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70¢

Italian TV Dramatizes WWII Massacre

by RACHEL SANDERSON

ROME, Feb. 7 – Italian state television has exhumed old hatred between the political right and left in Italy with the dramatization of a World War Two massacre that was banished from the history books.

RAI broadcast on Sunday the first installment of "Il Cuore nel Pozzo" (The Heart in a Pit) about the slaughter of as many as 15,000 Italians living in disputed territory in the mountains of modern day Slovenia and Croatia, in the 1940s.

The film is unflinching in its portrayal of violence, with scenes of children taken screaming from their mothers arms and families set before firing squads, not by Benito Mussolini's Fascists, but by Italian Communists and Yugoslav partisans.

"This tragedy was hidden to most Italians for 60 years," director Alberto Negrin said. "I wanted to show the story in simple, emotional terms, that thousands of innocent people, including children and women, died terrible deaths. The aim was not to make it political."

However, keeping politics away has proven impossible. The tragedy of the "Foibe," named after the deep chasms the victims were thrown into, was initially hushed up by politicians keen to heal Italy's war wounds and move on with reconstruction. The 1943-45 massacres also sat uncomfortably with Italy's post-war history that portrayed Communist partisans as national heroes, who saved the country from being entirely tarred by its alliance with Adolf Hitler.

But Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi, who regularly rails against Communism, and his center-right government have been eager to dig up the past, naming this Feb. 10 the first me-

morial day for the "Foibe" and promoting RAI's 4.5 million euro film. "We must pull from this abyss of lies a truth hidden by the imposition of a cultural bias," said Communications Minister Maurizio Gasparri, a member of the National Alliance, which traces its roots back to Mussolini's party.

Before the Foibe atrocity on the Istrian peninsula, Mussolini's Fascist henchmen used brutal oppression to try to Italianize the area, and some fear the RAI film papers over the wrongs inflicted by Rome.

Slovenia's Foreign Minister Ivo Vajgl last year criticized the making of the drama as an "offense and provocation" to the Slovenian people. He received little sympathy from Gasparri. "The truth is the Slovenes are not prepared to see this issue confronted," the minister retorted at the time. Italian media, by contrast, is wallowing in the details, with newspapers and talk shows given over to survivor accounts.

The first part of "Il Cuore nei Pozzi" was the most watched program on Sunday night with 7.5 million viewers. While Italy's hard-left has stayed mute over the Foibe, center-left politicians have agreed it is time to face up to the past, with Rome mayor Walter Veltroni going to the killing grounds last week to pay homage to the dead. "The Holocaust was a tragedy without equal, but it was not the only tragedy of the 20th century. What is certain is what I have seen here is witness to a guilty silence, even involving the left, the Communists," he said last week.

This article was submitted by **Prof. Edi Gobec** of the Slovenian Research Center of America, Inc.



LOU TIMES TWO – Musician greets Lou Trebar, left and Lou Sadar support the Slovenian Cultural Gardens by attending the Pustna Vecerja dinner at St. Mary's (Holmes Ave.) Parish Center on Shrove Tuesday, Feb. 8. Lou Sadar was Phil Hrvatin's saxophone teacher.

(Photo by PHIL HRVATIN)

Waterloo Pensioners Membership Drive

Have you recently retired and are looking for ways to fill your empty hours? Maybe you have been retired for some time but are getting bored with the same routine.

Why not join the Waterloo Pensioners Club where you will have the opportunity to meet new friends and have an enjoyable afternoon. Dues are only \$5.00 for 2005 for anyone joining before June 7th.

We are a fun-loving, sociable group who enjoy experiencing a variety of activities. Every month's agenda is different and entertaining. We have well informed speakers, play games, enjoy White Elephant Sales (this is always fun), potluck dinners, with the club providing the meat, or main dish; a split raffle is held every month; always a variety of fun things to do. President Pat Nevar makes our meetings very enjoyable and full of laughter. As the saying goes, "Laughter is the best medicine."

Free sandwiches, coffee and some other goodies are served every other month by

our capable kitchen crew. They make delicious sandwiches; it's always a surprise. Bar prices are kept at a low price. – Where can you enjoy your favorite beverage for only \$1.00? Free snacks are also available at the bar.

You may be interested in going on some well planned bus trips such as gambling casinos, sightseeing excursions or possibly to a nice casual restaurant for lunch. Whatever it may be, a good time is had on the bus playing games, singing along with the musicians on board, and, of course, just socializing. As you can see, there are plenty of exciting things to take part in, if you so desire.

Our meetings are held at the Slovenian Workmen's Home, 15335 Waterloo Rd. on the 2nd Tuesday of each month at 1 o'clock. The next meeting will be held on Tuesday, March 8th. Plan on joining us and bring a friend; you will receive a warm welcome and save \$5.00.

Any questions? Call Pat Nevar 216-481-0163.

--Grace Marinch,
Recording Secretary

Words of Wisdom from Ray Mlakar

Because a man does not say much, is no sign he has nothing to say.

The man of the hour is the person who rarely watches the clock.

Consideration for others can mean taking a wing instead of a drumstick.

A wise man is never as sure of anything as a fool is of everything.

You may not be able to turn back the clock, but you can always wind it up again.

Empathy is your pain in my heart.

It is not a smile until you aim it at someone.

You will always find time for that which you place first.

You are most efficient when you deliberately forget what is unimportant.

Help to smooth another's path and brighten every mile.

"Over the Hill" means the hardest climb is over and the view is terrific.

Don't wait for your ship to come in until after you've sent it out.

Swallowing angry words is much better than having to eat them.

Admitting you're wrong is like saying you're wiser today than you were yesterday.

Wear a smile and have friends – wear a scowl and have wrinkles.

People, like pins, are useless when they lose their heads.

Strength is attained by meeting resistance.

The darkest night that ever fell on earth never put out the stars.

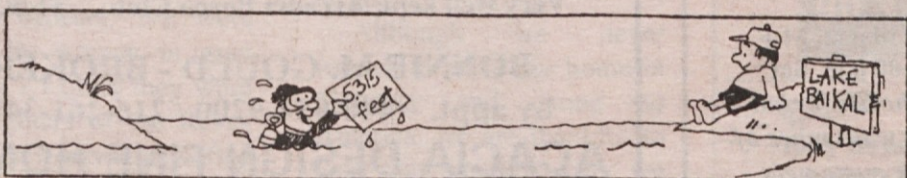
Humility is that elusive thing – the moment you think you have it, you have lost it.

If you blow your own horn, people will be quick to get out of your way.

To disagree, one does not have to be disagreeable.

It takes two to speak the truth... one to speak, another to hear.

If you can't see the bright side, polish the dull side.



Lake Baikal is the deepest lake in the world, plummeting 5,315 feet. Found in southeastern Siberia, the lake contains more water than any other freshwater lake.



Technically, the coin that we call a penny does not exist. At the U.S. Mint, it's officially called a "cent."

If you have nothing else to do, look about you and see if there isn't something close at hand that you can improve. It may make you wealthy, though it is more likely that it will make you happy.

--George Matthew Adams

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No. 7

February 17, 2005

REFLECTIONS BY RUDY Saying Goodbye to Cpl. Knight

by RUDY FLIS

What do you say to a young Marine as he passes you in a casket covered in our American flag, the flag he died for only a few days earlier? Marine Cpl. Timothy Knight, with 30 of his buddies perished in a helicopter crash in a sand storm while deployed in Iraq in preparation of that country's election. I say nothing, but stand in awe and respect at what this young man has given up. I pray for his young widow and orphan daughter, and his mom, dad, brothers and sisters.

As Cpl. Timothy Knight took his last ride through his city of Brooklyn, Ohio, his route was lined with men, women and children, holding flags and cards in respect of one who gave all to his country. Yellow ribbons in the trees, flags on the poles and along the curbs of the street, set the mood for a young hero's farewell. Several cars of honor guards led the hearse down the streets. My wife, Therese, looked into the hearse, at the flag

draped casket, and just raised her hand to her head in a salute to this hero, as tears fell from her eyes. When I came home, she told me the story and asked me, "was that salute proper from me?" I thought it was a beautiful gesture on her part, and told her, "if it came from the heart."

I couldn't be there; but I was so proud of my community and their treatment of one of our fallen heroes. Maybe some of this will eliminate the hurt caused by the treatment of our fighting men and women of the Viet Nam era, when some spat on our soldiers, and called them baby killers. I'm not a Viet Nam veteran, but those of you who are, and have lost buddies like Cpl. Timothy Knight, I hope you can find it in your heart to forgive a veteran who sat on his hands as you struggled for a normal life, after the horrors of war.

Goodnight Cpl. Timothy Knight. May God bless you, your family, and may God Bless America, the land we love.

Life is a puzzle to be solved. –Janez Mercina

SOS-S (Save Our Social Security) –Norb Novak

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100 WORDS MORE OR less

by JOHN MERCINA

For many years Ben Stein has written a biweekly column for the online Website called "Monday Night at Morton's." (Morton's is a famous chain of steakhouses known to be frequented by movie stars and famous people from around the globe.) Now, Ben is terminating the column to move on to other things in his life.

Reading the final column will be worth a few minutes of your time:

Ben Stein's Last Column

How Can Someone Who Lives in Insane Luxury Be a Star in Today's World?

I have been doing this column for so long that I cannot even recall when I started. I loved writing this column so much for so long I came to believe it would never end. It worked well for a long time, but gradually, my changing as a person and the world's change have overtaken it.

I no longer think Hollywood stars are terribly important. They are uniformly pleasant, friendly people and they treat me better than I deserve. But a man or woman who makes a huge wage for memorizing lines and reciting them in front of a camera is no longer my idea of a shining star we should all look up to. How can a man or woman who makes an eight-figure wage and lives in luxury really be a star in today's world, if by a 'star' we mean someone bright and powerful and attractive as a role model?

A real star is the soldier of the 4th Infantry Division who poked his head into a hole on a farm near Tikrit, Iraq. He could have been met by a bomb or a hail of AK-47 bullets. Instead, he faced an abject Saddam Hussein and the gratitude of all of the decent people of the world.

A real star is the U.S. soldier who was sent to disarm a bomb next to a road north of Baghdad. He approached it and the bomb went off and killed him.

A real star, the kind who haunts my memory night and day, is the U.S. soldier in Baghdad who saw a little girl playing with a piece of unexploded ordnance on a street near where he was guarding a station. He pushed her aside and threw himself on it just as it exploded. He left a family desolate in California and a little girl alive in Baghdad.

The stars who deserve media attention are not the ones who have lavish weddings on TV, but the ones who patrol the streets of Mosul even after two of their buddies were murdered and their bodies battered and striped for the sin of trying to protect Iraqis from terrorists.

We put couples with incomes of \$100 million a year on the covers of our magazines.

The noncoms and officers who barely scrape by on military pay but stand guard in Afghanistan and Iraq and on ships and in submarines and near the Arctic Circle are anonymous as they live and die.

I am no longer comfortable being a part of the system that has such poor values and I do not want to perpetuate those values by pretending that who is eating at Morton's is a big subject.

There are plenty of other stars in the American firmament... the policemen and women who go off on patrol in South Central and have no idea if they will return alive, the orderlies and paramedics who bring in people who have been in terrible accidents and prepare them for surgery, the teachers and nurses who throw their whole spirits into caring for autistic children and the kind men and women who work in hospices and in cancer wards.

Think of each and every fireman who was running up the stairs at the World Trade Center as the towers began to collapse.

Now you have my idea of a real hero.

We are not responsible for the operation of the universe and what happens to us is not terribly important. God is real, not a fiction, and when we turn over our lives to Him, He takes far better care of us than we could ever do for ourselves. In a word, we make ourselves sane when we fire ourselves as the directors of the movie of our lives and turn the power over to Him.

I came to realize that a life lived to help others is the only one that matters. This is my highest and best use as a human. I can put it another way. Years ago, I realized I could never be as great an actor as Olivier or as good a comic as Steve Martin or Martin Mull or Fred Willard or as good an economist as Samuelson or Friedman or as good a writer as Fitzgerald. Or even remotely close to any of them.

But I could be a devoted father to my son, husband to wife, and above all, a good son to the parents who had done so much for me. This came to be my main task in life. I did it moderately well with my son, pretty well with my wife and well indeed with my parents (with my sister's help). I cared for and paid attention to them in their declining years. I stayed with my father as he got sick, went into extremis and then into a coma and then entered immortality with my sister and me reading him the Psalms.

This was the only point at which my life touched the lives of the soldiers in Iraq or the firefighters in New York. I came to realize that life lived to help others is the only one that matters and that it is my duty, in return for the lavish life God has devolved upon me, to help others He has placed in my path. This is my highest and best use as a human.

Faith is not believing that God can. It is knowing that God will!

1 cross plus 3 nails =
"four-given."
--Norb Novak

Hard work spotlights the character of people: some turn up their sleeves, some turn up their noses, and some don't turn up at all.
– Sam Ewig

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ACACIA DESIGN FINE HOMES

Life in the Refugee Camps 1949

By Anton Zakelj, translated and edited by John Zakelj

Thursday, Dec. 22, 1949

Everyone knew that today would be the day we would reach New York. Many people got up at 3 or 4 a.m., but I waited until 5 a.m. I put on my best clothes for the first time since we left Europe.

I went to Mass, then breakfast, and then 15 minutes more work in the butcher shop, in my nice suit.

At 8 a.m., I looked through the fog and saw the outlines of dry land: it was the New Jersey shoreline. There were many boats and ships, and hundreds of gulls. I was amazed by the unbroken line of autos traveling along the shore. They were all rushing to the south. Was it a huge funeral or something like that? I also noticed some half-sunken ships and military bunkers on shore. Did they have a war here?

We watched as the crew threw packages of food overboard from our ship. During the past couple of days, the weather was nicer and we were feeling better, but hungry and thirsty. We would have been so happy to get some milk and bread, but they wouldn't give us any.

At 9 a.m., we entered the New York harbor area. Finally, at 10 we caught sight of the Statue of Liberty and the Manhattan skyscrapers.

At 10 o'clock a boat came to the ship with a customs officer and a number of medical officials. There was no need for X-rays, they could see right through our stomachs.

In the afternoon, we stepped on dry land. We didn't stop at Ellis Island - it was just going through de-commissioning. They arranged us in alphabetical order and brought each person's baggage, including the shipping crates that I had made in the camp.

I was worried I would have to pay customs duties for the lace-work we had brought with us. I talked to a priest about this, and he assured me that everything would go smoothly. When the customs officer came to us, the priest sent a pretty young woman to distract him. The customs inspection went well.

There were some Jews who had larger crates filled with valuable paintings by well-known artists. They had to open everything up for the customs officers. We were greeted by women in gray uniforms - I think they were the Daughters of the Revolution. They served us coffee and donuts. I wished they had not taken the holes out

of the donuts. If I hadn't been so embarrassed, I would have gone back in line many times (maybe I did). Later we saw a man selling food in many languages - an apple, a piece of bread and I think small cups of coffee - for a dollar. I bought food for all three of us and spent as much as I had earned in three days of hard labor in Austria. At these prices, the few dollars that we received from the National Catholic Welfare Conference for the trip will soon be gone.

It was already night when they put us on buses and drove us through Manhattan to the train station. I looked out from the bus and tried so hard to see the tops of the skyscrapers that I developed quite an ache in my neck. I wondered how the driver could distinguish the stoplights from all the other lights - everything was covered with red, green and blue lights (We were not used to Christmas lights.)

We had to wait about an hour at the train station. I used this time to look for a loaf of bread for about 10 children - ours, Sršen's and Rihtar's. The grownups were hungry, too. But there were no loaves of bread to be found anywhere - just sandwiches, so thin you could see through them and expensive as saffron.

A gentleman walked around us a number of times and looked us over. Finally he came to me and gave me a couple of dollars and suggested I buy some candy for the children. I was grateful, but I would have been much happier with a loaf of bread.

Around 11 p.m., we boarded the train. It was a New York Central train, with large, shiny, new aluminum cars. On the inside end of each car was a large mirror made of ground glass; stenciled on the mirror was a map of the railroad's routes all across America. To us, this train represented the greatness and comfort of America, just as Europe was represented by the old, small wooden cars that brought us from Salzburg to southern Italy.

In spite of our hunger, we soon fell asleep and did not see the first part of our new homeland.

Author's closing comments:

Although we never wanted to leave our home in Slovenia and come to America, we are thankful to God that we did. After we came, we were able to send

help to our families in Slovenia for many years. They were forced to live in a communist "paradise" where many things were lacking, and they appreciated all the help we sent. But sadly, we could not send them the one thing they longed for more than anything else - freedom.

The continuation of our story was published in the American Home in 1996-1997 under the title "Starting Over in America."

Slovenian School Benefit Dinner

St. Vitus Slovenian Language School annual Benefit Dinner of pork roast or chicken is being held on Sunday, Feb. 20 in the school auditorium.

The meal will be served between 11 a.m. and 1 p.m. Take-outs will also be available in the social room.

The cost of the dinner is \$12.00 for adults and \$6.00 for children. Tickets may be purchased in advance from the Slovenian school parents or at the door on the day of the event.

There will also be a Chinese raffle held with several beautiful gift baskets.

KSKJ lodges Christ the King #226 and Sacred Heart #172 are sponsors.

Come join us for this community event and help support the Slovenian school.

Joke

The famous U.S. Olympic skier Picabo Street (pronounced Peek-a-Boo) is a famous athlete. If she was working at the Intensive Care Unit of a large metropolitan hospital she could answer the phone with the words, "Picabo, I C U."

--Phil Hrvatin

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A Bit of Irish Humor

O'Connell was staggering home with a small whiskey bottle in his back pocket when he slipped and fell heavily. Struggling to his feet, he felt something wet running down his leg.

"Please God," he implored, "let it be blood."

☺

An Irish man walks into a pub. The bartender asks him, "What'll you have?"

The man says, "Give me three pints of Guinness please."

The bartender brings him three pints and the man proceeds to alternately sip one, then the other, then the third until they're all gone. He then orders three more.

The bartender says, "Sir, I know you like them cold. You don't have to order three at a time. I can keep an eye on it and when you get low I'll bring you a fresh cold one."

The man says, "You don't understand. I have two brothers, one in Australia and one in the States. We made a vow to each other that every Saturday afternoon we'd still drink together. So right now, my brothers have three Guinness Stouts, too, and we're drinking together."

The bartender thought that was a great tradition.

Each week the man came in and ordered three beers.

Then one week he came in and ordered only two. He drank them and then ordered two more.

The bartender said to him, "I know what your tradition is, and I'd just like to say that I'm sorry that one of your brothers died."

The man said, "Oh, me brothers are just fine - I've just quit drinking."

☺

Here's another recipe for Irish Stew: Get some meat, some potatoes, and a lot of Guinness Stout. Drink all of the stout. Throw away the meat.

☺

One day a Slovenian, a Scotsman, and an Irishman walked into a pub together. They each bought a pint of Guinness. Just as they were about to enjoy their creamy beverage, three flies landed, one in each of their pints and were stuck in the suds. The Slovenian pushed his beer away in disgust. The Scotsman fished the fly out of his beer and continued drinking it as if nothing had happened.

The Irishman, too, picked the fly out of his drink, held it out over the beer, and started yelling, "Spit out, spit it out, you stupid free-loader."

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4 Mlakar Walks Down Memory Street

by RAY MLAKAR

Ray is back and so is the cold weather, but here is hoping that the warmer weather is just around the corner for good. It seems that a couple of weeks ago when I submitted my article, once again Ray did not know when to call it quits, which was the reason it had to be published in two separate weekly editions. But that is Ray, he doesn't know when to "shut up."

Before I continue, my congratulations to Anna Marie and David Jurecic on the beautiful tribute they paid to their dad, Louis Jurecic. It goes without saying that dad in his heavenly home could not help but shed a tear for your love and devotion expressed in your writing of him. Perhaps this should serve as a reminder for all of us who are still fortunate to have our mom and dad with us yet, to tell them how much we love, cherish and admire them for all they have done for us. Let them know now what an inspiration they are in our lives NOW to have guided us thru life thus far. Without a doubt, the seven greatest words are "I love you," "Thank you," "Hvala lepa." Without a doubt, I am sure that Louis Jurecic will continue to shower his family with love and guidance.

While it is still fresh in my memory, I have to relate what a great time I had at the Slovenian National Home in Newburgh, E. 80th Street. I had seen it in this paper some time back that they were planning a "pork-sauerkraut, potato dumpling dinner." And so on Sunday, Jan 30, I made it a point to go there after Sunday Mass.

I went to the 08:30 Mass but with chit-chatting with the fellow parishioners at breakfast-brunch at the church hall, it was well after 12 noon before I left. Fortunately Joe Snyder drew me a map and I found the hall with no difficulty for it was only after I left for home that I got lost. But that is par for the course when you pass your 39th birthday.

At first I was hesitant to go for I felt I didn't know anyone from that area, but as soon as I walked in, I saw a table designated "West Park." Hey, that is where I belong.

As I got in line and they stacked me up with pork loin in gravy with sauerkraut and potato dumplings, I knew I was on the sunny side of the Alps. Thank God I left "Happy Harry" (my cairn terrier) at home for he would have thought he had died and gone to heaven to participate in the "last supper."

Before I came to the West park table I saw tour guide Mimi Stibil and Ella Samanich, and so I sat with them for the entire stay. Soon I saw the West Park gang come, namely Rudy Pivik, his wife Maria, and Theresa and Steven Grisby. And then Mimi introduced me to Rose Bradich, a button box player, also.

The meal was out of this world and Wayne Tomsic played his heart out. The dance floor was loaded and could have only wished that my Josephine was still living to have enjoyed the event with me.

Mimi and Ella had me in stitches talking about the "old days" and so now I appeal to Mimi to sit right on down and write a column for the American Home and tell



← Harry

all our readers what you told me about the old days; you know, Mimi, about the "pot holes" and what you did when you turned 35. Really, Mimi, it will sound much better coming from you. Mimi will have you rolling in the isles.

With the fine Slovenian polkas and waltzes played by Wayne Tomsic I could have stayed there until midnight, but then I remembered "Happy Harry" and although I was not going to buy him a take-out of roast pork and kraut, I felt I had to get back home to feed the one and only. He probably thought I was still at church and I was not going to tell him differently.

So as not to end up with this being a two column submission and cut up into two parts, I will bring this column to an end, but not before closing with some good sayings:]

Adult – A person who has stopped growing from both ends and is now growing in the middle.

Beauty Parlor – A place where women curl up and dye.

Cannibal – Someone who is fed up with people.

Chicken – The only animal you eat before they are born and after they are fed.

Committee – A body that keeps minutes and wastes hours.

Dust – Mud with the juice squeezed out.

Well, time to put down my ball point pen only in hopes that the Good Lord blesses and watches over all of you and keeps you in the best of health.

Euclid Recall Unwarranted

Editor,

It is an honor and privilege to serve the citizens of Euclid as Council President. Their continued confidence and trust in selecting our family for over 60 years of public service is a constant reminder that we have consistently provided honest and good government.

The recent initiation of a recall effort against the Mayor and Council is unwarranted.

As one of the largest eastern suburbs of Cleveland in Cuyahoga County, we don't deserve the divisiveness and negativity brought about by this action.

This past year has seen a majority of Council working with the Mayor in an effort to turn around Euclid's economy and bring us to the prominence and leadership role the city has always had throughout Northeastern Ohio.

Decisions we made should always, first and foremost, reflect the oath of office we took to uphold the Constitutions of the United States, Ohio, and the Charter and Codified ordinances of the City. Secondly, the wishes of the people, in compliance of said laws, are combined to provide for the welfare of the whole city. This is in direct contrast to the actions of this politically motivated group.

The Hillandale Project brings long needed upscale housing and will add a half-million dollars to our revenue. Similarly, the ongoing development of the lakefront will bring much needed tax dollars and disposable income to our community.

Business and industry are starting to expand, as evidenced by Lincoln Electric's

hiring of 100 employees last year. We are looking at a company bringing in more than 100 new jobs and a three million dollar payroll into the K-Mart property. A new upscale bar and grille has opened on Lakeshore Boulevard. Residency requirements have been finally lifted for non-union city workers to attract the most qualified people to serve our great city. We are starting a program to collect delinquent taxes which is said conservatively will add an additional 1.4 million dollars to our revenue. We finished last year with over a million dollar surplus for the first time in several years.

We have a seven million dollar proposal for Shore Cultural Center to become the site of 60 condominiums with retail shops, and still preserve the historical integrity of the building. A portion of it will remain as the center for theater and arts, a good compromise that will further enhance the City of Euclid and attract more citizens and business.

These examples represent a small portion of the activity going on in Euclid brought about by this mayor and majority of council and most certainly doesn't lend credence to any need for a total recall.

Unlike our most recent predecessors, this majority of council puts ideas into actions, not just grandiose plans and studies that never materialize. I ask you to search your hearts and look beyond the political rhetoric. Does this look like a mayor and council needing to be removed from office?

—Jerry Sustarsic
Euclid Council President
Euclid, Ohio

Thank You

Thank you to all who sent cards and good wishes on my birthday, Feb. 11. To Betty Kazen and Pauline Burya for the wonderful dinner party given me held at Dubrovnik Restaurant. It was great being with my friends. To Don and Nancy Slapnik and Bob and Shelli March... You are the best. God bless all. Luv ya.

—Emilee Jenko

Euclid is a City Divided

Editor,

In your January 27th edition, you published a letter from Paul J. Hribar, chastising a small group of Euclid voters. Since he quotes the party line, we can discount most of what he wrote, because it is incorrect.

The Mayor and City Council were elected by the voters (including me) and the election was accepted by them. When it came time to accept the vote of 13,000 plus Euclidites on the Hillandale Zoning they refused to accept the mandate.

Being a resident and business owner in Euclid for 44 years, I have seen many businesses and factories close or leave, due to the excessive 2.85% Income Tax and the general attitude of

the Administration toward industry. Currently many small businesses are leaving or closing and few if any are moving in.

Euclid is a city divided by the Administration, politics, and the freeway. Anything south of the freeway does not matter anymore, the Mayor and his cronies are only interested in Euclid, north of the freeway.

With regard to who will run the city I love, if the recall is successful, anyone with the common sense to listen to the residents, for the good of all, can do a better job than our present Mayor and Council.

Edwin G. Grosel
Euclid, Ohio

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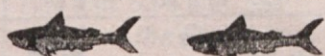
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A Picturesque Amsterdam Holiday

(Continued from last week)
by PATRICIA COIL
Euclid Travel



Some of the 2,000 houseboats in Amsterdam

Somewhere near Edam, we stopped at a cheese factory and after a demonstration of cheese making we bought three different kinds of cheese, one of which tasted like walnuts. We toured their barns filled with goats and sheep before we left for our last stop, Marken.

Marken had been an island until 1958 and is now connected to the mainland with a causeway. This is the area where some of the older people still wear the traditional costumes. All we saw was one man wearing yellow wooden shoes and riding a bicycle. Ingrid took us to a place that was famous for its Dutch pancakes, but it was closed.

Again we walked through more back alleys and admired the houses along the ditches and canal. Many of the old wooden houses are painted matte green with horizontal white stripes that stand high on pilings.

By the time we got back to Amsterdam, we were too tired to go out to dinner. So we walked up the street and found a meat market, where we bought cold cuts, and a bakery for fresh bread for dinner.

Tuesday morning, my daughter looked all over for the extra battery for her digital camera. She decided that she had dropped it in Ingrid's van and wanted to buy a backup battery. We spent three hours searching the neighborhood, but couldn't find one.

We started by walking down the Prinsengracht and admiring all the old houses

which are very narrow and have very steep interior steps. Most houses are long and narrow, because originally the home owner was taxed on the amount of canal frontage.

The houses, which are crowded together, are built on top of thousands of logs hammered vertically into the ground. Over the years many of them have shifted with the

tides and now have a pronounced lean. Many of the brick houses have iron rods strapped onto the sides, holding the bricks to their wooden skeletons. Big tall windows in the front are used to bring as much light as possible into the house.

As we walked along, we looked for examples of the five types of gables (step, bell, neck, spout, and comice) found in Amsterdam. We also spotted stone tablets that were used to identify buildings before houses had numbers. The mailboxes on the houses have different colored stickers which tells the mailman whether to leave junk mail or not.

We took a map with us so we wouldn't get lost. Instead of streets, we had to look for the canals, which ring Amsterdam. We passed the Anne Frank house and stopped into the Westerkerk (Western Church) which has a tower topped with a plump imperial crown and that leans forward over the canal. Supposedly Rembrandt was buried around here in 1669.

We walked over to the main square called the Dam. We saw the outside of the Royal Palace and the nearby Kieuwe Kerk (New Church). We decided that we could only handle one church a day, after that they all run together in our minds. We found a great souvenir store

that had Christmas ornaments at reasonable prices. We bought ornaments for our trees. We always like to get new ones from the places we visit.

On our walk back to the houseboat from the Dam we accidentally walked into the famous Red Light District and were "treated" to the sight of a bare bottom in a thong and another woman in a corset, who made kissing sounds to get our attention. We made a hasty retreat.

Prostitution has been legal since the 1980s and many of the women rent space and run their own businesses and average 300 euros a day. They even fill out tax returns and are protected by the police.

After all this walking we were glad to get back to the boat and cross the canal to a wonderful café for lunch. They make really big sandwiches on great crunchy buns with lots of filling.

In the afternoon we read and sat out on the deck watching the other boats go by. There are even swans on the canals.

In the evening we walked several blocks to an Italian restaurant. To get there, we had to walk by all the trucks and equipment from the movie that was being shot

near us.

We were looking forward to Wednesday when Ingrid would be taking us on a long all day trip to Bruges and Ghent in Belgium.

Polka Hall Gift Shop News

A record number of visitors toured the Polka Hall of Fame and Museum during the week of Thanksgiving.

A dozen Cleveland-style polka lovers from the Netherlands arrived with Jelse and Maria Vos. The group especially likes long play albums from the 1970s and bought all LPs in sight.

The New Generation album, "This Ain't Your Daddy's Polka" has been released. The high-energy band has generated a following with its Euro-polka sound. The album includes the "Beer Drinking Song."

Hot dogs and polkas are red hot in the Youngstown area. The Al-Ray Combo has a new CD, "Hot Dogs and Button Box." The album was recorded at Peppermint Studio by Ray Kovac and Al Romain, and features 14 numbers.

St. Catharines cutie, Kathy Zamec Vogt, has recorded "The Girl Next Door." The new release exhibits Kathy's button accordion skills with a variety of familiar polkas and waltzes. The album has solid vocals by Dave Skrajner and Dan Wojtila.

Hank Haller continues his prolific output of new CDs

with "Polkas in Margartaville."

Brave Combo's new "Let's Kiss" album is in stock.

On a Slovenian traditional note, the St. Mary's of the Assumption choir of Collinwood/Holmes Avenue has recorded an extensive number of hymns titled, "A Song for Every Season." Fantje na Vasi choir has released a new CD "Praise the Lord," or "Laudate Dominum." The men's choir is in its 27th year.

Other new CDs include Joe Petrich Plays Chromatic Button Box and a reissued on CD of "Polka Re, Polka Ra" with Richie Vadnal.

Nice going - RoseMary Toth, Lori Sierputowski, and Dolores Mihelich of the Gift Shop sales staff sparkled and presented the three Sidemen of the Year awards at the Awards Show the Saturday after Thanksgiving.

Hall of Fame Hours and Record Shop hours are noon to 5 p.m. Tuesday thru Friday; 10 a.m. - 3 p.m. on Saturday. Closed Sunday and Monday. On Internet at www.polkafame.com (216) 261-3263; toll free 1-866-66POLKA..

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--Rudy Flis

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'My Life in three Countries'

My Life in Three Countries, a book published in December, 2004 by Ana Skopec highlights her life in Slovenia, Germany and America in a series of short stories.

Her personal reflections reveal the life circumstances she was born into, growing up on a farm and maturing during World War II in Slovenia.

The book describes the personal road she chose to follow which fulfilled her dream of becoming a teacher and in fleeing the Communist regime. She summarizes some painfully honest accounts of living as a woman of faith; her true-life experiences provide insight to common discriminatory practices experienced by those of Slovenian descent during the Communist era.

Ana provides a candid view of her homeland, Slovenia, moving to Germany, meeting her husband Frank who leads her to America where she begins her life as a young immigrant woman in the late 1960s. Significant individuals in her life, including parents, siblings, teachers, aunts and uncles are mentioned throughout the book with sincere gratefulness.

Her integrity and acceptance of various life situations for which she had no control are evident, as well as her deep respect for Slovenian customs and religious traditions.

Ana shares an abundance of humorous anecdotes, as well as difficult moments in her life, which engage the reader to understand her unique, personal journey to freedom.

Slovenian immigrants will particularly relate to the last part of the book as Ana describes her experiences of staying in contact with relatives, going back to visit family and friends, and sadly missing funerals of immediate family members. The challenges, joys and learning experiences of coming to the United States are summarized in short story segments, all weaving meaning to her life and to the person she becomes - an immigrant, a wife, a mother, an American citizen, an employee, a grandmother, and an author of her first book.

What a precious gift of her legacy Ana has left to us all, particularly to her husband and children in this detailed family history and life memoirs published in memory of her family.

My Life in Three Countries may be ordered from PublishAmerica by calling 301-695-1707. The book is soft cover and sells for \$16.95, plus shipping.

--Bernadette Kovacic Fitzsimmons

Green Rice Casserole

- 2 slightly beaten eggs
- 2 c milk
- ¾ c minute rice
- 1/3 c finely chopped onion
- ½ tsp. garlic salt
- 1 pkg. frozen chopped spinach (cooked and drained)
- 1 c sharp cheddar cheese, shredded or grated

Beat together eggs and milk. Mix remaining ingredients and put into a buttered casserole. Bake uncovered at 350 degrees for 35-40 minutes. ✕

Donations

Thanks to the following for their generous donations to the Ameriška Domovina:

Maria and Albert Frank, Wickliffe, OH -- \$10.00

Silvester Lango, M.D., and Dominka, D.D.S., New Rochelle, NY -- \$15.00

Jacob Grum, Euclid, OH -- \$15.00

Isabella Dejak, Eastlake, OH -- \$10.00

John Radovic, Gates Mills, OH -- \$15.00

Milka L. Skorjanec, Gilnbert, MN -- \$15.00

Mary Erdani McMurray, Euclid, OH -- \$15.00

Rudy Klammer, Willowick, OH -- \$15.00

Rudolph Kastelic, Char-don, OH -- \$10.00

Marija and Anton Kozelj, Mayfield Village, OH -- \$10.00

Max Gorenssek, Aiken, SC -- \$5.00

John Tegel, Wood Dale, IL -- \$5.00

Gregory Fedran, Monterey, CA -- \$15.00

Joseph Spisich, Wickliffe, OH -- \$15.00

Frances Opeka, Green Oaks, IL -- \$10.00

Gabrielle Germek, Mentor, OH -- \$10.00

Vera Ornik, Milwaukee, WI -- \$10.00

A real leader has no need to lead - he is content to point the way. --Henry Miller

House for Rent

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Coming Events

Friday, Feb. 18

Fish Fries every Friday during Lent in the Slovenian National Home Club Room, 6409 St. Clair Ave. (rear). Serving 5:30 to 8:30. Take outs available.

Friday, Feb. 18

Dance at West Park Slovenian Hall, 4583 W. 130 St., Cleveland, 7:30 p.m., featuring Bob Kravos.

Friday, Feb. 18

Waterloo Slovenian Home, Ladies Auxiliary Fish Fries 11 a.m. - 8 p.m. Fish - Shrimp - Pork Chops, Goulash, etc. Take-outs call (216) 481-5378.

Friday, Feb. 18

Slovenian National Home, 3563 E. 80th St. Fish Fry, Walleye or Shrimp, Pierogies, Mac & Cheese, potatoes, coleslaw, bread & butter, beverage, dessert. Donation \$9. Serving from 5 to 7 p.m.

Sunday, Feb. 20

St. Vitus Slovenian School Annual Benefit Dinner of Pork Roast or Chicken in school auditorium between 11 a.m. and 1 p.m. \$12 adults; \$6 children. KSKJ lodges Christ the King #226 and Sacred Heart #172 sponsors.

Friday, Feb. 25

Dance at West Park Slovenian Hall, 4583 W. 130 St., Cleveland, 7:30 p.m., featuring Wayne Tomsic.

Friday, Feb. 25

Waterloo Slovenian Home, Ladies Auxiliary Fish Fries 11 a.m. - 8 p.m. Fish - Shrimp - Pork Chops, Goulash, etc. Take-outs call (216) 481-5378.

Friday, Feb. 25

Fish Fries every Friday during Lent in the Slovenian National Home Club Room, 6409 St. Clair Ave. (rear). Serving 5:30 to 8:30. Take outs available.

Sunday, Feb. 28

Slovenian Mission Aid Society (MZA) Annual Benefit Dinner in St. Mary's (Holmes Ave.) Parish Community Center. Serving of chicken/roast beef dinners from 11 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. Donation \$10 for adults and \$5 for children.

Friday, March 4

Waterloo Slovenian Home, Ladies Auxiliary Fish Fries 11 a.m. - 8 p.m. Fish - Shrimp - Pork Chops, Goulash, etc. Take-outs call (216) 481-5378.

Friday, March 4

Dance at West Park Slovenian Hall, 4583 W. 130 St., Cleveland, 7:30 p.m., featuring Stan Mejac.

Friday, March 4

Slovenian National Home, 3563 E. 80 St., Fish Fry, Walleye or Shrimp, pierogies, mac & cheese, potatoes, coleslaw, bread &

butter, beverage, dessert. Donation \$9.00. Serving from 5:00 to 7:30 p.m.

Saturday, March 5

Moonlight Bowling, Slovenian National Home, Newburgh, 3563 E. 80th. \$25 per couple includes bowling, meal and prizes, from 6:30 p.m. Reservations 1-440-243-4062 or 440-524-8915.

Friday, March 11

Dance at West Park Slovenian Hall, 4583 W. 130 St., Cleveland, 7:30 p.m., featuring Frank Moravcik.

Friday, March 11

Waterloo Slovenian Home, Ladies Auxiliary Fish Fries 11 a.m. - 8 p.m. Fish - Shrimp - Pork Chops, Goulash, etc. Take-outs call (216) 481-5378.

Saturday, March 12

Federation of Slovenian Homes Banquet, Slovenian National Home, St. Clair. Tickets \$22.00. Each Home has tickets. Genevieve Drob-nic and Ken Zalar are top honorees.

Sunday, March 13

A day at the races presented by Collinwood Slovenian Home. Donation \$6.00. Includes sandwich, soft drink and beer. Doors open at 3 p.m.

Friday, March 18

Dance at West Park Slovenian Hall, 4583 W. 130 St., Cleveland, 7:30 p.m., featuring Wayne Tomsic.

Friday, March 18

Waterloo Slovenian Home, Ladies Auxiliary Fish Fries 11 a.m. - 8 p.m. Fish - Shrimp - Pork Chops, Goulash, etc. Take-outs call (216) 481-5378.

Friday, March 18

Slovenian National Home, Newburgh, 3563 E. 80 St., fish fry, walleye or shrimp, pierogies, mac & cheese, potatoes, coleslaw, bread, butter, beverage, dessert. Donation \$9.00. Serving from 5:00 to 7:30 p.m.

Sunday, March 20

Easter Bunny Brunch with Mr. and Mrs. Easter Bunny from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. Adults \$8, and children under 12 -- \$4.00 (NASH)

Friday, March 25

Waterloo Slovenian Home, Ladies Auxiliary Fish Fries 11 a.m. - 8 p.m. Fish - Shrimp - Pork Chops, Goulash, etc. Take-outs call (216) 481-5378.

Tuesday, March 29

St. Vitus Catholic War Veterans Post 1655 anniversary dinner-reverse raffle in St. Vitus School Hall. Further information or tickets call Richard Mott (216) 531-4556.

Saturday, April 23

St. Vitus Slovenian School perform play "Zogica Nodica" in honor of Mother's Day in parish auditorium.

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Death Notices

ALEXANDER BONUTTI
SAN FRANCISCO, Calif. -- Alexander Bonutti passed away peacefully on Feb. 5, 2005, at his home. Mr. Bonutti was born June 25, 1951 in Cleveland.

Beloved husband of Mary Joan; treasured son of Ambassador Karl and Hermina Bonutti; devoted brother of Hank, Magda, Peter, Boris and Miriam; loving step-father of Alexandra and Nicholas.

Alex was a gifted architect and mentor at the firm of Anshen + Allen in San Francisco.

Alex attended St. Vitus Grade School and graduated from Gilmour Academy in 1969. He graduated from the Illinois Institute of Technology with a Bachelor of Architecture in 1974, and received his masters degree in architecture from Columbia University, New York in Urban Planning, in 1978.

A longtime supporter of the San Francisco Symphony, and the Architectural Foundation, he strongly believed in nurturing aspiring architects and students. He was President of the American Institute of Architects, SF Chapter in 1990.

Funeral Mass was at Corpus Christi Church in Piedmont on Tuesday, Feb. 8 at 10 a.m. Burial ceremony followed at Mountain View Cemetery.

Contributions may be made to the Port of Oakland Employees' Scholarship Fund.

In Loving Memory

12th Anniversary



Anthony M. Yert

1916 - 1993

In our memories you are always near. - Loved and remembered - But we miss you more as time goes by.

Your loving family
wife - Jeanette
daughter - Patricia
granddaughters:
Emily and Jennie

Large Donation

Big thanks to **Holmes Avenue Pensioners Club (HAP)** who paid for their roster and added a \$70.00 donation.

Donation

Thanks to **Jeffrey Zabukovec** of Medina, OH who renewed his subscription and added a \$15.00 donation. He writes, "Good luck and many thanks."

In Memory

Thanks to **Lucille M. Romih** of Cleveland who renewed her subscription and added a \$10.00 donation in memory of parents, **Martin and Lucijca Romih**.

In Memory

Thanks to **Margaret Dejak** of Euclid, OH who renewed her subscription and added a \$20.00 donation in memory of her husband, **Frank Dejak**.

In Memory

Thanks to **Mary Koren** of Willoughby Hills, OH who renewed her subscription and added a \$15.00 donation in memory of her husband, **Joseph Koren**.

In Memory

Thanks to **Mary Kette** of Bessemer, PA who sent in \$10.00 in memory of **Frank and Paula Vrecar**.

In Memory

Thanks to **Andrew and Albina Cigany** of Bedford, OH who renewed their subscription and added a \$15.00 donation in memory of **Vicki Spech**.

In Memory

Thanks to **Mollie E. Jurecic** of Lyndhurst, OH who renewed her subscription and added a \$15.00 donation in memory of her husband, **Lou**, and her daughter, **Teresa**.

In Memory

Thanks to **Nevia Avzlahar** of Wickliffe, OH who renewed her subscription and added a \$20.00 donation in memory of **Drago Avzlahar**.

Donation

Thanks to **Stan and Denise Lynn Krulc** of Kirtland, OH who renewed their subscription and added a \$35.00 donation.

Lenten Fish Fries

St. Mary's (Holmes Ave.) community center will be the location for fish fries on Fridays during Lent beginning on Feb. 11 from 4 to 7 p.m.

Fish dinners are \$7.50 which includes home fries, coleslaw or applesauce, dessert and coffee. Shrimp dinners are \$8 and this year they will also be offering crab cake dinners for \$8. Combo meals are \$8. Macaroni and cheese dinners and ½ meals also on the menu. Take-outs will be available.

7 Mind and Memory Savers

1. - Keep your gray matter as healthy as the rest of your body. Physical exercise, as well as mental exercise (reading, socializing with friends and other mind-engaging activities) are needed to prevent cognitive slumps.

2. - Learn to relax - stress is a brain drainer. Individuals under stress often develop short-term memory problems, difficulty concentrating and attention deficits.

3. - Steer clear of toxins. Heavy metals, such as lead and mercury are well-known for dimming the brain's spark.

4. - Avoid tobacco and excessive or frequent alcohol. They sap the brain of its quick wit and sharp focus. Avoid these, including secondhand smoke.

5. - Identify food sensitivities. Monosodium glutamate (MSG), tyramine (in aged cheese) and other food components can interfere with levels of neurotransmitters.

6. - Say "No" to over-the-counter drugs. They can have mind-numbing side effects.

7. - Get your 40 winks. Cutting yourself short in the sleeping department can affect your brain activity the next day.

There is no end to everlasting life. - Stephen Majercik

Clubroom Lenten Fish Fries at Slovenian National Home

As we are in the Lenten Season, we are happy to announce the Club of Associations of the Slovenian National Home will serve delicious Fish Fry dinners on Fridays in Lent. In addition to Fish Fry dinners, the menu will also offer a variety of dinners such as shrimp dinner, pierogi dinner, and combo dinner.

Fish fries will be held in the Clubroom, 6409 St. Clair Avenue (rear).

Dinners will be served from 5:30 to 8:30. Take-outs will also be available. To top off a delicious dinner, polka music will be provided starting at 7 p.m.

--Sylvia Plymesser

Soft Drinks Linked to Diabetes

Most dieters know that eliminating pop is an easy way to cut calories. A Harvard study published in the Journal of the American Medical Association last summer suggests that drinking fewer sugar-sweetened beverages also reduces risks of developing the most common type of diabetes. Type 2 diabetes affects 154 million Americans, causing a host of health problems, and raising risks of heart disease, kidney failure and death.

In the Nurses' Health Study, 51,603 female nurses tracked diet, weight, physical activity and health issues over eight years; 741 developed type 2 diabetes. Analysis revealed that the risk of diabetes was 80% greater among those drinking one or more sugared sodas a day than for those drinking one or less a month. Even factoring in smoking, alcohol consumption, diet, physical

activity, weight and other differences, the diabetes risk was 1.3 times higher among daily soft drink consumers. Daily pop drinkers also gained an average of 17 pounds vs. 6 pounds.

Drinking sugar-sweetened fruit punches daily vs. once a month nearly doubled risks of diabetes, but orange, pineapple and apple juices did not raise risks.

Limiting consumption of pop - the primary source of added sugar in the American diet - may help curb our epidemic of obesity and type 2 diabetes. The researchers suggest that rapid absorption of sugar from beverages may spike the body's glucose and insulin levels, leading to diabetes.

From Cleveland Clinic Family Checkup.

Submitted by **Anton M. Lavrishia**.

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Cost \$15 each; please add \$2 for shipping and handling.

Also available "Iz Srca" ("From the Heart") a collection of Slovenian folk songs.

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Reflecting on My Brother Alex Bonutti

by HANK BONUTTI

CORPUS CHRISTI CHURCH, Piedmont, Calif. Feb. 8, 2005. — I'd like to tell you a little about Alex Bonutti... the people, the forces, and the events that shaped him. I'm somewhat of an authority since I was born a year and 3 months after Alex and shared most everything with Alex for 20 years. We shared a double bed for 10 years, we played baseball, and in high school we ran cross country together in the fall, and we ran track in the spring. We bought our first car together (our uncle's silver blue two-door hardtop 1963 Chevy Impala). I followed Alex to Illinois Institute of Technology and pledged the same fraternity as he did, and when I switched to coop studies and moved from the fraternity into an apartment, Alex moved in with me for two years. Alex was my best man when I got married right after college. Alex and I were always together, except for the year when he started college and left me in charge of his siblings.

I can tell you unequivocally that Alex was the textbook oldest child. He was born the first of six children, and our parents expected him to set the example for all the rest of us, to watch over us, and protect us. He had to always behave responsibly; he had to set high goals and achieve great things, both in school and later in life. He had to work hard, and help carry the load for the family. Alex dutifully shouldered those expectations.

Knowledge and education were top priorities for our parents. Our mom was a beloved schoolteacher in Trieste, Italy before she married and came to the U.S., and our dad had just finished college in Fribourg, Switzerland. Alex obediently took to school and studying like a duck to water. He loved to read and learn. Alex was continually at our local public library dropping off books and borrowing new ones. Alex's teachers loved him, and made it obvious to those of us who followed him.

Alex had to be a trailblazer for himself and for the siblings who followed him. For example, our parents only spoke Slovenian at home with us for the first few years. So when Alex entered kindergarten, he was immediately in trouble. He couldn't understand English and quickly had to figure things out on his own. Every new thing he did in his early life he had to figure out on

his own, with no one to help him or protect him. When I came along, he'd already charted the territory where the shallow water was, and warned me of hazards to avoid. For me and my younger siblings, Alex was a great asset, but it had to have cost him something.

When he was in second grade, Alex contacted strep throat. It then turned into rheumatic fever, and Alex had to be hospitalized for a month. We thought we might lose Alex then. This hospitalization was a tough experience for Alex because our parents simply couldn't be with him for much of the day. Alex was often alone among strangers, surrounded only by hospital staff. The experience left him with unpleasant memories and he dreaded hospitals. Yet ironically Alex evolved into a specialist in hospital design and health care. I have to believe this early experience somehow made him better in his health care work.

Alex and I competed incessantly, growing up. Alex set the bar really high. Besides his incredible memory and love of reading, he was considerably bigger and stronger, until I turned 17 and suddenly shot up. So Alex usually won the competitions. We competed at chess and checkers, and baseball and football. We competed in track and cross-country. We also competed at school seeing who could get better grades. As I look back at that competition, I'm grateful for it and for Alex, because just as steel sharpens steel, Alex and I sharpened each other and prepared ourselves for our lives ahead. I know I'm a better man today because Alex made me work so hard to win. I learned from Alex that there are no shortcuts if you want to create anything of lasting value. I learned there is no substitute for integrity.

Alex loved and dreamed about cars when we were young. He and I would vie with each other to identify a car, when it came into view... the make, model and year. We would drive our dad nuts on the freeway shouting out the names of different cars as they flew by. Alex began to dream about designing cars and together as young boys, we dreamed about a car company of our own with our cousin Max. Alex would concentrate on the exterior design while I would focus on the mechanics. Alex's solution to every new interest was a trip to the local library where he'd borrow

numerous books on the subject, in this case, car design. In short order he created a portfolio of interesting vehicle designs. Then, a single event in Alex's life led him to a new passion and into his career.

Up to 1963, we lived in Cleveland, on Glass Avenue and East 64th Street. Down the block was a grocery store, Cimperman's. Every day, my mom would send either Alex or myself to the store, for fresh groceries... usually bread. One morning, as he walked to Cimperman's Alex was roughed up by two older bullies who had recently moved down the street. They took his money, and he came home empty handed and bruised. My father resolved at that moment to move the family out of our Cleveland neighborhood, and into the suburbs.

So our dad pulled together the financing and the sub-contractors and built his first house in Willoughby Hills, Ohio. Alex and I worked hard helping our dad and mom. We mixed cement for the masons, moved tons of dirt and sand with shovels and wheelbarrows, moved lumber, applied insulation, laid floor tiles. When our dad bought the property next door and built his second house, Alex started investigating architecture. As you can imagine, back to the library for books on architecture. By the time Alex was 16 and dad started his third house, Alex drew up the blueprints. Our dad had a tough time convincing the building inspector that his son Alex did the designs, and not a professional architect. So, that fateful morning when Alex got roughed up walking to the corner grocery store set the stage for a new passion that dominated the rest of his life. I stayed with cars and wound up in Detroit, while Alex wound up in San Francisco.

Alex was a great teacher. He loved to share his knowledge and passion for various subjects. Alex also lived for his work and his career. He dedicated himself to it tirelessly. He identified himself with his projects, his team's accomplishments, his professional friends and AIA colleagues. He was proud of what he'd achieved, yet he talked modestly about his work. He never rested on past successes, but kept charting out new and bolder challenges for those who were willing to join him in the adventure.

Alex was a Bonutti. His Grandfather Bonutti was a widely loved man in Bukovica, Slovenia. His Grand-

father was generous to a fault; he helped many of his neighbors through difficult times. He led the fundraising and construction efforts of the town's Catholic Church. He started a credit union for the surrounding area. Alex's father Karl is similarly beloved by many. Our dad helped many Slovenians in Cleveland where we grew up. He selflessly helped our relatives through their difficulties; he brought together many competing groups and created consensus throughout the Slovenian community in Cleveland and other ethnic communities there. Alex clearly carried on his Grandfather's and Father's legacy. Alex helped and befriended many in his profession. He was generous with his money and his talents. Alex worked patiently to shape and create consensus. He didn't seek limelight for himself, but for the team and the work at hand.

Alex was proud of being Slovenian. He traveled back to Slovenia repeatedly to be with his uncles and aunts... and especially since Mom and Dad moved back to Slovenia 2½ years ago, he returned repeatedly. Alex loved the land, the history, the majesty of the mountains, and his heritage. He was recently awarded Slovenian citizenship and was looking forward to buying land there.

Alex also held tight to his Catholic faith. He loved the Catholic Church, its traditions and teachings. This gave him his moral compass, and Alex strove to live out the ideals of his faith every day. Alex didn't wear his faith on his sleeve, but it was there. Two of the most significant moments in Alex's life followed his Father's appointment as Slovenian ambassador to the Vatican. On Labor Day, 1998, Alex, his mother, and siblings attended a private audience with Pope John Paul II where our father presented his diplomatic credentials to the pope. Alex was in awe. And again in June, 2002 when our Dad's appointment was completed, Alex and our family had another private audience with the Pope. This time, though, Alex brought Mary Joan and introduced her to the pope. I wonder how many guys go to see the pope for permission to get married?

I could share so much more but I want to talk about the final hours. This past week, I learned Alex was in serious trouble and they'd exhausted all possible medical remedies. I raced out here

to be with him and found that Alex could only move his head and his left hand indicating yes or no to any question that was posed. He couldn't talk, and that was especially difficult for him.

Through our questions, Alex made it clear he didn't want to be in the hospital and he wanted to go home. No surprise there. So we helped him have his wish and quickly discovered that Alex had touched some people in an extraordinary way. Watching his friends Phyllis, Ralph, and Maggie tenderly minister to him and support our family, was moving beyond words. They were like angels as they lovingly stood by him, Mary Joan and us.

Alex allowed me the privilege of being there for his final hour, as he breathed his last. I was able to comfort him and cool him down when his temperature rose. I prayed with him, and I held him... actions that in retrospect said I love you better than any spoken words. Alex met his final and biggest challenge in life with courage and dignity and the support of family and very special friends. For my brothers and sisters, as always, Alex blazed another new trail and showed all of us the way.

I know Alex is with the Lord. He slipped away so peacefully. Many people view Alex's sudden passing as a loss. I can't. I believe God determined that Alex's work on earth was done and it is now time for the many who he's mentored and loved, to carry on the work that is underway, and the work that's ahead. I think God wants us to honor Alex by treating each other with dignity, drawing inspiration for our buildings and spaces from the beauty that God placed inside each one of us, set high goals, and attain them with the patient consensus building methods that Alex practiced.

After Alex's last breath, his heart kept beating seemingly 10 more minutes (Alex really had a big heart). I was able to read aloud to Alex one of my favorite passages in scripture... 2 Timothy. As St. Paul wrote... "My life is being poured out like a libation. The time of my dissolution is near. I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith. From now on a merited crown awaits me." Thanks, Alex. You enriched us all.

Amen.



— Vesti iz Slovenije —

Slovenija namerava obširneje sodelovati z NATOM v zvezi z Irakom

Slovenija je napovedala povečanje prispevka za stabilizacijo razmer v Iraku. Namesto petih inštruktorjev za urjenje častnikov iraške vojske, naj bi jih v vadbišča zunaj zallivske države, najverjetneje v Jordaniji, mor-da napotili "nekaj več", vendar pa odločitev še ni sprejeta, kot je poudaril zunanji minister Dimitrij Rupel po delovnem kosilu šefov diplomacij NATO držav, med katerimi je bila prvič doslej ameriška državna sekretarka Condoleezza Rice.

V natovski sklad za financiranje usposabljanja iraških častnikov bo Slovenija prispevala 100.000 evrov, je še najavil Dimitrij Rupel, poleg tega pa je Slovenija ponudila novim oblastem v Bagdadu tudi "precejšnje količine orožja in vojaške opreme v vrednosti pet milijonov evrov", ki je slovenska vojska po ministrovih besedah "ne potrebuje zaradi zmanjšanja števila pripadnikov".

Pivovarna Laško od belgijske družbe Interbrew kupila Pivovarno Union

Pivovarna Laško je pretekli petek od družbe Interbrew Central European Holding (po novem InBev) odkupila 186.400 delnic Pivovarne Union in tako svoj lastniški delež v ljubljanski družbi iz 53,8 povečala na 95,2 odstotka. Kot so sporočili iz Pivovarne Laško, sta InBev in Laško dosegla tudi sporazum o mirni rešitvi vseh medsebojnih sporov, za poravnavo pa je Laško belgijskemu koncernu odštelo 3,495 milijona evrov. InBev je tako umaknil vse tožbe in prijavo

pri Uradu za varstvo konkurence Republike Slovenije. Umaknil je tudi tožbo pred mednarodno arbitražo zoper Republiko Slovenijo. "Stranki sta se dodatno dogovorili, da bosta v prihodnje uredili medsebojna poslovna razmerja na komercialnem področju," so še sporočili iz Laškega.

Prešernovi nagrajenci za leto 2005

Poleg Prešernovih nagajencev flavtistke Irene Grafenauer in slikarja ter grafika Bogdana Borčiča so nagrade Prešernovega sklada prejeli: arhitekta Matija Bevk in Vasa Perovič za arhitekturni opus 2002-2004, plesalec in koreograf Edward Clug, altistka Mirjam Kalin, skladatelj Milko Lazar, igralka Nataša Matjašec in pesnik Milan Vince-tič. Nagrajence je pred proslavo v Cankarjevem domu pozdravil ves državni vrh. V svojem nagovoru je Irena Grafenauer ob obžalovanju dokaj nizkega spoštovanja umetnikov v Sloveniji rekla tudi: "Umetnost sem doživela kot božje darilo, vero in ljubezen hkrati," in dodala: "V bodoče bi morali biti bolj odprti do posebej nadarjenih in zanje poskušali drugače skrbeti in jih ne zatreti. Seveda mislim na tiste, ki so od Boga poslani, in ne tistih, ki se skrivajo in izkoriščajo politično ali kakšno drugo zaledje in zavetje."

Dvemilijonti Renault iz Novega mesta

Pretekli teden je s tekočega traka odpe-ljal dvemilijonti Renault, odkar je 1. 1972 novomeški IMV podpisal sporazum o sodelovanju s francoskim Renaultom. Lani so v IMV izdelali 132.000 modelov "Clio".

Iz Clevelanda in okolice

Kosilo Slovenske šole—

Svetovidske pač, ki bo to nedeljo v šolskem avditoriju od 11. do 1. pop. Kosilo lahko vzamete tudi domov. Dar za juho, svinjsko pečenko ali piščanec je \$12 za odrasle in \$6 za otroke. Kosilo sponzorirata KSKJ društvu št. 226 in št. 172. Nakaznice boste lahko dobili pri vhodu. Šola bo imela tudi tkim. "Chinese" žrebanje.

Upokojenci Slov. pristave—

Klub upokojence Sloven-ske pristave bo imelo svoj redni mesečni sestanek v sredo, 21. febr., ob 1.30 popoldne v Slovenskem domu na Holmes Ave. Člani kluba lepo vabljeni.

Maša za dr. Meršola—

To nedeljo dopoldne ob 10. uri bo v cerkvi Marije Vnebovzete sv. maša za dr. Valentina Meršola. Tabor DSPB vabi vso slovensko javnost, da se te maše ude-leži.

Pomoč misijonarjem—

Misijonska Znamkarska Akcija (MZA) v Clevelandu prireja dobrodelno kosilo v podporo slovenskim misijonarjem po svetu in to v nedeljo, 27. februarja, pri Mariji Vnebovzeti v novi dvorani. Servirali bodo pečene piščance in govejo pečenko. Dar je \$20 za odrasle in \$5 za otroke. Nakaznice imajo člani(-ce), dobili jih boste tudi pri vhodu.

Novi odbor—

Preteklo nedeljo je imela Slovenska Čitalnica letno sejo, sicer v svoji sobi v SND na St. Clairju. Ob koncu je bil izvoljen odbor za še eno leto za ustanovo, ki se sedaj naglo približuje svoji stoletnici. Novi predsednik je Joseph Valenčič, podpredsednik je ur. AD, knjižničar, tajnik in blagajnik ostane Franc Kovačič, pomagal mu bo Jože Delčič, nadzorni odbor pa sestavljata Frank Lovšin in Lawrence Hočvar.

Letna seja SND—

Ta je bila že 6. februarja, nanj so bila podana poročila o poslovanju tega največjega slovenskega doma v ZDA, ki je odprl vrata že leta 1924 in je tako v svojem devetem desetletju. Finančno poslovanje lani je bilo dokaj uspešno, za letos pa ima direktorij načrt za temeljito obnovo in ureditev parkirišča. S tem v zvezi bo spomladi večja prireditve, o njej več pozneje.

Spominski darovi—

Nevia Avžlahar, Wickliffe, O., je darovala \$20 v podporo našemu listu, v spomin moža Draga. Mollie E. Jurecic, Lyndhurst, O., je poklonila \$15, v spomin moža Louisa in hčerke Terese. Mary Kette, Bessemer, Pa., je darovala \$10, v spomin Franka in Paule Vrečar. Mary Koren, Willoughby, O., je darovala \$15, v spomin moža Josepha. Arnold E. Pristernik, Rockway, NJ, je daroval \$40, v spomin žene Elene. Anna Kurboš, Euclid, je darovala \$15, v spomin Frances Stanonik. Helena Gorše je darovala \$15, v spomin brata Antona Nemec. Hvala vsem!

Novi grobovi

Alexander Bonutti

Dne 5. februarja je za rakom mirno na svojem domu v Piedmontu, Kalif., umrl 53 let stari Alexander Bonutti, rojen 25. junija 1951 v Clevelandu, zanj žalujejo žena Mary Joan, pastorka Alexandra in pastorek Nicholas, oče dr. Karl in mati Hermina Bonutti, bratje Henrik, Peter in Boris ter sestre Magda in Miriam, arhitekt po poklicu. Pogreb je bil 8. februarja s sv. mašo v cerkvi Corpus Christi v Piedmontu, Kalif., s pokopom na tamkajšnjem pokopališču Mountain View. (Več v angleškem in slovenskem delu.)

Jennie H. Kobal

Dne 12. februarja je umrla 89 let stara Jennie H. Kobal, rojena Lubelshek 5. septembra 1915 v Thomasu, W.Va., vdova po l. 1997 umrlem možu Stanleyju, mati Normana, Aleksandre Kobal-Habat in že pok. Stanleyja, 5-krat stara mati, 10-krat prastara mati, sestra že pok. Mollie Tercek, članica SNPJ. Pogreb bo v soboto, v oskrbi Želetovega zavoda, s sv. mašo dop. ob 10h v cerkvi Marije Vnebovzete. Kropljenje bo jutri, v petek, od 3. do 8. zv.

Paula J. Mencinger

Dne 14. februarja je umrla Paula J. Mencinger, tega Steve-a Bealko, prate-ta in praprata. Pogreb bo jutri, v petek, v oskrbi Želetovega zavoda s sv. mašo dop. ob 10h v cerkvi sv. Roberta in pokopom na Kalvarije pokopališču. Kropljenje bo danes pop. od 2. do 4. in zv. od 6. do 8.



Drnovšek in Janša ob začetku leta sprejela tuje diplomate

2. februarja sta predsednik republike Janez Drnovšek in premier Janez Janša na Brdu pri Kranju pripravila tradicionalni sprejem za tuji diplomatski zbor. Kot je poudaril Drnovšek, je bilo leto 2004 za Slovenijo uspešno in prelomno, saj je Slovenija z vstopom v Evropsko unijo in NATO uresničila svoja prednostna zunanje-politična cilja. Janša pa je poudaril, da je Slovenija s članstvom v EU in NATU okrepila svoj politični, gospodarski in varnostni položaj na svetu, hkrati pa se je povečala tudi njena odgovornost za razmere v regiji in širši mednarodni skupnosti. Na fotografiji: Janez Drnovšek (desno) v pogovoru z apostolskim nuncijem v Sloveniji Santosom Abrilom y Castellijem, Janez Janša pa z veleposlanikom Evropske unije v Sloveniji Erwanom Fouéréjem.

Poslanica papeža Janeza Pavla II.
za postni čas 2005 ...

Kajti v tem je tvoje življenje in dolgost tvojih dni..." (5 Mz 30, 20)

Drage sestre in bratje!

1. – Postni čas se nam vsako leto ponuja kot posebna priložnost za poglobitev molitve in za opravljanje spokornih del, oboje pa odpira naša srca za ponižno sprejemanje Božje volje.

Postni čas je duhovna pot priprave na praznik smrti iz vstajenja Jezusa Kristusa, ki se udejanja s poglobljenim branjem Božje besede in z velikodušnimi deli ljubezni do bližnjih.

Dragi bratje in sestre, v tem letu bi rad opozoril na bolj kot kdaj koli prej aktualno temo, o kateri govori tudi 5. Mojzesova knjiga: "... Kajti v tem je tvoje življenje in dolgost tvojih dni ..." (5 Mz 30, 20). S temi besedami Mojzes nagovarja svoje ljudstvo, ko ga v moabski deželi vabi v zavezo z Gospodom: "... da boš živel ti in tvoj zarod, tako da ljubiš Gospoda, svojega Boga, poslušaj njegov glas in se ga držiš (5 Mz 30, 19-20). Zvestoba zavezi z Bogom Izraelcem zagotavlja njihovo prihodnost: "... Kajti v tem je tvoje življenje in dolgost tvojih dni, ki jih smeš preživeti v deželi, za katero je Gospod prisegel tvojim očetom, Abrahamu, Izaku in Jakobu, da jim jo bo dal" (5 Mz 30, 20). V bibličnem smislu je starost znamenje milostne Božje naklonjenosti človeku, dolgo življenje pa poseben Božji dar.

Vabim vas, da v letošnjem postu razmišljate o tej temi z namenom, da bi poglobili zavest o vlogi ostarelih ljudi v družbi in v Cerkvi ter jih ljubeče sprejeli. Razvoj znanosti in medicine je v zadnjem času pripomogel k podaljšanju človeškega življenja, posledično pa tudi k porastu števila starejših ljudi, zato je naša naloga, da smo posebej pozorni na t. i. "tretje življenjsko obdobje", da bodo starostniki deležni potrebne pomoči in se bodo lahko polno vključili v družbo. Naloga vseh vernih, še posebej pa cerkvenih skupnosti na Zahodu, kjer je omenjeni problem precej pereč, je skrb za stare ljudi v njihovih različnih težavah in potrebah.

2. – Človeško življenje je dragocen dar, ki ga moramo spoštovati in braniti v celotnem razvojnem loku. Peta Božja zapoved: "Ne ubijaj!" zahteva spoštovanje in ohranjanje človeškega življenja od spočetja do njegovega naravnega konca. Zapoved velja tudi takrat, ko se pojavijo bolezni in ko telesna onemoglost močno ovira človekovo samostojnost. Za tistega, ki zmore spoorno sprejeti svojo starost z vsemi neizogibnimi tegobami v luči vere, je dani trenutek življenja dragocena priložnost za globlje spoznanje in razumevanje skrivnosti križa, ki daje človeški eksistenci dokončen smisel.

Ostareli ljudje potrebujejo razumevanje in pomoč, zato bi na tem mestu rad izrazil svoje spoštovanje vsem, ki se že odzivajo in posvečajo tovrstnim potrebam, rad pa bi spodbudil in opogumil tudi druge ljudi dobre volje, naj v prihajajočem postnem času po svojih močeh kaj storijo na tem področju. Tako mnogi starejši ljudje ne bodo več čutili, da so v breme tako skupnosti kot tudi svoji družini. Osamljenost namreč vodi v izolacijo in v malodušje.

(dalje na str. 12)

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75 let kardinala Alojzija Ambrožiča

Trda, a uspešna življenjska pot enega najbolj
znanih Slovencev v svetu

Torontski nadškof kardinal dr. Alojzij Ambrožič je v zadnjem času postal član sveta kardinalov za preučevanje organizacijskih in ekonomskih zadev Svetega sedeža, pri kanadski vladi pa se je zavzel za večje spoštovanje in priznanje zakonske zveze med mošcem in ženo.

Kardinal Ambrožič, drugi kardinal v zgodovini Cerkve na Slovenskem – prvi je bil nekdanji goriški nadškof Jakob Missia (1838-1902) – se je rodil 27. januarja 1930 kot drugi od sedmih otrok Lojzetu in Heleni Ambrožič, rojeni Pečar, v vasi Gabrje v župniji Dobrova pri Ljubljani.

Osnovno šolo je obiskoval na Dobrovi, gimnazijo pa dokončal v begunskem taborišču v Spittal ob Dravi. Družina se je ob koncu druge svetovne vojne maja 1945 pred maščevalno roko revolucionarjev umaknila na Koroško, kjer je z drugimi slovenskimi begunci delila grenko usodo bivanja v taboriščih Vetrinj, Peggez in Spittal ob Dravi.

Septembra 1948 so se izselili v Kanado in si ustvarili novi dom v bližini Toronta. Kmalu zatem je Lojze Ambrožič vstopil v bogoslovno semenišče sv. Avgušтина v Torontu, kjer ga je 4. junija 1955 kardinal McGuigan posvetil v duhovnika.

Po posvečenju je bil najprej kaplan v župniji sv. Terezije v Port Colbornu v Ontariu, nato pa je poučeval latinščino v bogoslovnem semenišču sv. Avgušтина v Torontu. V letih od 1957 do 1960 je študiral v Rimu, kjer je na Angelicum dosegel licenciat iz teologije, na Papeškem bibličnem inštitutu pa še licenciat iz svetega pisma.

Po vrnitvi v Toronto je med letoma 1960 in 1967 poučeval sveto pismo v bogoslovnem semenišču sv. Avgušтина. Leta 1967 je odšel na nadaljnje študije v Nemčijo, ki jih je leta 1970 kronal z doktoratom iz teologije na univerzi v Würzburgu.

V letih od 1970 do 1976 je v Torontu na teološki fakulteti predaval



eksegezo Nove zaveze, opravljal pa še druge odgovorne službe.

Dne 26. marca 1976 je bil imenovan za torontskega pomožnega škofa v Valabrij, škofovsko posvečenje je prejel 27. maja istega leta. V torontski nadškofiji je prevzel pastoralno odgovornost za njen osrednji del in številne narodne skupnosti.

V šolskem letu 1984/85 je opravil pastoralne vizitacije na vseh trinštiridesetih katoliških srednjih šolah v nadškofiji, da bi utrdil in podprl verske vzgojne programe. Bil je član krščanske komisije za vzgojo pri kanadski škofovski konferenci, sodeloval je tudi pri reviziji kanadskega katekizma.

Kanado je kot eden izmed štirih škofov zastopal leta 1990 na sinodi o oblikovanju duhovnikov.

Papež Janez Pavel II. ga je 22. maja 1986 imenoval za nadškofa pomočnika s pravico nasledstva v Torontu, za torontskega nadškofa in metropolita pa 17. marca 1990. Postal je član

teološke in pastoralne komisije ter predsednik komisije za migrante pri kanadski škofovski konferenci.

Papež Janez Pavel II. ga je imenoval za člana papeškega sveta za pastoralno oskrbo migrantov in popotnikov, kongregacije za duhovnike, papeškega sveta za kulturo in kongregacije za bogoslužje in disciplino sakramentov ter kongregacije za vzhodne Cerkve. Leta 1994 je sodeloval na sinodi o posvečenem življenju.

V kardinalski zbor ga je sedanji papež imenoval 18. januarja 1998, znamenja kardinalske časti pa je prejel 21. februarja istega leta.

Dne 16. decembra lani ga je papež Janez Pavel II. imenoval za člana sveta kardinalov za preučevanje organizacijskih in ekonomskih zadev Svetega sedeža. Pred dnevi pa je zbudil pozornost v kanadski javnosti, ko je poslal pismo predsedniku kanadske vlade Paulu Martinu. Svetoval mu je, naj nikar ne "hiti" s priznanjem istospolnih zakonskih zvez, marveč naj se raje zavzame za zakonsko zvezo med mošcem in ženo ter podpre družine.

Kardinal Ambrožič je veliko študiral in tudibral. Od pisateljev so mu posebej ljubi dramatik Shakespeare in ruski mojstri besede. Govori celo vrsto jezikov. Dokler je utegnil, je rad vodil duhovne vaje za duhovnike. Nekoč je celo urejal Celovski zvon. Vedno je bil ponosen na svoje korenine. To je pokazal tudi

(DALJE na str. 11)

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Dr. DUŠAN PETRAČ, strokovnjak pri Jet Propulsion Laboratory v Pasadeni, Kalifornija, o svojem slovenstvu...

Tudi veselje ima tisoč obrazov

I. del

Koliko je po 40 letih življenja v ZDA v vas Američana?

Naj odgovorim z anekdoto. Pred kratkim me je sošolka iz gimnazije obtožila, da sem trapast, ker kar naprej letam v "tisto svojo ubogo Slovenijo". Zase je zatrjevala, da postaja vedno bolj popolna Američanka.

Ni me mogla razumeti, ko sem ji rekel, da zame velja prav nasprotno, da postajam dlje ko sem od doma, vedno večji Slovenec in da me vse bolj muči domotožje. Moral sem jo prepričevati, da se počutim bolj doma v Sloveniji kot v Ameriki.

Američan sem v drugem smislu. Gre za to, da se pač moraš prilagoditi normam dežele, v kateri živiš, in ne moreš vedno zavestno vztrajati pri drugačnih navadah, kot jih imajo ljudje v novem okolju.

Torontski kard. Alojzij Ambrožič 75-letnik

(NADALJEVANJE s str. 10)

di na zadnjem svetovnem srečanju mladih v Torontu, ko jih je nagovoril v slovenščini.

Objavil je vrsto strokovnih del, v glavnem s področja svetopisemske znanosti. V slovenščini sta izšli knjigi Oče, posvečeno bodi tvoje ime (Tinje, 1980) in Oče, zgodi se tvoja volja (Ljubljana, 1996). Pri Družini bo letošnja njegova knjiga premišljevanj.

Ljubezen do matične domovine je kardinal Ambrožič izpričal tudi z več obiski v Sloveniji. Prvič po letu 1948 se je v Sloveniji mudil leta 1960, ko so bile njene meje še zelo zaprte za slovenske izseljence. Nazadnje je bil pri nas na začetku decembra lani, ko se je 5. decembra v ljubljanski stolnici udeležil slovesne umestitve ljubljanskega nadškofa in metropolita mons. Alojza Urana.

Brez podpisa

DRUŽINA, 4. febr. 2005

Doktor fizikalnih znanosti DUŠAN PETRAČ je eden najuglednejših svetovnih strokovnjakov na področju fizike nizkih temperatur, še posebej utekočinjenega helija. Po rodu iz Kroke je gimnazijo končal v Kranju, diplomiral iz fizike na ljubljanski univerzi, potem pa ga je pot zanesla v svet. V Združenih državah Amerike je v Los Angelesu v Kaliforniji magistriral in doktoriral iz fizikalnih znanosti ter se sredi sedemdesetih let prejšnjega stoletja vključil v Nasine (tj. NASA, op. ur. AD) raziskovalne projekte v laboratoriju za vesoljske tehnologije (Jet Propulsion Laboratory) v Pasadeni.

Leta 1990 je prejel prestižno Mendelssohnovo nagrado, sicer pa se po upokojitvi vse pogosteje vrača v Slovenijo. Z matičnimi raziskovalci vzdržuje strokovne stike, z vseljem pa se odziva tudi na manj formalna vabila, tako na predavanja kot na izlete doma in v zamejstvu. (Ur. AD: Slučaj je nanesel, mislim v poznih 80-ih ali zgodnjih 90-ih letih, da sem na poletu čez Atlantik sedel na letalu poleg dr. Petrača, ki je potoval z ženo in dvema hčerkama. Nanj sem postal pozoren, ko je nekaj govoril z ženo po slovensko, nato sva se predstavila, o njegovem visokem znanstvenem statusu sem pa zvedel šele nekaj let pozneje.)

Lahko rečem, da je v meni le malo Američana v smislu mojega intimnega čutenja in osebnosti. Če pa bi zase že rekel, da sem Američan, bi dodal, da sem Američan, ki vidi preveč slabosti v družbi.

Kaj hitro ti ob tem lahko kdo reče: če ti tu ni všeč, se vrni tja, od koder si prišel. Pri tem naj dodam, da tudi v ZDA ni vedno primerno obešati na veliki zvon svojega izvora in rojstnega kraja. Ti drugi že brez tega dajo vedeti, da nisi "čisti" Američan.

V čem pa se kot Slovenec na tujem najbolj prepoznate?

Kot poje pesem Slovenec sem, se tega ne da izbrisati. Morda je tako zato, ker Slovenije nisem zapustil kot mladenič, ampak kot že odrasel človek s tudi že doma

zagotovljeno eksistenco. Morda je zato v meni ostalo več slovenskosti.

Nasprotno pa je moja žena odšla od doma mlajša in je tako rekoč dve tretjini življenja preživela v ZDA, vsekakor večino svojega odraslega življenja. Delež slovenstva je torej odvisen od obdobja, v katerem človek zapusti svoje matično okolje.

So torej vaši otroci že bolj oddaljeni od Slovenije kot vi sami? In v kolikšni meri ste uspeli svoje slovenstvo prenesti na otroke?

Obe danes že odrasli hčerki sta članici Slovenske narodne podporne jednote (SNPJ); v mlajših letih sta tudi peli v slovenskem zboru, seveda pa je z leti tega manj. Še vedno pa vsi člani naše družine tako ali drugače sodelujemo pri društvenih prireditvah.

Sicer pa se hčerka, ki je rojena v ZDA, počuti bolj Slovenko kot njena starejša sestra, ki je bila rojena v Sloveniji. Morda tudi zato, ker je mlajša študirala medicino v Ljubljani. Nikoili je sicer nisem posebej spraševal, kako se je počutila v Sloveniji med svojim študijem, nekoč pa mi je vendarle zaupala, da ji je bilo nekoliko tuje.

Kakor koli, obe hčerki govorita slovensko, ena

(dalje na str. 12)



Alexander Bonutti (1951-2005)

CLEVELAND, O. – Alexander C. Bonutti se je rodil 25. junija 1951 – torej natanko 40 let pred slovensko osamosvojitvijo – kot prvi od šestih otrok priseljence Karla in Hermine Bonutti. Njegovi bratje in sestre so Henrik, Peter, Boris, Magda in Miriam in imajo vsi z Alexandrom vred visokošolsko izobrazbo.

Po osnovni šoli je bil Alexander kot štipendist sprejet na akademsko in drugače visoko priznani Gilmore Academy v Gates Millsu, kjer je končal srednjošolski program leta 1969. Univerzitetno izobrazbo v arhitekturi je pridobil na Illinois Institute of Technology v Chicagu 1974. leta, nato si je pridobil magistrij v arhitekturi in urbanističnem planiranju leta 1978 na Columbia University v New Yorku.

Po krajši zaposlitvi kot arhitekt v Clevelandu pri Dalton Dalton Newport, je sprejel službo "studio director" pri Kaplan/McLaughlin/Diaz v San Franciscu, nato kot podpredsednik pri Hellmuth Obata + Kassabaum, tudi v San Franciscu. Končno je postal eden treh partnerjev pri podjetju Anshen+Allen Architects v San Franciscu. Specializiral se je v projektiranju in gradnji bolnišnic in zdravstvenih centrov v San Franciscu ter žirom ZDA, tudi v Aziji (Japonska) in Afriki.

Vsa leta je bil aktiven v vseamerškem združenju arhitektov (American Institute of Architects), kjer je vršil razne funkcije, od tajnika do predsednika leta 2000 članske skupnosti arhitektov v San Franciscu.

O številnih projektih, ki jih je vodil, so poročale najuglednejše revije, kot npr. Architectural Review, Progressive Architecture, Architectural Record, Architecture d'aujourd'hui itd.

S svojimi članki je prispeval strokovni literaturi, knjig in revij.

Za svoje delo je prejel lepo število odlikovanj in nagrad ter vpis v razne "Who's Who" knjige, med katerimi so Who's Who among America's Emerging Leaders, Who's Who in America, Who's Who in the World.

V San Franciscu je med drugim vneto podpiral San Francisco Symphony in Architectural Foundation. V območju dnevnika San Francisco Chronicle je bilo priporočeno, naj gredo spominski darovi v Port of Oakland Employees Scholarship Fund.

Bil je ponosen na svoje slovensko poreklo, kar ga je spodbudilo, da dobi slovensko državljanstvo. Večkrat je obiskal Slovenijo in njegove starše in druge sorodnike. Skupaj z ožjo družino je bil v Vatikanu ob izročitvi diplomatskih poverilnic papežu Janezu Pavlu II. njegovega očeta, prav tako pri poslovnem obisku očeta pri papežu ob koncu mandata kot veleposlanika Slovenije k Sv. sedežu. Takrat je mogel Alexander papežu predstaviti tudi svojo zaročenko.

Tudi veselje ima tisoč obrazov

(NADALJEVANJE s str. 11)

sicer bolje kot druga, vnukinja pa zdaj, ko je zrasla, že ugotavlja, da ji znanje slovenščine lahko koristi.

Pravite, da ste bili dejavni v SNPJ, kar je med izobraženci bolj izjema kot pravilo. Kaj vas je najbolj privabilo v društveno življenje?

Mislim, da gre v odnosu do društev za neke vrste snobizem, češ, le zakaj bi se ukvarjali s temi navadnimi ljudmi! Sam pa gledam na delo društev in prizadevnost njihovih članov pozitivno, saj delujejo v prid celotni skupnosti. Seveda ne sodelujem pri vsakem srečanju, ampak občasno, ko pač lahko.

Dobro se spominjam, denimo, premiernega predvajanja filma o Leonu Štuklju ob njegovi 96. letnici. Z veseljem smo se odzvali vabilu društva, videli film in se srečali s Štukljem. Pozneje pa sem z začudenjem odkril, da v Sloveniji mnogi tega filma sploh ne poznajo ali ga poznajo le delno, medtem ko smo mu na drugi strani velike luže posvetili cel večer in veliko pozornosti.

Včasih je težko sodelovati na društvenih prireditvah tudi zato, ker v ZDA živimo precej razpršeni. Verjetno je veliko lažje Slovencem v, recimo, Toronto, kjer živijo strnjeno; v ZDA pa smo razkropljeni in se težko organiziramo.



V svet po znanje

Slovenijo ste zapustili leta 1963 kot diplomirani fizik. Kaj ste iskali v ZDA?

V tistem času so le redki odšli v ZDA. Tja so odhajali kvečjemu profesorji ali Fulbrightovi študenti, pa politiki, ki so nas uradno zastopali v ZDA, in redki drugi.

Meni se je ponudila priložnost, ko me je ameriški profesor Marvin May vprašal, ali bi nadaljeval študij v ZDA. Po pravici sem mu odgovoril, da o tem nisem razmišljal. Potem pa mi je on sam pomagal, da sem odšel v ZDA in vpisal podiplomski študij fizike. Takrat je bilo pač tako.

Sem sam v tistem času že poučeval na gimnaziji, imel sem strokovni izpit, bil sem torej pre-skrbljen in bi lahko tako mirno nadaljeval svoje življenje doma, pa sem se odločil za drugo smer.

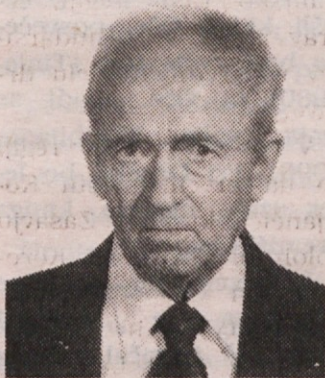
Kljub temu ni bilo lahko zapustiti domovine; ni lahko pustiti za seboj vsega, kar ti je ljubo. Pri tem me je podprla moja soproga Irena, ki mi je bila vedno v veliko pomoč.

V ZDA vas je čakal povsem nov svet. Ste

(DALJE na str. 14)

V BLAG SPOMIN

ob dvanajsti obletnici smrti dragega moža, očeta, starega očeta in strica



PAVEL ŽAKELJ

Umrli je 17. februarja 1993

V miru božjem Ti počivaj, dragi, nepozabni nam, v nebesih rajsko srečo uživaj v ljubezni božji vekomaj.

Žalujoči:

Marija - žena
Otroci - Ani Zitko, Pavle, Stanko, Tone, Janko in Vinko z družinami
ter ostalo sorodstvo

Papeževa postna poslanica

(NADALJEVANJE S STR. 10)

Potrebno je, da se v javnem mnenju utrdi zavest, da so stari ljudje dragocen zaklad, zato si moramo prizadevati za izboljšave na področju finančnih pomoči in zakonov, ki te starostne skupine na noben način ne izključujejo iz družbenega življenja. Dejansko se je družba v zadnjih desetletjih z veliko pozornostjo posvečala različnim potrebam starostnikov, pa tudi medicina je razvila mnoge paliativne terapije, ki so se izkazale kot koristne tudi za kronične bolnike.

3. - Tretje življenjsko obdobje ponuja starostnikom več prostega časa, ki ga lahko izkoristijo kot priložnost za refleksijo o temeljnih življenjskih vprašanjih, za katera prej zaradi drugih nujnih in neodločljivih obveznosti in interesov ni bilo časa. Zavedanje, da se približuje dovršitev njihovega življenja, starostnike spodbuja, da se umerijo k bistvenemu in trajnemu, k temu, kar se je kljub vsemu skozi minevanje let ohranilo. Prav zaradi položaja, v katerem se ostareli ljudje nahajajo, jim pripada posebna vloga v družbi: če drži, da človek živi iz dediščine prednikov in da je njegova prihodnost odvisna od načina, kako je bil vzgojen v kulturnih vrednotah družbe, ki ji pripada, potem lahko modrost in izkušnost starih ljudi pripomoreta svoj delež k vedno bolj popolni civilizaciji.

Kako pomembno je odkritje, da se različne generacije medsebojno lahko bogatijo! Tudi letošnji postni čas nas z jasnim klicem k spreobrnjenju in k solidarnosti spodbuja k razmisleku o pomembnih temah za nas vse. Kaj bi se zgodilo, če bi se Božje ljudstvo prepustilo posvetnemu razmišljanju, da so naši ostareli bratje in sestre za nas nekoristni, ker jih starost in bolezen močno ovirata v sposobnosti za samostojno življenje? Kako drugačna pa je skupnost, ki - začeni v družini - goji držo odprtosti in sprejemanja starostnikov!

4. - Drage sestre in bratje, v tem postnem času s pomočjo Božje besede preiščljajmo, kako pomembno je, da vsaka skupnost z ljubečim razumevanjem stoji ob strani vsem, ki se starajo. Poleg tega je treba z zaupanjem slediti skrivnosti smrti, da se bo naše dokončno srečanje z Gospodom zgodilo v notranjem miru in v zavesti, da nas vse On, "ki nas je stkal v materinem telesu" (prim. Ps 139, 13b) in ki nas želi "po svoji podobi" (prim. 1 Mz 1, 26), sprejema.

Marija, naša spremljevalka na poti v postnem času, vodi vse verujoče, še posebej pa stare ljudi, k vedno globljemu spoznanju križanega in vstalega Kristusa, ki je dokončal temelj našega bivanja. Ti, zvesta služabnica svojega Božjega Sina, bodi nam skupaj s svetima Joahimom in Ano priprošnjica "zdaj in bo naši smrtni uri".

Vsem podeljujem svoj apostolski blagoslov!

Papež Janez Pavel II.

Prevedla: Barbara Baloh

Vzeto iz Novega glasu, Trst, 10. febr. 2005

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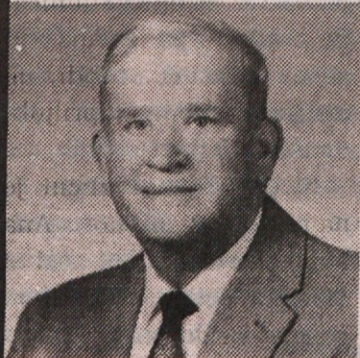
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V BLAG SPOMIN

Ob štirideseti obletnici
smrti očeta



JANEZ ZAKRAJŠEK
umrl 7. januarja 1965

Ob deseti obletnici
smrti matere



MIHAELA ZAKRAJŠEK
umrla 27. februarja 1995

V miru božjem zdaj počivata
draga nepozabna nam.
V nebesih rajsko srečo uživata
do snidenja na vekomaj.

Žalujoči:

Ivan - sin
Doroteja Babič - hčerka (Slovenija)
z družinama
ter ostalo sorodstvo

Kirtland, Ohio, 17. februarja 2005.

NAJVEČ JE MARIJ IN NOVAKOV

Dvojni priimki najpogostejši med poročenimi ženskami, starimi od 29 do 39 let -- Čedalje več je novorojenčkov, ki se pišejo po očetu in materi

Ljubljana – Če ste Marija Novak, Marija Horvat ali Franc Novak, se vam utegne pogosteje zgoditi, da vas bodo s kom zamenjali, kakor če bi v vaših dokumentih pisalo drugo ime in priimek. Kar 475 Marij Novak, 473 Marij Horvat in 282 Jožefov Horvatov živi v Sloveniji.

Čeprav se danes veliko več selimo, kot so se naši predniki, so mnogi priimki še vedno značilni za posamezne regije, ugotavlja Tina Žnidaršič iz Statističnega urada RS. Kako so ti in tudi imena razporejeni, se lahko vsak prepriča na njihovi spletni strani.

V centralnem registru prebivalstva piše, da nosijo prebivalci Slovenije 38.111 različnih osebnih imen in še enkrat več priimkov (81.235). Število obojih se je v zadnjih osmih letih precej povečalo – med imeni je 2520 novih, med priimki pa kar 11.456.

Medtem ko na raznovrstnost imen precej vpliva moda in pogosto tudi domišljija staršev, namerologija in navdušenje nad nenavadnim, si priimkov ljudje načeloma ne izmišljujejo. Več jih je predvsem zaradi sestavljenih iz dveh imen.

Dobra polovica priimkov je unikatnih, kar pomeni, da jih nosi samo en človek, precejšen del med njimi je dvojnih. Ti povečini pripadajo poročenim ženskam. Svojemu

dekliškemu je dodalo moževo družinsko ime največ gospa, starih med 29 in 39 let, večina moških z dvojnimi priimki pa še ni praznovala petega rojstnega dne.

Na splošno je v zadnjih letih vse več novorojenčkov, ki se pišejo po očetu in po mami (4,2 odstotka vseh, ki so na svet privekali leta 2003, leta 1991 pa komaj stotina, kar se najbrž ujema s podatkom, da se je leta 2003 več kot 42 odstotkov dojenčkov rodilo neporočenim staršem.

Novakovi še naprej prvi

Samo Novakov (11.450) in Horvatov (10.258) je v državi več kot 10 tisoč, dobrih pet tisoč je Kranjcev, Kovačičev in Zupančičev, med štiri in pet tisoč je Kovačev, Potočnikov, Mlakarjev in Vidmarjev.

Priimek po svoje kaže na to, od kod izhaja posameznik. "Vendar je zaradi selitev današnja regijska razporeditev priimkov precej drugačna, kot je bila nekoč, in je najbolj pisana v osrednji Sloveniji," je opozorila Tina Žnidaršič iz Oddelka za demografsko statistiko Statističnega urada RS.

Novakov je, denimo, najpogostejši priimek v osrednjeslovenski in savinjski regiji, Horvatov pa je daleč največ na severozahodu države, posebej v Pomurju, kjer živi kar polovica vseh. V

Slovenski priimki

Pri nas v Sloveniji so priimki nastajali iz osebnih imen (Stojan, Aleš, Adam), vzdevkov, izvirajočih iz telesnih značilnosti (Grbec, Bobek) ali značajskih lastnosti oziroma razvad (Divjak), vplivale so družinske vezi (Udovič), na nekatere tudi živalska imena (Zajc, Medved, Vovk, Jež).

Lončarje, Sluge, Kovače, Novake (tisti, ki izsekavajo gozd in pridobivajo novo zemljo) je označil poklic, ki so ga opravljali.

Ali se je po žilah prednikov današnjih Carjev, Cesarjev, Kraljev, Škofov in Knezov res pretakala modra kri, bi tudi utegnili koga zanimati.

Priimki so se oblikovali med drugim po zemljepisnem ključu (Hrovatin, Čič, Furlan, Javornik) in bržčas še na vrsto različnih načinov.

B. H.

Podravju prevladujejo Kranjci, v spodnjeposavski statistični regiji Božiči, na jugovzhodu Zupančiči.

Na Gorenjskem je največ je Zupanov, ki jih, na primer, v Pomurju skoraj ne najdemo. Žnidaršič je najpogostejši priimek v notranjsko-kraški regiji, čeprav je največ Žnidaršičev v osrednjem delu države.

V obalno-kraški regiji so na prvem mestu Kocijančiči, ki jih v Zasavju sploh ni. Tam, na Koroškem in v spodnjeposavski regiji tudi ni nikogar, ki bi se pisal Leban, ki pa je najbolj razširjen priimek na Goriškem. Najpogostejši v Zasavju je Drnovšek.

Klare in Tiani namesto Nataš in Petrov

Od več kot 20 tisoč ženskih imen, kolikor jih je po podatkih centralnega registra prebivalstva v Sloveniji, je še vedno najbolj razširjeno Marija,



Dušan Lajovic 80-letnik

Ljubljana – Dne 26. januarja je častljiv jubilej – 80. rojstni dan – praznoval Dušan Lajovic, čigar življenjska pot je bila posebno v mladih letih s trnjem posuta. Ljubljčan po rodu je osnovno šolo končal v Ljubljani in šolanje nadaljeval na gimnaziji v Ljubljani ni na Braču, nato pa se je posvetil študiju mehanskega inženirstva na Univerzi v Padovi.

Leto 1950 je skupaj z ženo Sašo odpotoval v Avstralijo in se ustalil v Sydneyju, kjer je kmalu začel delovati v korist slovenske skupnosti. Leta 1952 je tako organiziral prvo srečanje slovenske skupnosti v Sydneyju. Leta 1954 je v Avstraliji patentiral svoj prvi izum – šivalni stroj na hidravlični pogon. To mu je prineslo dovolj kapitala, da je lahko odprl svojo tovarno za izdelavo tub. Leta 1964 je odprl tovarno na Filipinih, leta 1967 v Venezueli, leta 1970 v Indoneziji, leta 1972 v Melbournu in dve tovarni v Novi Zelandiji. V letu 1968 so mu podelili ugledno nagrado – izvozni certifikat, ki ga podeljuje avstralski inštitut Export Institute of Sales and Marketing Executive za izjemne dosežke na področju izvoza.

Leta 1995 je Lajovic proizvodnjo razširil tudi v Evropo. V obdobju osamosvajanja Slovenije je vplival na različne gospodarstvenike in politične predstavnike v Avstraliji in na Novi Zelandiji, da so se zavzeli za priznanje Slovenije. V začetkih njene demokratizacije je s finančnimi sredstvi in moralno podporo izjemno veliko pripomogel k mednarodni uveljavitvi in priznanju slovenske države.

Leta 1992 je bil imenovan za častnega konzula, šest let kasneje pa za častnega generalnega konzula RS na Novi Zelandiji. Kot častni konzul se je zavzemal za navezavo tesnejših gospodarskih in političnih stikov te države s Slovenijo.

Dušan Lajovic, pomemben solastnik družbe Nova Obzorja, ki izdaja naš tednik (*to je Demokracija*, v Sloveniji, op. ur. AD), je tudi član številnih poslovnih klubov in soustanovitelj inštitutov, vsem pa je skupno delovanje v korist Slovenije. V letu 2003 je slovensko javnost razburkal z objavo spletnega portala www.ud-ba.net in s knjigo Med svobodo in rdečo zvezdo. K zavidljivemu 80. rojstnemu dnevu so mu kot svojemu podpredsedniku čestitali tudi člani Svetovnega slovenskega kongresa. Čestitkam se pridružujemo vsi člani uredništva *Demokracije*.

V. K.

Demokracija, 27. jan. 2005

Kako smo sploh prišli do priimkov?

V enajstem stoletju so veljaki Beneške republike sklenili, da postane človekovo dodatno ime dedno. Tako so se odločili iz enega samega razloga – zaradi davkov. Priimke so najprej dobili višji sloji, pozneje meščani, najpozneje kmeti.

V trinajstem stoletju se je po besedah Tine Žnidaršič ta navada razširila še v Trst in zaledje, čez kakih dvesto let tudi v osrednjo Slovenijo. "Pri nas smo priimke dobili razmeroma zgodaj, če se primerjamo z Rusijo in Skandinavijo, kjer so jih uvedli konec 18. in v 19. stoletju, v Turčiji jih imajo od leta 1936.

Edina država brez priimkov je danes Islandija – njenih 287 tisoč prebivalcev se med seboj prepoznava s patronimiki son in dottir, ki povedo, čigav sin oziroma hči je nekdo," je pojasnila Žnidaršičeva.

B. H.

nosi ga skoraj 80 tisoč večinoma gospa, med 17.655 moškimi imeni pa je največ Francev, vendar jih je vseeno za dobro polovico manj kot Marij.

Med starejšimi od 75 let je vsaka peta ženska Marija (povprečna starost vseh v državi je 62,7 let) in vsak deveti moški Franc (povprečje tako imenovanih je 58 let).

Pravzaprav ima kar 12 odstotkov slovenskega prebivalstva enega od najpogostejših sedmih imen – poleg Marije in Franca je veliko še An, Janezov,

Antonov, Jožefov in Ivanov. "Zvezda stalnica" med njimi je le Ana, ki se je desetletja obdržala na lestvici najbolj priljubljenih.

Med dvojnimi imeni je najbolj razširjeno Ana Marija (1308), več kot 500 je še Marij An in Marij Magdalen. Petrov Pavlov in Francev Jožefov, ki sta najpogostejši moški sestavljeni imeni, je bistveno manj.

Ena od opaznih tendenc zadnjega časa, tako med slavnimi ljudmi kot med tistimi, ki jih nikoli ne bo najti na straneh

(DALJE na str. 14)

Z diplomatskih opazovalnic – Cleveland

piše IVAN SENIČAR

– IV. del –

Izseljenci in uganke slovenstva

V Cleveland sem odšel zaradi slovenskih izseljencev. Na sklepnih pogovorih v Ljubljani mi je članica vlade rekla, da so izseljenci še edini, ki so ohranili slovenstvo – sicer položeno z ameriškim leskom. Kaj je že slovenstvo? Ali kaj takega res obstaja v Ameriki, ko pa ga niti doma ni zaslediti? Je to človeška ribica, ki je slepa in živi v temi, sem se spraševal.

❖

Ko sem pri dvajsetih iz Celja prišel študirat v Ljubljano, se me sprejeli kot Štajerca. Za Slovenca sem od odkril 1967., ko sem odšel na delo v Beograd. Ko smo v kavarni na Terazijah govorili slovensko, se je natakhar hahljal: "E, baš ne razumem ruski." In ko sem

se tam prvič strigel, je frizer vprašal, od kod sem. Zamomljaj sem: Iz Celja. "A, sa sela!" mi je pritrjeval.

V centralnem komiteju, kjer sem delal, so imeli precej estetsko zaseden daktilobiro. Srbske tipkariče so rade sprejemale Slovence, ker smo pri narekovanju uporabljali tudi slovenske besede: ob izrazih 'podpičje' ali 'dvopičje' jih je bolj treslo kot nas, ki so nam 'pičke materine' vsak dan stokrat zavrtale v posluh in dostojnost. In ko sem prišel v Cleveland kot jugoslovanski konzul, sem bil že pravi Slovenec – dokler me niso zmedli izseljenci.

Sprejeli so nas za svoje. Vabili so nas na zmenke, prireditve, piknike, kosila, na birme, poroke in pogrebe. Srečal sem otroke, ki so slovensko le peli, pevke, poslovneže, bankirje, guvernerja Voinovicha, kongresnika Eckarta (*v letih, ko je bil Seničar v Clevelandu, Voinovich ni bil guverner in Eckart ne kongresnik; dokaz piščeve površnosti, op. ur. AD*) in druge, župane, umetnike, policiste in upokojence.

Že prvi mesec sem poljubil na stotine Slovenk, starejših sicer, gledal sem jim v oči, ko so me držale za roke: "Ti si naš konzul! Saj poznaš Marijo iz Vipave, to je moja sestra. Verjamem, da si srečal strica Franca po mami, v Slovenj Gradcu ima hišo. Sosed Turk se je vrnil, saj si ga srečal!" Govorili so, kot da poznam vse Slovence doma, res pa je bilo, da jih še nikoli nisem srečal toliko kot v Clevelandu.

❖

Ko sem prvič obiskal generalni konzulat v Pittsburghu, mi je Hrvat na konzulatu namignil na svoje – hrvaške izseljence: "Živi muzej! Jedo in govore kot pred sto leti! Mislijo kot pred dvesto. Sovražijo pa se od nase-litve na Balkanu!"

Preverjal sem mnenje v Clevelandu in drugje v

Ohio. Sem sem izseljen-ce doživel drugače. Bili so enostavni, pristni in garaški ljudje, vsak s svojo presunljivo zgodbo, v kateri so drzno zastavili samega sebe. Zazdeli so se mi precej boljši kot sodobni domači originali. Poleg tega so mi odkrili nov svet, pa ne Ameriko, temveč Slovenijo.

❖

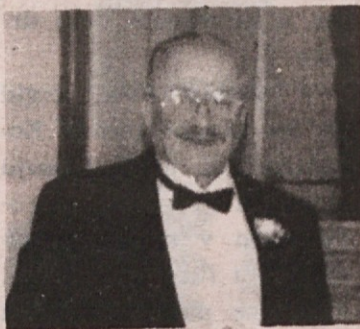
Prva znana izseljenca, ki sta prišla v Cleveland, sta bila John Pintar 1879. in Joseph Turk 1882., oba z Dolenjskega. Z desetletji so nastale naselbine na aveniji St. Clair, v Newburghu in drugje. Naši ljudje so bili najprej fizični delavci, potem tudi trgovci, podjetniki, župani, senatorji, kozmonavti in umetniki.

Postavili so si devet kulturnih domov, največji je Narodni dom na aveniji St. Clair, zbrali so se v štirih župnijah, ustanovili na desetine pevskih zborov, zaradi prepuščenosti samim sebi so se združevali v podporne in bratske organizacije, večkrat s Hrvati in drugimi. Največja je Slovenska narodna podpora (SNPJ) iz leta 1904. Izdajali so gla-

(DALJE na str. 15)

V ljubeč spomin

ob prvi obletnici, odkar nas je zapustil naš ata, stari ata in prastari ata



Jože Križman

rojen 28. novembra 1928
umrl 19. februarja 2004

*Eno leto te že zemlja krije,
v temnem grobu mirno spiš,
a tvoje srce več ne bije,
bolečin več ne trpiš.
Solze rosijo naše oči,
odkar te več med nami ni.
Počivaj v miru, dragi nam.
Žalujemo ostali:*

Ani in sorodniki

Dušan Petrač: Vesolje ima tisoč obrazov

(NADALJEVANJE s str. 12)

dobili to, kar ste pričakovali?

Da, dobil sem, kar sem iskal; iskal pa sem predvsem več znanja. V ZDA sem najprej doktoriral, potem pa dobil službo, kjer so me plačevali, da sem se še naprej učil.

Zame je bilo to dobesedno idealno. S tega stališča sem zagotovo dobil, kar sem iskal.

Vendar sem moral za to marsikaj tudi žrtvovati; nikoli nisem, na primer, preživel toliko poletnih tednov na jadranski obali, se zabaval, jedel in pil, kot so nekateri drugi. Za uspeh so potrebne žrtve in življenjska bilanca je lahko včasih boleča. Na koncu se včasih sprašuješ, zakaj so bile pomembne vse žrtve, spet drugič pa si s svojimi izbiri lahko zadovoljen.

Kolesje zgodovine je težko obrniti nazaj, lahko pa iz tega veliko iztržiš. Zame je pomembno, da imam še vedno možnost sodelovati pri zelo zanimivih in zahtevnih projektih ter svoje dosežke posredovati tudi v druge dežele.

Vaš status je zagotovo tudi sad vaših izjemnih znanstvenih dosežkov. Bi lahko rekli, da ste dosegli največ, kar je bilo mogoče.

V razmerah, v kakršnih sem se znašel, bi si težko zamislil, da bi lahko dosegel več. Seveda si vedno lahko še bolj priden, varčen in prizadeven, vendar na račun česa drugega.

Kaj štejete za svoj največji dosežek?

To je moj prispevek k infrardečemu satelitu IRAS (Infrared Astronomical Satellite) iz leta 1982. Edini v NASI sem odkril, da je bil temperaturni nadzor satelita napačno zastavljen. Izdelal sem novo inačico temperaturnega nadzora, ki je bila prava, in tako omogočil uspešno izvedbo celotnega projekta.

Brez mojega posega bi bil satelit popolna polomija, kar bi v denarju pomenilo okroglo milijardo dolarjev izgube. Če računam, da je moje podiplomsko šolanje stalo

državo okrog 200 tisoč dolarjev, sem torej državi samo s tem projektom kar nekajkrat povrnil njeno investicijo vame.

Ste imeli kdaj občutek, da morate zaradi svojega izvora premagati več ovir kot drugi bolj "ameriški" Američani?

Res pravijo, da je v Ameriki diskriminacija. Seveda je in vsak tujec kmalu dojam, da so Američani na splošno arogantni in gledajo na druge dežele iz tega zornega kota. Prišleki jim seveda osebne superiornosti na splošno ne priznavajo. Sicer pa zase lahko mirno rečem, da sem sodeloval pri izjemnih projektih, pri gradnji vesoljskega taksija, raket in drugih vesoljskih raziskavah, in prepričan sem, da takih možnosti ne bi imel v nobeni drugi deželi sveta.

V ZDA naj bi znanje odpiralo vsa vrata. Je to stereotip ali resnica?

Znanje sicer ne odpira vseh vrat, mnoga pa. Odvisno od izhodišča. Če sam ne bi imel doktorata, bi bila tudi zame nekatera vrata zaprta. Če pa ima človek doktorat, njegova beseda na strokovnem področju nekaj velja. In če je pri svojem delu še uspešen, potem gre samo še za vprašanje strokovne avtoritete, ne glede na izvor. Tehnični prispevek postane edino merilo, ki kaj velja. Da pa v Ameriki ni diskriminacije, je čista izmišljotina.

(SE BO NADALJEVALO)

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Misijonska Znamkarska Akcija

Blagajniško delo opravljata:

Helena Nemec
1019 E. 171 St.,
Cleveland, OH 44119

in

Marjanca Tominc
407 Snavely Rd.,
Richmond Hts., OH 44143

Slovenska imena in priimki

(nadaljevanje s str. 13)

časopisov, so unikatna imena. Kar 25.512 od 38.111 oziroma dve tretjini vseh zapisanih v centralnem registru prebivalstva nosi samo po en človek. Če ponazorimo drugače – 84 odstotkov imen je takšnih, da jih imata komaj dva ostotka prebivalstva.

Poldrugo desetletje se že ni rodila nobena Hilda, Zorka, Marija Magdalena in tudi noben Vilko. Vekoslav in Karol ni prišel na svet, zato pa se v vrtcih igrajo Adelise, Kiare, Robini, Tiani, Mai, Anje in Luke.

A kdor si bo želel v interaktivni bazi imen statističnega urada

<http://www.stat.si/imen>

poiskati katero zares ne navadno za svojega potomca, bo razočaran. Zaradi tako imenovane statistične zaupnosti so na tej spletni strani samo tista imena in priimki oziroma njihove kombinacije, ki jih nosi najmanj pet ljudi.

Barbara Hočevar
DELO, 2. febr. 2005

Z diplomatskih opazovalnic – Cleveland

(NADALJEVANJE S STR. 14)

sila, tudi dnevnik Ameriška domovina.

Ob našem prihodu naj bi jih bilo v Clevelandu več kot 80.000 v treh generacijah, prihajala je že četrta, v vsej Ameriki pa okoli 350.000. Petina naj bi jih prišla v ZDA med vojno in po drugi svetovni vojni (to je zopet nonsens, op. ur. AD), tudi domobranci in begunci.

Večina starih izseljencev je podpirala spremembe doma, tudi novo oblast, ki so jo priznale ZDA, zato beguncev niso sprejeli z odprtimi rokami, niso jim, na primer, pustili v Narodni dom na St. Clair. Prišli so si zato postavili svoj dom na drugi strani ceste – Baragov dom. Stari so imeli podeželsko shajališče – farmo v Enon Valleyju, novi so si postavili svojo – Pristavo. Ostali so pravi Slovenci, kot da so vsi rojeni v znamenju dvojčkov.

Ne glede na delitve sem kmalu odkril marsikaj, čemur sem poskušal pripisati slovenstvo. Še vedno so mislili na domači kraj, s spoštovanjem, kot smo doma mislili (vsaj še leta 1972) na grobove in spomenike. Govorili so slovenščino, ameriško (kot mi

2004). Prepevali so domače viže. Zahajali so v cerkev. Prirejali so veselice s kranjskimi klobasami in polkami. Radi so pili. Ob nedeljah so jedli govejo juho, pražen krompir in pötico, že petdeset let in več.

Radi so si pomagali, hkrati pa so si bili nevoščljivi. Politično so se ločili v nekakšne liberalce in klerikalce, ob poslih pa so na razlike pozabljali.

To so bili moji ljudje, saj sem vse prej naštetu zasledil v sebi: bil sem navdušen nad slovensko suverenostjo, ki so jo v Jugoslaviji razglasili, vsaj na papirju, leta 1970, in nad precejšnjo enakostjo vseh v socializmu, prevzemale pa me je tudi lepota božičnih praznovanj, saj sem bil nekoč magistrant v celjski cerkvi.

Vse vikende sem z družino preživel z izseljenci, tudi s hrvaškimi, makedonskimi in srbskimi. Radi so nas videli tisti, ki so bili povezani z domačim krajem in so podpirali Jugoslavijo. Spraševal sem se, kaj je torej njihovo slovenstvo in zakaj tako srečno in odločno podpirajo Jugoslavijo, vsaj večina – čeprav živijo v kapitalizmu in so navdušeni Američani.

Našel sem si nekaj

možnih odgovorov. V Sloveniji je bilo slovenstvo nekaj prikritega, skoraj nelagodnega in mitičnega, kot ustvarjalni glavobol, njegovi lastniki pa so bili vselej kulturniki. Slovenstvo kot da je bilo vedno samoumevno našim pisateljem, tudi najslabšim (kot danes), slovenskim politikom, tudi najboljšim, pa nikoli (kot danes).

V Ameriki je bilo bolj praktično. Za nekatere so bili dobri Slovenci tisti, ki so hodili v cerkev sv. Vida, za druge člani SNPJ ali Progresivnih Slovk Amerike. Za šefa clevelandske policije pa je bilo merilo plačevanje računov, kot smo videli.

Večina izseljencev je menila, da smo Slovenci v Jugoslaviji dosegli z republiko zgodovinski uspeh. Pri iskanju lastnih korenin v domačem kraju so našli več dobrih kot slabih strani. Všeč jim je bilo, da so bili v starem kraju vsi videti kot bogataši – kot "striči" in "tete" iz Amerike.

Podporo ZDA Jugoslaviji so občutili kot svojo pomoč domačemu kraju, s tem pa simbolno tudi lastnim koreninam.

Slovenstvo so poskušali unovčiti v najboljšem pomenu besede. Domotožje, ki so ga stalno izražali, sploh ni bilo protiameriško. To je bila nostalgija za mladostjo. Ob obiskih v Sloveniji so se čutili močne, spet mlade, bogate in občudovane. In takšne sem jih videl tudi jaz. Le redki so se želeli vrniti.

Izseljence sem srečeval na konzulatu, predvsem pa na prireditvah in doma, skupaj smo pili, peli in plesali, vabili smo jih na sprejeme in večerje. V proračunu konzulata sem imel za delo z njimi precej sredstev.

Na konzulatu smo bili previdni, čeprav me je lahko zunaj vsakdo srečal. Zahtevali smo najavo obiskov, da smo lahko preverili, ali je kdo na črnem seznamu, ki so ga imele jugoslovanske službe.

Nekega jutra me je razburjena tajnica obvestila, da želi k meni gospod Globačnik. "Ne da se odgnati, pripravljen je čakati več ur. Čuden je. Nekaj skriva," je rekla.

Odločil sem se, da ga sprejemem. Vstopil je, pomečkan in prijazen. Pri-

sodil sem mu petdeset. Nisem čakal za mizo, stopil sem mu naproti.

"Dobro jutro, gospod konzul," je rekel tiho in pogledoval po kotih. "Dobro jutro, gospod Globačnik," sem rekel odločno.

Pomežiknil mi je: "Globačnik sem samo za to vašo – no, sekretarko ali kar koli je že," se je nasmešnil.

"Tako pa ne bo šlo," sem rekel. "Vi me poznate, jaz pa bi tudi rad vedel, s kom govorim."

Sedel je za klubsko mizico in šepnil: "Prosim za papir in pisalo! Ničesar več ne bom rekel."

Ponudil sem mu oboje. Napisal je nekaj stavkov, vstal in mi izročil papir. Molče sem bral: "Obveščite tovariša Tita, da bo Amerika v petek zjutraj napadla Jugoslavijo in druge socialistične države."

Gledal sem ga v oči, da bi našel past, zvijačo, izziv – ali bolezen.

Pomislil sem, da snema najin pogovor in molk. Bil je bled, brada se mu je tresla, roke je imel sklenjene. "Hvala, gospod Globačnik," sem se odločil in ga objel. "Tega vam ne bomo nikoli pozabili."

(DALJE na str. 16)

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† V blag in ljubeč spomin †
naših staršev

Alojz in Marija Šef



33. OBLETNICA

Umrli 30. oktobra 1972

Ura slovesa je davno odbila, težke ločitve spomin se budi; ljubezen do vaju še vedno je živa, v našem življenju kot lučka gori.

Žalujemo:

Lojze – sin
Mimi in Slavka – hčerki
z družinami



5. OBLETNICA

Umrli 17. februarja 2000

V miru božjem zdaj počivajta, draga, nepozabna nam; v nebesih rajsko srečo uživajta do snidenja na vekomaj.

Misijonska srečanja in pomenki

1558. Zadnje nedeljo, 27. februarja,

bo pripravljeno kosilo Misijonske Znamkarske Akcije, ki bo v novi župnijski dvorani pri sv. Mariji Vnebovzeti. Kosilo bo na razpolago od 11. dop. do 1. pop. in bo vsebovalo govejo in kokošjo pečenko, solato, kavo in pecivo. Kosilo bo pod vodstvom Julke Zalar. Cena kosilu je \$10 za odraslo osebo in \$5 za otroka. Kosilo bo tudi mogoče vzeti domov. Nakaznice lahko dobite, če pokličete 216-531-2728 ali 216-881-5163; dobile jih boste tudi pri vходу na dan kosila.

V postnem času nas Cerkev opominja, naj delamo dobra dela, ki nas bodo spremljala, ko bomo zapustili to solzno dolino in stopili pred Najvišjega. Dobra dela so pomoč misijonarjem, ki so zapustili vse udobje in odšli med uboge, da jih dvigujejo iz revščine in jim kažejo božje usmiljenje.

Kar nekaj pisem se je nabralo, kjer nam misijonarji razlagajo o svojem delu in se zahvaljujejo za izkazano pomoč. Počasi bomo vse vključila, da boste sami presodili njihove težave in potrebe. Danes je pismo s. Marije Sreš, ki se trudi v Indiji med staroselkami:

"Draga Mary Celestina in ostali misijonski prijatelji! Letos se je zgodilo toliko stvari, da jih ne morem na prste prešteti!

Konec marca sem odšla v Slovenijo, da so mi ponovno operirali desni komolec. V začetku septembra sem predstavila svojo drugo knjigo v slovenščini: Doma sem, kjer je moje srce. Sredi septembra sem se vrnila v Indijo in v Mumbaju so mi prijatelji čestitali k angleški verziji "Home is Where My Heart is", v njej je še nekaj zgodb o staroselkah iz Sabatkantske doline.

Mislim, da je božja Previdnost hotela, da sta se ob moji vrnitvi v Indijo istočasno praznovala dva popularna festivala. Znamenit "Bandra Feast" je slavil Marijino rojstvo, ko približno dva milijona ljudi poroča h Gorski Mariji v Bandri. Drugi festival je bil posvečen bogu Ganpatu, ki je hindujski bog umetnosti, kulture in izobilja v vseh oblikah. V Indiji se vsi prazniki praznujejo hrupno, z uporabo glasnih mikrofонов, s plesi in procesijami, ki zablokirajo ceste in ulice.

Kmalu sem se z vlakom odpeljala v Gujarat, k svojim sarkantskim ženam. Naše srečanje je bilo veselo in topel je bil pogovor z vsako vaško voditeljico. Nazadnje smo se pogovorile, da bomo v teku dveh mesecev organizirale festival staroselskih pravlji in pesmi.

Letos spet ni bilo dovolj dežja in žene so izrazile svoje skrbi glede preživetja.

Vse smo zadovoljne, da je projekt vezanja postal v manjšem merilu uspešna zgodba. Staroselke, ki pred meseci še igle niso znale držati v roki, si služijo dodaten denar z vezanjem. Do danes se je petdeset žensk iz devetih vasi naučilo te spretnosti in uspelo jim je tudi prodati nekaj svojih izdelkov. Še mnoge druge se želijo vključiti v ta projekt vezenin.

Kot v vsaki človeški skupini, se moramo vedno znova truditi pri vzdrževanju medsebojnega zaupanja. Zavedamo se, da je samospoštovanje in samozadostnost osnovni kriterij za vse naše aktivnosti. Brez zavesti samospoštovanja ostane oseba berač, brez ekonomske neodvisnosti oseba postane tat. Obe vrednosti sta enako potrebni. Zaradi tega bi naj dejavnost, ki generira dohodek, šla z roko v roki s kulturno prenovno. Prav zato, da bi se naši staroselci zavedli svoje zgodovine in kulture, organiziramo kulturni festival.

Ženske sem obiskala tudi na njihovih domovih. Svet, v katerem živijo, je tako zelo drugačen, da me je ost njegove krute in grenke resničnosti zabodla v dno srca. Po eni strani vročina, ki niti ponoči ne pjenja in v vaseh ni ventilatorjev, ki bi hladili zrak. Po drugi strani je pogled golo pokrajino izzval solze

v mojih očeh. Predčasno posušene koruzne bilke stojijo kot nema strašila na prašnem polju. Namesto pridelkov, se h grudi poveša plevel.

Sem državljanka dveh svetov. V Sloveniji in tudi v Mumbaju je vsega v izobilju in glavna skrb večine je, kako bi našla pravo dieto, medtem ko v tej suhi Sabarkanti se ljudje niti enkrat na dan do sitega ne najedo. Opazila sem, kako poberejo vsako suho vejico za kuhanje in vsako zeleno bilko. Prav nič, čisto nič ne gre v odpad, posebno otroci so podhranjeni, a s trdno voljo in ljubeznijo do življenja bijejo težko borbo za obstanek.

Utrinek spoznanja, da smem živeti v obeh svetovih, mi je vzel vse besede. V očeh so se nabirale solze, ko sem stala pred Bogom praznih rok, a v srcu čutila globoko ljubezen do teh žena in njihovih otrok.

Biti misijonar v Indiji, vedno sem tako čutila, je obilje božjih darov. Je znanje, da oznanjevanje evangelija presega katehezo otrok in delitev za življenje potrebnih stvari odraslim. Misijonarka mora vplivati na vse življenjske sfere: duhovno, versko, materialno, kulturno, filozofsko in politično.

Res je, da staroselcem posredujemo zdravje, izobrazbo in dobrobit, a treba si je zastaviti tudi naslednje vprašanje: kaj pa staroselci lahko nam dajo?

Smisel, občutek, ki smo ga zgubili preko tehnologije in civilizacije, to je tisto, kar nam lahko podarijo. Staroselci nam lahko posredujejo globoko spoštovanje do zemlje in njenih naravnih bogastev, občudovanje sile in lepote narave v vseh njenih oblikah, notranji mir, ki izvira iz harmoničnega življenja z vesoljem. Mi smo vse to izgubili in prav zaradi tega je naše moderno življenje nemirno, nasilno in prazno. Res je, da se danes misijonarji trudimo, da bi staroselci utrdili svojo zavest samospoštovanja in samozadostnosti. A obenem je res, da nas staroselci obogate s svojim smislom za Boga prisotnega v stvarstvu, v skupnosti in materialnih stvarnostih našega življenja.

Hvala za vse darove in molitve ter lep pozdrav!

S. Marija Sreš"

Prav lepo misijonski pozdrav in na svidenje v župnijski dvorani Marije Vnebovzete 27. februarja na kosilu v pomoč misijonarjem želi

Marica Lavriša

1004 Dillewood Rd.

Cleveland, OH 44119

PISMO IZ WISCONSINA DRUŽINI...

Trnovski pozdrav iz Amerike

OAK CREEK, Wis. – Spoštovani gospod urednik!

Pred par dnevi sem brala v Družini z dne 19. septembra 2004 pogovor z gospo Evo Ilc Fornezza, avtorico knjige "Pojdite!", ki ste jo izdali pri vas. Pogovor me je

spomnil na mojo mladost leta 1920.

Gotovo se boste vprašali, zakaj pišem tako pozno. Družino dobim pri prijateljici, ki jo ima naročeno in potem pride po vrsti od drugih še do mene. Rada jo berem, saj mi prinaša košček domovine sem v Združene države, kjer sem že 55. leto.

Zame, ki sem Trnovčanka, je bil pogovor z gospo Evo čudovit. Spomnil me je na njenega starega očeta, znamenitega slikarja Riharda Jakopiča, ki je bil Trnovčan. Spominjam se ga, ko je stanoval ob rimskem zidu blizu krakovske kapele.

Ko sem bila majhna – hodila sem v drugi razred – smo šle s sestrami vsak dan mimo njegove hiše na Mirju. V sobi v

prvem nadstropju je imel papigo. Ime ji bilo Korl. Ko smo šle nekoč popoldne iz šole, smo se ustavile pod njegovim oknom in klicale: "Korl, baraba, baraba...!"

Papagaj je kričal in, ojoj, na oknu se je pokazal mož z dolgo brado, s čopičem v roki in tabelo barvic in nam požugal: "Ti grde deklice!"

Me pa smo bežale do Gradaščice in pogledovale nazaj, ali gre za nami ... Taki so spomini, ki me zdaj spremljajo, ko prebiram Družino. Hvala Vam zanjo in za vse, kar objavite!

Oprostite pisavi. Bolj slabo vidim, slabo slišim in hodim s palico. Stara sem 93 let, dva meseca in 15 dni (Op. ur. Družine: pismo je bilo napisano 15. januarja 2005). Sem zadnja. V naši družini je bilo dvanajst otrok, vsi moji so umrli v visokih letih.

V mladosti sem se pisala Kocjan, naš rod živi Na Mivki. Rada se spominjam mladosti. Izučila sem se za šiviljo. Z desetimi leti sem postala telovadkinja pri društvu Orel vse do leta 1929, ko je kralj Aleksander razpustil vse katoliške organizacije.

Igrala sem na odru, sodelovala na koncertih. Leta 1935, ko so ustanovili Zvezo dekliških krožkov, sem postala telovadna učiteljica. V Ljubljani sem imela enotedenski tečaj za 125 deklic, v Celju za sto, v Mariboru za 121, na Jesenicah, v Novem mestu itd. Imeli smo krasne nastope na stadionu v Ljubljani, Celju, Mariboru, v Unionski dvorani v Ljubljani.

Leta 1933 sem začela smučati. Učil me je Drago Ulaga. Velikokrat sem tudi tekmovala. Avgusta leta 1940 sem bila na Triglavu. To so bili moji najlepši časi. In vse to je uničila 2. svetovna vojna.

Zdaj živim že deset let v domu za ostarele. Sem vdova že dvajset let. Do 91. leta sem še vozila avto, sedaj me vozijo vnuki. V Sloveniji imam veliko sorodnikov, ki so vsi študirani in si veliko dopisujemo. Jaz pa po letu 1945 še nisem bila doma na obisku. Rada se spominjam znancev in prijateljev.

Dari Strmšček

DRUŽINA, 30. jan. 2005

Z diplomatskih opazovalnic – Cleveland

(NADALJEVANJE s str. 15)

Smehljaj se je, se zadensko umikal k vratom, jih odprl in zbežal. Nikoli več ga nisem videl. In naj dodam, da Američani takrat še niso napadli socialističnih držav.

DELO, priloga ONA, 9. novembra 2004

(Konec IV. nadaljevanja, V. del prihodnjič)

Z Ameriško Domovino ste vedno na tekočem z dogajanjem v slovenskem svetu