

A Village in The Ukraine

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Thank you, Chris and Christian, for inviting me to participate in this symposium. It's a pleasure to be back at the university.

My presentation is mostly a personal narrative of my visit to Ukraine 20 years ago, especially to the village where my mother's family lived until early in the 20th century. It feels somewhat inappropriate to share this memorable, gratifying experience at a time when Ukraine has been suffering nightmarishly from the Russian invasion that began in February 2022. Russia currently occupies about 20% of Ukraine, and it is difficult to be optimistic about the future. Suffice it to say that I am of course aware of the unhappy differences between Ukraine 20 years ago and bleeding Ukraine today.

We remember that back when Ukraine was part of the USSR, the so-called Soviet republic was known as *The Ukraine*. We probably never wondered why. The Russian word *Ukraina* means "borderlands." That seemingly innocent "the" ominously reflects the historical Russian view of Ukraine as a borderland region of Russia. It conceives of Ukraine as a region rather than a country. The Ukrainian government immediately eliminated that "the" when the country gained its independence in August 1991.

My mother's family, the Trilinskys, were Ukrainian Jews with a Polish name. They would not have been considered Ukrainians, and they certainly would not have been

considered Russians. They were Jews. I lack any trace of a Ukrainian identity. Nevertheless, my visit to the village where the Trilinskys lived in what was called the Ukraine is one of the most meaningful and unforgettable experiences of my life.



When I was visiting my first cousin Calvin Trillin (name-dropper!) at his brownstone in Greenwich Village in December 2004, I told him that I would be giving some lectures in Ukraine in March 2005. He caught me off-guard when he asked whether I would be “going to Sokolcha.” I was astonished that he knew the name of the Ukrainian village that the Trilinskys had left for the United States late in the first decade of the 20th century.

In 1994 my cousin Bud (Calvin Trillin’s nickname since he was a child because ostensibly his big sister Sukey couldn’t say “brother”) had given one of his humorous Jewish-themed lectures in Palo Alto. This talk included his comparison of the silk hat investment banker and philanthropist Jacob Schiff to our great-uncle Benny Daynovsky, a Ukrainian-Jewish cabinet maker.



In 1906 Schiff, concerned about the heavy concentration of Eastern European Jews in the cities of the Eastern Seaboard, donated half-a-million-dollars to the so-called Galveston Plan. In today's dollars that would be 16.9 million dollars. The Galveston Plan was an immigration assistance program operated by several Jewish organizations between 1907 and 1914. The Plan encouraged Eastern European Jewish immigrants to enter the United States through Galveston, Texas, and then to fan out into the South or the Lower Midwest. Only about 10,000 Jews came to America through Galveston.

These 10,000 Eastern European Jews included not only Great-Uncle Benny and his wife Great-Aunt Rosie but also Benny's sister Henya and her husband Kussiel Trilinsky and their two oldest children, Shayndel and Avram. The Daynofskys and Trilinskys made their way to America from Sokolcha in The Ukraine. Kussiel and Henya Trilinsky were our grandparents, our *zeyde and bubbe*. Shayndel became our Aunt Sadie. Avram was Bud's father and my Uncle Abe. The Trilinskys and Daynofskys wound up in St. Joseph, Missouri, about an hour north of Kansas City. The Galveston Plan made arrangements for jobs in the United States. Kussiel Trilinsky and his brother-in-law Benny Daynofsky went to St. Joe to work in a cabinet factory owned by a German-Jewish family. My mother, Hanna Trilinsky Cushman, was born in St. Joe in 1917, the fifth of six Trilinsky children.

Meanwhile back in Palo Alto. An amateur genealogist named Alan Wachtel happened to be in Bud's audience that day. After Bud had finished his talk, Wachtel came up to tell him that it would be rather easy to trace information about the Trilinskys because of the relatively small number of Galveston Jews. He told Bud how to find the surviving information, and then (blessings on you, Alan Wachtel) he went ahead and dug up the information *for* Bud. He sent xeroxes of two ship's manifests. Kussiel Trilinsky sailed from Bremen, Germany, to America aboard the S. S. *Köln*, steerage class, on September 12, 1907, arriving in Galveston on October 5. His wife Henya (I'll call her Anna from now on) and the two children sailed aboard the S. S. *Frankfurt*, steerage class, on March 10, 1910, arriving in Galveston on April 2. The distance between Sokolcha, Ukraine, and Bremen, Germany, is about 1050 miles.

Bud had sent me xeroxes of these ship's manifests, but obviously I had never scrutinized them. On that morning in New York City he asked whether I was planning to visit Sokolcha because he (quite impressively) remembered that the ship's manifest listed Sokolcha as the "city or town" that was Kussiel and Anna Trilinsky's "last place of residence." Kussiel Trilinsky's "occupation or calling" was "joiner" (cabinet maker). Anna Trilinsky's was "housewife." Their "race or people" was Hebrew.

Bud had always joked that our family came from the "suburbs of Kiev." I would be lecturing and spending some time in that city. I resolved to make my way to Sokolcha during my time in Ukraine.

(A footnote before I proceed. "Kiev" is the Russian name for Ukraine's capital city. The Ukrainian name is "Kyiv." It is never pronounced KEEV except on American television. Presumably, the networks believe that Americans are too stupid to manage a two-syllable word. I'll say "Kiev" because that was the name of the city in 2005.)

Getting to Sokolcha

It took me a while to find Sokolcha on a map. Bud helped by sending me copies of two xeroxed maps that Alan Wachtel had located in Special Collections at the Stanford University Library. One, undated, was Russian. The other was a chilling German army map from 1942, used in the Nazi invasion of The Ukraine. Do you mind my saying how happy I am that my grandparents left the Ukraine for America in the first decade of the 20th century? I also found Sokolcha on the Internet. Sokolcha was still there.

The real challenge would be the journey itself. Anya Kolesnyk, a young academic whom I had known the previous year when she was at UNCG on a United States government grant, fielded my many questions.



She had been doing Ph. D. research as part of a program for graduate students in the former Soviet Union. Those were the days! She wrote me that she had located the village in a reference book, but “the only way to get there is to hire a taxi for the whole trip from Kiev to Sokilcha [Sokolcha’s Ukrainian name]. But it will be very expensive. Are you ready to spend about \$400 or even more to do it? If you are, I will try to find out where to find a car for us. It will be quite complicated because normally it is hard to persuade a taxi driver to do something like this. Also there may be a problem with roads. You see, there are a lot of places in Ukraine where we don’t have paved roads and when it is snowing or raining no car can get there because the roads turn into a swamp. I understand very well your wish to see that place but you must be aware of all possible problems.”

Anya taught at a university in Mykolaiv, a city near Odessa and just north of the Black Sea, while she was completing her doctoral dissertation at a university in Kiev. She earned \$80 a month—so \$400 was definitely a premium price. I wrote her back asking whether it would be possible to rent a car. [O innocent me! I can just picture myself driving through the Ukrainian countryside on snowy roads in a country where the traffic policemen earned much of their living from the bribes they received after pulling you over for bogus infractions.] I also said that I would be prepared to pay as much as \$400 to hire a driver and his car. How often does an American Jew have the opportunity to travel to the Ukrainian village of his ancestors?

Fortunately, I had sent a copy of my email to Alex Pronkevich, the Dean of Anya’s Humanities Faculty. He intervened to tell me that his friend Aleksandr Komarov in Kiev had a Toyota four-wheel-drive and was an experienced driver. Sasha characterizes himself as a film-maker specializing in nature documentaries. He had driven this Toyota all over Southern Africa and parts of Asia. He would be glad to drive me and Anya to Sokolcha and back for \$100 plus a gasoline fill-up.

Anya was relieved to learn that Sasha would drive us. She wrote: “You are very lucky. The price I gave you was a true one because it would have been a big problem to find a person (not a friend) who would agree to do something like this. Only for big money. As for the safety of the trip – I must admit it would be risky to go there by ourselves – only

you and me. People there are very poor, there are a lot of drunkards there and you are a foreigner – for these people it means that you have money . . . Sasha understands this as well, and now we have nothing to be afraid of. Nobody will bother us if we are accompanied by an adult Ukrainian man.”

The Journey

It was snowing when I arrived at Boryspil International Airport in Kiev on Friday evening, March 4, 2005. The snow continued steadily for the next 40 hours straight. I stayed at the Kozatsky, a Brezhnev-era hotel on Independence Square (which is known locally as the Maidan and which was familiar to Americans from the television coverage of the recent “Orange Revolution” demonstrations). Sasha and Anya appeared in Sasha’s four-wheel-drive at about 9 a.m. on March 6: a very welcome sight.



Sasha Komarov

Sasha, who was about 40 years old, was a little above average height with rugged, very masculine-looking features. He was athletically built and light on his feet, hearty, energetic, genial, and positive-spirited. He was sophisticated, and he spoke excellent English. Like many Ukrainians, he was wearing a black leather jacket. Anya, 30 years old at the time, has blue eyes and brown hair and is attractive in a characteristically Russian way. Her heavily accented English is excellent, no doubt aided by her year in the United States. She is extremely well organized and efficient, engaging and talkative, and she had already helped me immensely in Ukraine. On that Sunday morning she wore a black cap and a stylish coat with lots of fur at the collar and sleeves.

I was wearing two borrowed sweaters under my black topcoat. Perched on top of my head was the fur hat that I bought at the national cottage industries store in New Delhi in June 1964. I couldn't remember ever having worn the hat before; it was surprising that I still had it. I was also wearing my new pair of rubbers over my shoes. They occupied less suitcase space than boots, and I enjoyed remembering that my father, Jerry Cushman, had worn rubbers on rainy days in Salina, Kansas, when I was growing up.

Almost 3,000,000 people lived in Kiev in 1995, so it took us a while to make our way through the city, even on a Sunday. A fill-up at a gas station cost \$40: a lot of money for gas back then, even in Europe. After leaving Kiev we traveled for a time on a national highway, but soon we were driving on more local roads. I loved passing through occasional villages that I realized offered a preview of Sokolcha. Snow fell constantly and swirled and eddied across the road. Sasha easily navigated the slick patches we periodically encountered. Broad expanses of snow-covered fields stretched out on both sides of the highway. These large expanses of snow—with at least a foot of snow on the ground—made an English professor think of the great 19th-century Russian novels. “I wouldn't be surprised if wolves were chasing your Toyota,” I said to Sasha. Sometimes trees lined the road, their empty limbs reaching toward grayish-white skies. Ours was a wintry journey through a wintry landscape.

We talked about this and that—mainly about Ukraine—in English, and sometimes Sasha and Anya conversed in Russian (not in Ukrainian). Sokolcha was 75 miles from Kiev, not exactly the “suburbs.”



It must have taken us nearly three hours to reach a blue highway sign that pointed to a smaller side road and that read (in Cyrillic) Sokilcha—1 kilometer. That highway sign was thrilling. We were a kilometer away from the village where my grandparents and two of their children had lived.

Sokolcha seems to consist of two main roads. We took the road in from the highway that ends at the side of a small, cozily provincial Ukrainian Orthodox church.



The vaulted wooden church, painted blue, featured gables and a few familiar onion-shaped domes. Sasha said that this inviting, quietly harmonious church would have been here when the Trilinskys and Daynofskys lived in Sokolcha. We then turned right, driving by the front of the church, onto what seemed to be the town's main residential street.

In my imagination the houses in Eastern European villages are densely clustered. But actually the houses in Ukraine stand in one long line along the street. Sokolcha had never been a *shtetl*, for Jews and Gentiles lived together in Ukrainian villages.

I observed the one-story houses, constructed of long bricks, on our right as we drove slowly along the residential street. Anya said that the two-slope roofs are made of tin. On this day the roofs were covered with snow. The houses are white-washed, and

color lines frame the windows. The houses would look cheery on a sunny summer day. On this cold, snowy day in March they seemed somewhat forbidding.

Sasha stopped across the street from some Sokolcha landmarks that were *not* present when the Trilinskys and Daynovskys lived here. A big, white-washed two-story concrete building still displayed the red hammer-and-sickle symbol of the Communist Party filling much of the dormer over the front door. The building continues to house the offices of the local government, but the Party was no more. No one had painted over the symbol fourteen years after Ukraine had gained its independence. Along the road to the right of this building was a small area dedicated to memorializing the citizens of Sokolcha who died fighting in World War II.



A large, black granite slab with a patriotic inscription, resting on a series of three pedestals and topped with an elaborate red star, reached for an empty sky. Nearby was a generic statue of a soldier in a greatcoat.

Sasha had stopped the car because a village woman was trudging along the snowy street. He and Anya had asked me for the family names of my ancestors, although it seemed impossible that anyone was still alive who remembered the families that had left

Sokolcha almost 100 years earlier. Anya started a lively conversation with the woman and two other women who happened along.



The three rather plump Ukrainian women seemed somewhat interchangeable. They were women of a certain age, and they all looked a little weather-beaten. They were of course bundled up. All three wore head scarves, and two of them wore babushkas beneath their scarves. It was cold!



Anya returned to the Toyota and – to my amazement – reported that one of the women remembered that her mother had told her where some Jews had lived when she was a little

girl. Several Jewish families – including the Trilinskys and Daynovskys? – had lived communally in a big house down by the river. How many families lived together? Why had they lived together? I didn't think to ask any questions. The house was no longer standing, but the woman directed Sasha to the place where it had been located. There was no way to prove that we had located the place in Sokolcha where my ancestors had lived. But it was certainly pleasing to believe that this was so.

We traveled a bit farther on the residential street before making a left turn onto a narrow road that could accommodate only one vehicle. Without four-wheel drive, the road could not have been navigated. Sometimes the road seemed not much larger than a path. Sasha, a man with some daredevil in his blood, plowed forward with zest and abandon.



We came to a large, snow-covered clearing in the midst of wintry trees with a few weeds poking out through the snow near the road. Sasha stopped the Toyota, and he and I got out and stood on the narrow road, looking at the clearing. To the right we saw a beautiful vista: the frozen, snow-covered river and, on the other bank, a hill wooded with fir trees stretching all the way to the top. This was the view enjoyed by the people who, we had been told, once lived here. Were there traces of a building beneath the snow in the clearing? I'll never know – but it certainly seemed likely that a house had once stood here. The trees seemed to surround the empty place where there had been a building. And the

space – with its lovely view of the river and the wooded hill on the other side – would have been choice Sokolcha property.

Seeing this clearing with the vista beyond it made me think about my ancestors and their decision to leave for the United States. The pogroms that took place around the turn of the 20th century surely influenced my family's decision to depart. (Zhitomir, a provincial capital about 75 miles west of Sokolcha, had been the site of a major pogrom in 1905 during the abortive revolution of that year. That was two years before the start of the Galveston Plan and also two years before the departure of my grandfather Kussiel and Great-Uncle Benny for Galveston, Texas, and St. Joseph, Missouri.) America beckoned as a land of opportunity and also safety. Although the Trilinskys and Daynovskys arrived in the United States as poor Jews, they definitely had more money than the gentile Ukrainian villagers who stayed behind. As I thought about it, I realized that they probably had more money precisely because of Jacob Schiff and the Galveston Plan. The Galveston Plan not only encouraged them to leave for the United States: it also *allowed* them to leave.

Sasha interrupted my reflections when he said, "Let's go!" I wondered for a moment whether he was proposing to drive his four-wheel-drive Toyota into the snow-covered field. But of course he meant that we should explore the clearing on foot. We started walking into the clearing. With every step I sank into the snow up to my shin – and sometimes up to my knee. I wished that I were wearing boots. But no: as I told Sasha, "A pilgrimage like this should not be easy."

You can imagine how moving it was for me to be in this snow-covered clearing in a Ukrainian village where my grandparents and two of their children had lived almost 100 years earlier. How totally unlikely and implausible – and unreal and dreamlike – and utterly wonderful that I was in Sokolcha in Ukraine.

Sasha, the nature documentarian, pointed out a very tall tree. He excitedly informed me that the fungus on the bark indicated that this tree had been here when my grandparents lived in this clearing in Sokolcha.



Kussiel and Anna saw this tree every day, little Shayndel and little Avram played near this tree in warm weather and on snowy days.



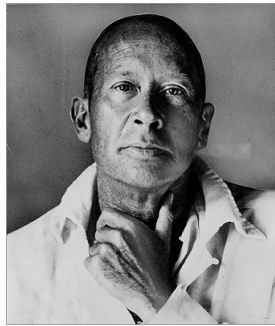
I walked over to the tree, I took off my right glove, and I stood with the palm of my hand against the tree that the Trilinskys had known. What a thrilling, incredible, even transcendent moment! I had come full circle back to Sokolcha, the village of the Trilinskys, back to the magical clearing by the river. How overwhelming it was to be making this tangible contact with my history! And then Sasha interrupted my reverie. He exclaimed, "That's the wrong tree!"

I moved on to the correct tree, closer to the river, that he pointed me toward. Off came the glove, and I stood again with my right hand against a tree. But, not surprisingly, I failed to reignite any communion with my family's Ukrainian past.

As Sasha, Anya, and I drove out of Sokolcha, I was astonished to see two elderly couples – the men in front, the women in back facing backwards – traveling down a snowy lane on a horse-drawn sleigh. What a vivid reminder that traveling to Sokolcha meant traveling backwards in time. The three of us enjoyed a welcome, agreeable snack of coffee and beef salami (paid for by Sasha) at a warm, pleasant café in a town on the journey back. Sunday, March 6, 2005: a day I will never forget.

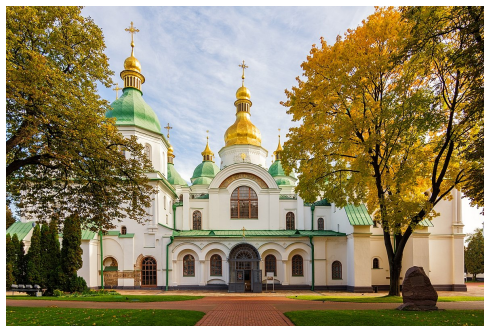
Elsewhere in the Ukraine

During my ten days in Ukraine, I of course spent time in Kiev and I also visited Anya Kolesnik's city, Mykolaiv. I lectured to intelligent, welcoming students at the Kiev National Linguistic University and at Anya's university in Mykolaiv, Petro Mohyla Black Sea State University.



I lectured on the 20th-century American poet E. E. Cummings at both universities. Cummings, a profoundly American poet, wrote many humorous poems, his typographical idiosyncrasies are interesting to discuss, and he is fun to read out loud. I also presented lectures on D. H. Lawrence.

Kiev is a grandly historical city. St. Sophia Cathedral dates from the early 11th century.



It houses the world's largest collection of Byzantine art from that period, both

frescoes and mosaics. Andrew's Descent is a steep cobblestone street that connects the Upper Town with a district down below.



At the top of Andrew's Descent I purchased a fur hat for my dear friend Ansley Brown, who had asked me to bring him back a hat. When I returned to Greensboro, it immediately became clear that I needed to make arrangements to buy a Ukrainian fur hat for my wife, Deb Bell.

At my request Anya also took me to Babi Yar, the ravine outside Kiev where on September 29 and 30, 1941, the Nazis had perpetrated one of their largest mass murders in World War II. According to reports sent to *Einsatzgruppen* headquarters in Berlin, the Germans – who were excellent record keepers – had murdered 33,771 Jews. I again felt grateful to my grandparents for taking advantage of the Galveston Plan and leaving for the United States 30 years earlier.

Anya's city Mykolaiv (Nikolaev in Russian) is in Southern Ukraine. As I mentioned, it is near the Black Sea. It had been a closed city during the Soviet era because it was a shipbuilding center. Mykolaiv – once a city with a population of over half-a-million – has access to the Black Sea through a river estuary. At the height of the shipbuilding industry there were three shipyards in the city plus several shipbuilding research centers. Anya's father was a Russian engineer specializing in coding and decoding devices on military ships. The family became Ukrainian, but it's fair to say that a good deal of Russian identity remains. Russian was the native language of the Kolesnik family, and, like most people in

southern Ukraine, Russian was the language that they spoke. The Ukrainian government has issued regulations forbidding people from speaking Russian in public. Anya's husband is half-Russian, her best friend is Russian with all her relatives living in Russia, her aunt and cousins live in Russia. She said in a recent email that "this war is a civil war for us."

Despite any sympathy Anya may have had with Russia, the Russians started attacking Mykolaiv on 26 February 2022, just four days after the beginning of the invasion of Ukraine. A horrible sign of the times: Wikipedia has a lengthy article titled "The Battle of Mykolaiv."



Anya and her family left Mykolaiv safely in March while bombs were falling. Her husband Volodya drove her, their two daughters, and Anya's mother to the border with Moldova, which they crossed on foot. Volodya could not leave the country. Although he is well beyond military age, Ukrainian males between the ages of 18 and 60 are not allowed to leave the country.

Anya, her daughters, and her mother arrived in Bucharest, Romania, 30 hours later. After a week they flew to the Netherlands, where Anya began a part-time job at Utrecht University while also working as a shop assistant at T. J. Maxx. More recently, she secured a fellowship from the University of Roehampton in London, where she is doing research on young adult fantasy literature. Anya's older daughter Polina is studying at the flagship campus of the University of Maryland. Support from friends – including their Greensboro

neighbor Dave Taylor, who is here today – and a Dutch religious organization have helped the Kolesniks find places to live. Her fluent English has been a great asset. I am deeply grateful to her for making my trip to Ukraine and my journey to Sokolcha possible and for helping me with this presentation. Incidentally, Mykolaiv repelled the Russian attack and was declared a Hero City of Ukraine.

Reflections

Although I have no concept of “destiny,” it does seem as if something like destiny took me to Sokolcha. I would not have known the name of the Trilinskys’ village if I had not visited my cousin Calvin Trillin a few months before leaving for Ukraine. Bud would not have known about Sokolcha if Alan Wachtel had not been in his audience and then found the information for him. I could not have gotten to Ukraine if Anya Kolesnik had not received a government grant to study at UNCG. I could not have gotten to Sokolcha if Alex Pronkevich had not contacted his friend Sasha Komarov. I could not have arrived at that inspiring clearing by the river if Sasha had not had a four-wheel drive vehicle and if he had not been willing to take me to Sokolcha. My journey to Sokolcha was meant to happen.

And as for my great-uncle Benny Daynovsky. Twenty years ago, my cousin Calvin Trillin published a version of the talk he had given at Stanford as an essay titled “Jacob Schiff and My Uncle Ben Daynovsky.” Bud’s essay begins: “And who is Jacob Schiff that he should be embarrassed by my Uncle Ben Daynovsky?” After all, Jacob Schiff framed canceled checks for 49 and 62 million dollars – advances to the Pennsylvania Railroad – and hung them on his office wall. The retired cabinet maker Great-Uncle Benny would never do anything so vulgar. In St. Joseph, Missouri, Benny Daynovsky was best-known for his backyard tomato garden. When it comes to rapacious Gilded Age capitalism, the hands of the Trilinsky and Daynovsky families are clean.

Bud must have visited Benny and Rosie Daynovsky fairly often when he was growing up in Kansas City, for Kansas City is only 60 miles south of St. Joseph. We Cushmans lived in Salina, Kansas, a town of 30,000 in North-Central Kansas. We might make the arduous journey from Salina to St. Joe once a year, mainly to visit Dad’s adoptive mother (who was also from The Ukraine). I remember meeting Great-Uncle Benny and Great-Aunt Rosie

(Mother's uncle and aunt) only once – but the brief memory is vivid. I see Great-Aunt Rosie in an apron, smiling as she emerges from the kitchen carrying food to welcome my parents, my sisters, and me. And I see diminutive Great-Uncle Benny, wearing glasses, perhaps in dark clothes, smiling, warmly greeting us, happy to meet the children of his niece Hanna. I also hear them both: they speak in strong Yiddish accents. Great-Uncle Benny and Great-Aunt Rosie are both absolutely Old World, exiles from a world that has vanished, difficult to place as Americans.

I never knew my grandfather Kussiel Trilinsky, who died in 1931 before Bud and I were born. Calvin and Keith are both named for him: our so-called Jewish name is Kussiel. My *bubbe*, Anna Trilinsky, died when I was about 10. She looked and sounded like her brother Ben. I imagine her wearing a babushka, but of course that is only a projection of how alien she seemed to me. She always greeted me very lovingly, but it was difficult to feel connected to her. As a 10-year-old-boy it could not have occurred to me to ask her about her life in The Ukraine and afterwards. *Bubbe* ended her days living with my Aunt Sadye and her family in Kansas City. I see her watching television on the screened porch at 5505 Olive: a long, long way from Sokolcha. I last saw *Bubbe* and Great-Uncle Benny over 70 years ago. They were lucky escapees from a lost world. The Trilinsky children became the Trillins, the Daynovsky children became the Days. Late-19th-century Sokolcha and late-1940s Salina: how could they be part of the same world?

Deb and I have a small, very handsome art deco-style end table, situated between two chairs in our living room. This end table is my only family heirloom. Some years ago, Deb had the excellent idea of hiring Kelley Griffith – my colleague in the English Department and a master woodworking craftsman – to make two replicas of the end table to place elsewhere in the living room. One Sunday morning Kelley phoned me. He told me that he had discovered some penciled measurements inside the end table he was replicating. He loved finding such measurements because they put him into contact with the craftsman who had created the piece of furniture. He asked me if I knew who had made the end table.



I realized at once that the craftsman was my Great-Uncle Benny Daynovsky. I also immediately realized that this was Benny and Rosie's wedding gift to my parents in 1937. I burst into tears, and ran outside to tell Deb, who was working in the garden. How precious the end table had become: a direct connection to my Ukrainian Jewish ancestors, to my *bubbe's* brother, and to Sokolcha and the Galveston Plan.

I traveled to Sokolcha in Ukraine for my grandfather Kussiel Trilinsky and my grandmother Anna Trilinsky. I traveled for Great-Uncle Benny and Great-Aunt Rosie. I traveled for my Trilinsky uncles and aunts. I traveled for my mother, Hanna Trilinsky Cushman, who died at the age of 48. I traveled for my many Trilinsky cousins. I traveled for my sisters Debby and Sarah. I traveled for my daughters Phoebe and Brett and for my grandson Max (who was born eight days after I returned from Ukraine). Let these words endure.

