



church since I'm not yet considered to be a man. . . .

". . . now came the day of that traumatic growing-up experience — starting school. . . . It was a chilly, raw, grey early spring day — a perfect backdrop to our own feelings. . . . We'd talked . . . in Ukrainian and this was taboo in a mixed race community. There were all nationalities. Slavic and German people combined just slightly predominated over Anglo-Saxons. So that very first recess we found ourselves standing alone against the school building while all those shabby, somberly dressed children played their own games around us. . . . But things there were to get worse, much worse. . . .

". . . Once in a while my mother would try to elicit our sympathy for father. I can still hear her as we stood together and father was off in the distance on the binder, cursing the horses. 'You mustn't be annoyed with him — he's trying so hard to succeed and it's not working out'. . . . What bothered me — flabbergasted is a better word — was that he was so angry at us, his helpers, not because we were lazy — we weren't — but because we were inexperienced. . . . 'How can that be right?' I asked myself. . . .

". . . One day the young foreman, trying to find work for us so we'd appear to be busy, sent

four of us up a three story concrete extension of the elevator to fetch a large wooden door. As I lifted one of the front corners of it . . . I felt my corner jerk. Someone shouted. Looking around I saw at once that Dmytro lying way down below, unconscious in a pool of water from which projected concrete butts, bolts and all. It was a thirty foot fall. . . . Taken to a hospital he recovered and returned to work within a few days. In actual fact he should have been dead. In my discussion with him about it he told me that he'd been saved by prayer. In that split second he was falling he had prayed to be spared. . . . My real interior convictions . . . were conditioned by the intellectual life of the university. And that . . . was secular humanism. The more I got involved in that humanism, the more I became convinced I myself could answer all life's questions and understand what life was all about — given enough time and good health. I had, I think, what theologians call 'pride of life.' I explained to (Dymtro) that he'd been saved by chance alone, that if the fall could be duplicated exactly mathematically and mechanically, he would survive again. He still insisted his prayer and faith in God had saved him, although a little more thoughtfully, as if perhaps considering my reasoning. . . ."