



REMEMBERING
Elizabeth HASIUK

June 23, 1933 - March 11, 2023



On March 11, 2023, Mrs. Elizabeth Hasiuk of Myrnam passed away at the age of 89 years. She is survived by her children, Terri (Tim) Bohn, Dwayne & Linda; granddaughter, Nicole Brosteaux; sister, Rose (John) Krankowsky; numerous nieces & nephews. Elizabeth was predeceased by her husband, Walter; parents, Steve & Grace Proskiw; brothers & sisters, John (Mary) Proskiw, Stephania (John) Zalaski, Willie (Phyllis) Proskiw & Lawrence Proskiw. A Private Graveside Service was held at St. Peter's Independent Cemetery, Myrnam. To send condolences online, please visit www.gracegardensfuneralchapel.com.

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> 16th March 2023 eulogy for ELIZABETH HASIUK; by Dwayne Hasiuk
…remember & smile……

Elizabeth was born on the family farm on Friday June 23rd 1933, to Grace & Steve Proskiw. Elizabeth's name was registered at Lake Eliza Post Office as Alcy, but she was always known to everyone as Elizabeth & celebrated her birthday on the 22nd!! Mom was the fifth of six children. She was blessed with three brothers & two sisters & enjoyed a closeness with each of them that endured their whole lives. Mrs. Catherine Hawryluk was the midwife, a task she capably handled throughout the Lake Bellevue district many times before.

The Proskiw farm was a typical pioneer farm of that era: diversified & labour intensive, but a self sustaining family operation with a variety of cereal crops & assorted livestock. There were horses for work & transportation, cattle & hogs for consumption & for sale, & poultry for eggs & for eating. Of course the feathers were used to make pillows. Mom said Guido was always yearning to have Black Angus cattle for many years before he got his wish. There was a large super size garden every year to look after & all the kids helped Baba with that. A cow or pig was butchered as needed, to feed their hardworking family. There were plenty of mushrooms to pick. The morels, usually after the first rain in May, plus the pedpenky in the fall, which they all enjoyed. Lots of berries were available including raspberries, wild & garden strawberries, kalyna, saskatoons, moss cranberries, pincherries, gooseberries, blueberries & nanking cherries. The cows were milked twice a day so there was that dreaded cream separator to be washed twice a day. Not very much fun at all. The cream was taken to the creamery in St.Paul when the cream can was full.

The closest neighbours for playmates were Petruk's (especially Mabel) & the Mackowitsky kids. Favourite games were Aunty-I-Over & of course, hide & seek. They had two beautiful dogs, Skippy & Bobby. A baseball bat was made from a branch & a ball was fashioned from a rock wrapped in many layers of cloth, & the kids would have a game of baseball; & a good time was had by all. Just sliding down the haystack was a great way to spend the afternoon & have a lot of fun. Mom mentioned having horse's toenails as toys, & with sticks & rocks they made little farms in the sand. The nearest store was the one at Dan Shayka's at Lake Eliza, or the guy known as Sam Spade at Lac Bellevue. But definitely the best times were coming to Myrnam to visit Cha-Cha Zaborowski. Cha-Cha always had plenty of treats for all of them. It wasn't fun on the farm without power or running water, but no one else had them either. Wintertime meant running outside quickly & down to the toilet & then quickly back inside & jumping under the quilt. Wintertime was when you had to bring wood,

then chop up some ice or bring in enough snow to melt to get enough water to heat up a tubfull for taking a bath or doing all of the piles of laundry. Baba & Gido never had running water installed on the farm. They got electricity in 1961 & a phone hookup in 1967. Mom's three brothers slept upstairs. It was hotter in the summer & colder in the winter. The three sisters slept in the bedroom right next door to Baba & Gido's bedroom. Mom vividly remembers Gido coming by before he went to bed to tightly press the big fluffy goosedown quilt between the three girls so they would be warmer as they slept. Special memories like that are not easily forgotten. Farm chores Mom had to do were collecting eggs & bringing the cows home, always barefoot when it was warm enough. Also, there was the chickens & pigs to feed & the cows to milk - all the regular daily routine farm work. It was fun playing with the chicks & ducklings in the spring. Mom said her absolute worst chore was plucking geese, which Baba always had plenty of. You had to wrap the dead goose with a wet towel & then go over the wet towel with a hot iron. The steam made it easier to pluck of every single last feather. Other chores Mom didn't look forward to was picking roots or picking rocks. Mind you, riding the stoneboat was a lot of fun. Stooking was really hard because nobody had any decent gloves. The most fun was tramping down the hay on the hayrack so it wouldn't blow away while hauling it back to the barn. The pollovva was very irritating, until you got to take a bath. Gido loved to go fishing & Mom & Gido would walk down to the river to try their luck. Mom would, of course, always want to go barefoot. Maybe, if time permitted, the whole family would take some kobasa & bread to spend a day fishing at Stoney Lake or at Lac Bellevue. There wasn't a whole lot of free time to relax, but the whole family would always find simple activities to enjoy & just spend quality family time together. One of Mom's favourite stories she loved to tell was about Uncle Lawrence. Somehow Uncle Lawrence managed to train one of the largest tom turkeys. He would use some sort of hand signal or command & this monster turkey would chase Mom out of the farmyard until she was safe & secure back in the house,

crying her eyes out. Mom was able to laugh about it now, but always wondered just exactly how Uncle Lawrence did it. Almost like magic. Schooling the kids was a priority & Baba & Gido wanted all of their children to learn English. Walking to Henley School was close to a six mile round trip each day. The kids would usually take a shortcut through Hawryluk's farm. Mom took both grades one & two at Henley & then Gido built his kids a house in Myrnam. Gido insisted on doing all his business affairs in Myrnam. Five kids living in town sounds like a lot of fun, but times were different back then. Stephania, Willie, Lawrence, Mom & Rose went back to the farm for the weekends. Their brother John would come to Myrnam & pick them up. As John was the eldest boy, he was at home on the farm helping Gido. Mom took grades three to eleven in New Myrnam School. It was sort of a little holiday going back to the farm because nobody wanted to wash clothes or do the cooking. But eventually they managed to handle everything. In Myrnam, the kids got their water from the house south of the Post Office, then later from the house on the corner just west of their house. A lawyer named Mr.Lazerenko lived there, & then after that it was the Hunka's. Mr.Hunka ran the lumber yard & his wife had a hair salon. Mrs.Hunka was very nice & often brought Mom, Rose, Lawrence, Willie & Stephania lots of goodies to eat. Good neighbours to have!! Going back to the farm for weekends was always great, but sometimes it wasn't so quick & easy. Crossing the river wasn't always possible during spring thaw or at fall freeze up. You could drive over the ice in winter & take the ferry in summer. Otherwise it meant going for a ride in the little carriage that went across the river hanging on a cable, & someone would have to meet you & pick you up on the other side. Insurance liabilities would certainly prevent something like that from taking place in this day & age. YIKES;can you just imagine? The family house on the farm burned to the ground in the fall of 1970. I seem to remember it being on Halloween. Baba & Gido had already moved to Myrnam into a house on the south side of town. Elizabeth's first real job was at the A.G.T. telephone exchange switchboard office in Myrnam, owned by Anne & Bill Topalnitsky. Dad

was in Myrnam since 1948 & was working in this same office for Mr. Topalnitsky at this time, fixing appliances, equipment, radios & even a TV or two every now & then. Actually Dad could fix anything, really - just ask anyone. Dad even filled in for Mom's operator duties when Mom wanted to step away for a break. Some of the other operators working with Mom were Anne Topalnitsky, Rose Chorney, Caroline Yanitski, and Dad! So, Mom worked at the switchboard in Myrnam for a couple of years & then moved to Vegreville to work at the A.G.T. telephone exchange switchboard there. I guess the bright lights of a bigger town were just too hard to resist. How are you going to keep her down on the farm once she's been to gay Par-ree? Apparently Uncle Lawrence would drive to Vegreville to bring Mom back to the farm when she wanted to come home for the weekend & once in a while Dad would go along with him to pick her up. Well, one thing led to another & eventually Uncle Lawrence didn't need to bother to tag along. Mom worked in Vegreville for about two years & then moved back to Myrnam. And the rest, as they say, is history. Shortly after Mom turned twenty one in June 1954, she said "YES" to Dad & they got married on Friday July 16th 1954. Mom & Dad were married in church in St. Paul & the reception was held that evening in Lac Bellevue hall. They bought Gido's small house in Myrnam where Mom & her siblings lived while they attended school. Dad then bought the business from Mr. Topalnitsky in early 1957 & took over the wiring & repair business. Dad later built a small shop & office between their house & the street in front. Motherhood became Mom's full time occupation & she dedicated her life to start raising their children: Terri, Dwayne & Linda. After Mom & Dad had three children this little house was getting somewhat crowded. So, in 1964 Dad had designed & drafted their new house that would be added on to his existing repair shop & office. Dad then built the house himself with help from family & friends & neighbours. What a grand house it was. This was the house that Mom called home. We had running water & did not have to cut through Baba Myshaniuk's yard to get water from the house on the corner. Best of all, no more outdoor toilet. Mom sewed

quite a bit & would mend things over & over & over again & again, instead of throwing that article of clothing out & spending money on buying new clothes. Nothing was bought at the store if it could be made at home. Mom was an exceptional domestic engineer & was constantly doing up bread, bread buns, pyrohy, pereshke, cinnamon buns, pies & cakes. Especially delicious was her lemon pie as well as her chocolate cake. Baba had taught her very well, very well indeed. Homemade macaroni noodles were a regular feast we heartily devoured. Tons of berries were picked for jams, & crabapples were also preserved. Every fall we would buy one case each of apricots, peaches & pears to preserve as well. Lots of hard work for sure, but we would eat them all up & do it again next fall. One favourite relaxing pleasure was picking mushrooms in the spring & fall. Just to get out in the bush was ok, even if no one brought home any mushrooms. Mom knew & appreciated the value of a good garden. Her's was always well maintained & nothing was wasted. We have three gardens: the one in the backyard, the one we acquired when Dad had bought Chmiliar's house next door, & the one on the farm overlooking the river (also known as "The Hill'). I've now owned that quarter section of Gido's for some time. It was very important for me to own a part of Gido's homestead. Mom & Dad loved going up on the hill to check the garden. Especially Dad - he would sometimes just go up there by himself & sit for hours. The three gardens meant the summer days were very busy for Mom, from early morning onward. She was very proud of her flowers in her garden & in the house. Mom didn't relax too much during the winter offseason. Her hobbies included sewing, knitting, embroidery, cross stitch, petit point, crocheting, tatting & recently she tried entrelac knitting. She had dabbled in copper crafting, oil painting, as well as liquid embroidery. She's done a few impressive looking pysanky for Easter as well. There's literally boxes & boxes of finished & unfinished crafts in the basement right now. Her eye for photography was outstanding & just plain amazing. The love Mom had for animals was very touching. Any animal - deer, cats, dogs, squirrels, birds, rabbits, you name it. She loved them

all. I remember she once found a ladybug in the house & instead of just taking it to the door & letting it outside, she put her shoes on & took it across the yard to the back of the garden to set it free in the middle of the raspberry patch. Mom would always put in that little extra effort. Butterflies held a special place in her heart, she absolutely adored all of them. Hummingbirds were also very dear to her & she regularly monitored the feeders she had set out around the yard, making sure the little darlings had plenty of sugar water. Mom has a huge collection of teddybears, as you know if you've been at the house. She would go to all the garage sales & buy up all of those grubby teddybears that everyone had for sale. Then she would toss them in the washing machine & make sure they would come out perfect. Maybe sew an ear back on or even replace an eye if he needed it. Mom could not stand the poor little fellows neglected & shabby for no reason. Mom was involved with some Senior Center activities for a while & enjoyed outings with the Red Hat Ladies Club until her poorer health prevented it in her later years. Mom was extremely proud to get her Drivers License at the age of sixty. Making it even more noteworthy was doing it under the metric system. I'm not sure I could pass that written test using metric units. Mom loved guests & her door & heart was always open & there was visitors quite frequently. Mom & Dad always loved playing cards, mostly they would play whist/baroosh. Dad had made up a board for playing that marble game & that seemed to be their favourite past time of all. Everyone couldn't wait to come over, especially on those long cold winter evenings, & battle it out around the kitchen table. But no matter how long & short the visit, everyone always had to have some lunch & coffee. All were welcome at Mom's table any day of the week, with enough food for all & plenty of laughter & conversation. How truly lucky we were.

After Dad suddenly passed away in early January of 2010, I quit my job at City Hall in Calgary a year or two later to come & help my Mom. I didn't really miss Calgary at all, except for a few very close friends. And I missed every second Thursday, which was payday.

I got to spend a lot of time with Mom. The pay was zero; but the rewards were infinite. The treasured memories will last the rest of my life & for all eternity. Mom's favourite flower was & always will be the rose, but she consistently had to plant her geraniums every spring in front of the house, until her failing health didn't allow her that simple pleasure any longer. So sad. Her favourite colour was mauve, then grey, & then perhaps medium blue, & then; no, no, just kidding. That's all of them.

It's fair to say that Mom lived a simple & complete life.

Mom was very thoughtful & would always remember EVERYONE'S birthday or anniversary, & not just her family. She would never forget to send a card or at least give them a phone call with her best wishes.

Mom always had a warm smile & had very proper manners. Baba & Gido made sure of that. Everything she did was with the utmost pride & dignity, no matter what the situation.

Mom was very kind, extremely gracious & a fine lady.

Mom had a voice that was kind & gentle, & seldom if ever, spoke a harsh word to anyone. She probably didn't even think it.

Mom never complained, even when disabled with a fractured pelvis in 2017, when she was 84 years old. Then Mom fell again & fractured two vertebrae in early April of 2020. Things really got difficult for her after that. Even just regular day to day things. I don't know how she did it. She suffered the tortures of the damned, but still would not complain aloud. She just accepted her fate & carried on as best as she was able to manage under those conditions. Wow!!! Without a doubt, these last few months had to be excruciating.

And they certainly were.

Mom was thankful for everything & everyone in her life, & lived her life with no regrets.

Mom was never in want from Baba & Gido.

And us kids were never in want from Mom & Dad.

Mom & Dad made tremendous sacrifices to give us everything we asked for. Everything. Always.

The hardest thing I've ever had to do in my life was on the 16th of

February, as Mom found it very hard to get herself up & out of bed.
I had to tell her to change out of her pajamas & put on some nice
clothes so she could go to see the Doctor.

Mom resisted at first, but deep down I think she knew it was for the
best. She always dreaded this day, but finally it had come.

Then I had to pack her little bag with a few things I thought she
needed to have: a sweater, some house shoes, her bathrobe, a comb,
& some other vital necessities.

As we drove to the hospital I pointed out some deer & some of the
scenery knowing she may not be going for any rides after today.
And she never did.

I still wonder what thoughts were going through her mind as she sat
there quietly, waiting to get to the hospital so the Doctor could
get rid of the pain & make her all better again.

She just sat there & stared out the window
But now the pain is completely & fully gone.

The day before Mom left us I had a dream about her:

She was in her garden, in her happy place

And she was in perfect health

There was a huge red flower floating in the air

Carried by a light breeze

Mom was running, and chasing that red flower

Trying to catch it

I hold on to that image

Her body has been restored

She is no longer old and frail

She is joyful and happy

Not only is she walking again, she is running

Chase that flower, Mom
..until we meet again.

Mom being Mom wished to have just a simple, modest burial.

Nothing too fancy, nothing too elaborate.

I guess she wanted you to remember her like you remember her now.

She also requested not to have any visitors in hospital, even
though she was there for almost a month.

Some of you truly cared & consistently kept in touch.
She probably didn't mind that you came to visit anyway, & it made her feel special, & was glad that you were thinking of her.
Maybe she greeted you with a huge smile as you walked in the door.
Maybe she was just smiling inside & you just couldn't see it.
You know who you are.
And Mom knows who you are; forever & ever.

Mom asked that we mention who she would choose as pallbearers, if she would have had a more extravagant funeral.

Mom wanted to acknowledge: Susanna GUENTHER

Cheryl HAKO-OJA

Lillian PILIPCHUK

Georgina SAWITSKY

Lillian TKACHUK

Bernice YAREMCHUK

[in alphabetical order]

and honourable mention to dearest Elsa WYSS, in Switzerland.

Everyone says that life is too short. It's not that life is too short, it's just that death is realllllly long.

~ ~ HER SUN HAS GONE DARK WHILE IT WAS YET DAY ~ ~

~IF GOD EVER SENT AN ANGEL TO EARTH, IT WAS MY MOM~

~~AND NOW SHE HAS GONE TO SPEND ETERNITY WITH DAD~~

** I LOVE YOU & WE ALL MISS YOU VERY MUCH **

