



Olga Lisewych

November 20, 1922 - October 21, 2022

A Ukrainian Journey of Hope and Courage

After a long and arduous life, my Mom, Olga Lisewych has passed away. This November she would have been 100 years old.

Her story began in a small village in Western Ukraine. Until her marriage in 1942, she had never traveled more than a few kilometers from home. The Germans had just taken control of the region from the Russians. My Grandfather told her, "You must get married and leave home, the Russians will soon return and living will become much worse". He knew the impending horror of Communism, when they later collectivized his homestead, and sent him to a Siberian prison camp for seven years. In 1953 Stalin died, and many prisoners were released. My grandfather did not live long upon his return home.

Now, 80 years later, history is repeating itself with the horrible Russian invasion of Ukraine.

During WWII, my parents produced spam meat products for the German army. Luckily Ansbach was never bombed. Born after WWII, at age three, one of my earliest memories was holding her hand as US Army trucks took us to Hamburg, where she and my dad, Michael, journeyed by ship to America, and

a new beginning in 1949.

Fast forward to many years of hard work in Pittsburgh, PA. I recall Mom cleaning downtown banks at midnight, and Dad at hard work as a butcher. Pittsburgh has a large Ukrainian diaspora. Fond weekends were filled with Ukrainian Orthodox church holiday celebrations. And many Sundays with my godparents, the Olijnyk family, at their home, watching Ed Sullivan on TV.

Then a move to Hollywood, Florida, where they owned and managed a hotel and small apartment complex. Thanksgivings were always a treat for guests and residents when Mom and Dad brought out the turkey along with Ukrainian borsch, varenike, and holubtsi. They were both wonderful cooks.

Upon my Dad's passing in 1991, my Mom moved to Wenatchee to be close to my family. Outgoing and social, she soon became good friends with the many kind folks in Wenatchee.

During her last days, Greg thoughtfully played traditional Ukrainian music on his iPhone. A longtime choir singer, she recalled some verses, and even managed to sing along.

A more detailed story of my Mom's life is available in the April 2017 issue of "The Good Life" magazine. https://issuu.com/genext/docs/february_2017_the_good_life

My Mom is survived by me, her only child, Jerry Lisewych, my wife Judy, and two outstanding grandsons, Nick and Greg. She also has nieces and nephews in Ukraine.

Donations in her memory are very welcome. Please submit them to a wonderful local charity "Friends of Ukraine Refugees", PO Box 686,

Wenatchee, WA, 98807. They are a 501c3 public charity.

Please take a look at an article published in The Good Life at the link below;
From Ukraine to Wenatchee: A journey of hope and courage

https://issuu.com/genext/docs/february_2017_the_good_life

Tribute Wall

JL

“ We were privileged to know Olga and share rich chunks of her life. She taught us much about Ukraine and shared the poignant experiences that marked her life's journey with both the joys they brought and the pain she endured. The gift her life brought to us leaves us with rich memories. She lived a full life and her resilience endured right up to her death. Jerry, you were the prize of her life and her deep lifeline over the years. Thanks be to God for the rich life of Olga Lisewych.

Joanne and Darrel Lundby

Joanne and Darrel Lundby - November 19, 2022 at 02:18 PM

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“ I met Olga twice, I first met her in Florida when I flew there to drive her car back to Washington State. Another time when Jerry and I went skiing in Wenatchee and stayed at her home there. Both times I was impressed by her warm heart and kindness. What a beautiful life lived. She will be missed by her family and friends.

Stan Samson - November 08, 2022 at 03:43 PM