my mother works as a teacher at the Department of "Chemistry and Chemical Technologies of Inorganic Substances" at the Lviv Polytechnic National University, and my father is a private entrepreneur. February 16, 1997 - my older brother Oleg was born. He graduated from a Catholic high school, and in 2014 he entered the Lublin Catholic University to study programming and still lives and works in Poland. I was born on May 19, 2002. After graduating from school, I am studying in the 2nd year at Lviv Polytechnic University, majoring in "Architecture and Urban Planning".

My dad says that during the Orange Revolution in 2004, almost everyone was interested in politics - there were no people who were indifferent. Dad participated in the rally in Kyiv for 17 days. I personally don't remember much about this period. After all, I was only 2 years old.

In the 2000s, my brother and I received secondary education, studied languages, were engaged in creativity and other activities. However, in 2014, we witnessed the terrible events on Maidan, and later military actions in the East of Ukraine and the

annexation of Crimea. I clearly remember how we constantly monitored the news at that time. In my school, volunteer collections were organized, children drew pictures and wrote poems for ATO (“anti-terrorist operation”) soldiers. All of us at such a young age already understood that this is all very serious and how important it is to worry about the future of our country.

I will never forget the evening when, in September 2014, my dad came up to us and said that he was going to ATO... Then all these terrible events in Ukraine stopped seeming distant to me, they suddenly entered my room and remained there forever as a lingering aura. I was very afraid then. I was afraid of this unknown for my father - to go to the other end of the country, very far, to the very core of military events, risking his life for the sake of my own country... It was unexpected news that I did not even say goodbye to my father properly before the two-year separation.

Conclusion

In this essay, I managed to highlight the extent to which the events in Ukraine affected the life path of my family. Unfortunately, the sad times in the history of our country radically changed the life of my family. What could have happened if the Borsuk family had not become part of the Vistula operation, and my grandmother had not gone to Lviv to study? Apparently, my mother would not be there, and, accordingly, me and my brother. And no matter how negative the events of the war left, they radically changed the destinies of many people. You cannot rewrite history, but what can still be changed is the outlook of future generations. Proper upbringing and love should nurture loyalty, respect and humanity in the youth. It is necessary to learn from mistakes and try to do everything so that our state of Ukraine flourishes and never again experiences such sad times of the 20th century.

Also during the research, I was struck by how hardworking, purposeful, persistent and determined my relatives were. Many were able to leave for America, the Borsuk family adapted perfectly to their new life, and even all the younger family members were able to get a higher education! Just like grandmother Olya - who from a small village was able to move to a big city, find happiness there and build a family.

I am proud to be a part of such a beautiful family!