

A dad is a son's first Hero and a daughter's first Love.

Our dad was a father, son, husband, brother, Geedo and friend to many. He was a man who gave his heart to each and everyone one he ever met and brought so much happiness and joy to all that were fortunate enough to have known him. Dad was a team player, always there for peacekeeping and upholding family ties and friendships. He was the ideal definition of what a family member and friend should be like. He was kind, caring, supportive, understanding, reliable and always willing to drop whatever he was doing to help his family and friends in need. He was a blessing who was loved so much and will be dearly missed.

Dad, we will always remember that charming smile of yours that was big as the Grand Canyon, your caring heart, and most importantly the valuable lesson you instilled in all of us that family is #1 and should always stick together through thick and thin to support, love and respect each other. The morals and values he taught us will continue to be a guiding light in our lives.

We have many childhood memories that we will treasure forever. One favourite was when dad starting the spitting

cherry pits across the table wars to see who could hit each other's bowl. Mom was so mad even though dad started it.

Dad had a love for music. He would play the guitar as we sat on the floor in front of him singing *You Are My Sunshine* and *Que Sera Sera*.

While people were planning their family trips to Mexico we planned our trip to the Seven Oaks hotel in Regina to go water-sliding and swimming. These trips were better than Mexico.

Dad made many memories on the hockey bus when the boys played and enjoyed the Ukrainian dance concerts.

He always wanted everyone there to celebrate the family traditions such as Ukrainian Christmas and the Ukrainian Easter blessings of the baskets, regardless of what was going on.

His only rule at weddings was if you are going to come you dance, if not you stay home. Uncle Kurt further encouraged his nephews to dance by saying that "Chicks" like boys that can dance.

Dad's stories and jokes were world famous; sometimes a little long winded but priceless. He always wanted me to tell a joke but I said I just can't do it like you but I will try to practice up for you dad. He did many speeches off the cuff and I said I have to read mine, sorry. I admired that about him as I am reading mine today.

Mom, Dad had a wonderful life because you shared it together. You worked so hard on the farm being both an incredible wife and mom. You were an amazing cashier that could balance the books without a calculator. You stuck together through all the storms of life, and stood beside each other through sickness and in health. It was 2 days short of 52 years when you told him to shit or get off the pot and we all know that he would still be in Baba's house if you hadn't told him that.

Kirk, you were fortunate to share the love of farming with dad during your daily morning coffee dates. Dad was so proud of you cutting the hay even though you screwed something up and got shit for it. I will also never forget the day you got left in Kmart when you wouldn't listen or the pickups at the police station. Della, dad was forever grateful for you keeping the farm and house looking great. He would sit on the deck admiring the farm, knowing that there was no way he could leave it even though he often wondered who you were talking to half the time since there as nobody around.

Kristie, dad could not have done it without you being his bookkeeper and computer expert! You ensured things got done "Right Now", not tomorrow and your hard work even earned yourself a personal gold star on the auction trailer.

In addition to these skills, we were told you gave the best foot rubs and apparently mine were just ok. And the memory of “I will bite your poopetz” explains why you will always be dad’s POOPER. Mike, dad appreciated the morning coffees, you being our family carpenter and your willingness to drop everything when something needed to be done NOW!

Kurt was referred to as the baby the OOPS. Although dad hated the day when you left to Alberta since all he ever wanted was to have family close by, he eventually accepted the fact that you would not be returning because your work and love of your life were there. Kurt, often made the long trips home to spend time with the family and when you did, the steaks were ordered and both mom and dad anxiously waited by the door for your arrival. Kurt inherited Dad’s sense of humor being a jokester and always making us laugh. Kurt was the only one that would jump through the trees while wearing pink bunny ears as the Easter bunny at Easter, dress up as a Turkey at Thanksgiving or be our minister after many OVs in the basement at the farm. Dad quoted “What an Idiot” and couldn’t stop laughing. Last week when Kristie and I took dad for his appointment, dad asked who was that when my phone beeped. I was laughing so hard and said it’s a message from Kurt. He said what now. I told dad that Kurt

had sent a picture since a bird had shit on his head. Literally. I showed dad the picture and he said text him back and say that's what happens to people that live in Alberta! In addition to his humour, Kurt also has the gift of poetry which was just what we needed to hear when times were tough. Ashley, dad really appreciated your support and you bringing the grandkids to Arizona for those two weeks as it helped with his healing and ability to continue with his treatments.

Dad loved Keith's knack for cooking his brisket, making homemade bacon and ensuring the turkey skin was extra crispy. Dad enjoyed many shots with Keith and always joked that the more Keith had, the bigger the smile and closer he came towards him. Keith remembers crop spraying on the farm before we even knew each other. He was blown away how welcoming mom and dad were and had to always eat before he left.

Dad was so proud of all of his grandchildren. His wish was to buy each of them their very first vehicle (perhaps maybe through a auction) and was so happy to see their smiles. He enjoyed watching their hockey games, curling, dance, slow-pitch, tae kwon do, and was so proud of their Ukrainian dancing. He was so thankful for when they stopped in at the farm to visit and ensured they were thanked and hugged before they left.

And to Keith, Della, Mike and Ashley, Dad wasn't just a father-in-law, he treated you as his own and was like a father to you too.

Dad, you have played a huge role in my life's journey and success since the day I was born. The 2 hardest goodbyes in my life were when my dad gave me away at my wedding and me standing up here today. I am fortunate to have my husband Keith, my rock, to take care of my boys so I could chase my dream and could follow in my dad's footsteps. It was not easy as I missed out on family time but I am so proud of where I stand today.

I never will forget the day I told my dad I wanted to go to auction school. He thought I was crazy, but I said I was going. He had one rule for me: he would go with me, pay for my schooling but if I said it wasn't for me after one auction then I would have to pay it all back. I said DEAL and off we went. He graduated from the same school 30 years before I attended. He sat in the classes and watched and told me he remembered these days so clearly. I practiced in the shower and in my sleep and it drove him crazy but sometimes he would chime in from his bed, sounding way better than me. I cried and said I want

to sound like him one day. He said with practice you will. I remember calling Keith and he said please slow down since I have no clue of what you just said.

I came home from auction school on a Monday and dad said we have charity auction at the Orthodox Church and you're up. This was my very first auction and my knees were knocking, shaking like a leaf and I couldn't remember what number came after one. Dad looked over at me and said remember what I said. From this moment on I never looked back. That following spring the farm sales hit. Dad put me on the household items to sell, then I sold tools on the rack and eventually with many years of practice I was selling the machinery. It came to a point where dad went for coffee and never came back until the rack trailer was done. I said to him that's a long coffee break he said he did use the washroom too. I remember clearly how dad said after every auction we have a shot and even if you don't like it, drink it anyways. Dad made it known over the microphone if I had to pee or if I was up partying the night before. Keith often wondered what I was doing when an auction ended at 2:00 in the afternoon and I got home at 2:00 in the morning. I just told him I had to do what my dad said and dad said to tell him it was a very large sale. The road trips, the CDs getting thrown out the window because Dad and Johnny didn't like the songs, the

singing, the suppers and the memories will live on and will be cherished everyday. Dad was the best boss anyone could ever have and that's why he had the same staff over many years. I hope I can do the same.

I had a dream of opening up an auction house one day. Since dad wanted me to have my own business name he gave me all of the smaller sales he got to get me started and so I could carry on Ukrainetz Auction on day. My dream came true in 2018 when dad and I partnered together to open Karla's Auction/ Ukrainetz Auction House. We bought the grocery store in Springside, lock, stock and barrel, auctioned everything and became our very own auction center. Dad helped me ever step of the way even though he hated sorting pots and pans.

It was so different when the online world hit and he was not ready for the change. He even said that if I wasn't in the business then he was done. I reassured him we have great staff and we can do it. It was so much more work but the prices were good. He said if I can have a beer in my hand, save my throat, with no sun beating against the window and let the computer do the work then why not. Every auction close we would be on the phone and listen for dinging as the bids were coming in.

Dad and I wanted to make a record in the auction business. Although we wanted to have 75 combined years together, we were fortunate to have reached 70 plus years since Dad had over 50 years and I am at 20.

Dad was my first teacher, my hero, my role model and my biggest fan. I will cherish the lessons, laughter and love we shared over the years. You are forever with me. I still feel you with me each day and I am living life for both of us now. A piece of my heart walked out the door with you the day you left but your spirit lives within me giving me the courage to carry on Ukrainetz Auction just as you asked me too.

Dad

-when we see a bird chirping on a nearby branch, we know it is you singing to us.

- When a butterfly brushes gently by me so care freely, we know it is you assuring us you are free from pain

-When the gentle fragrance of your favourite flower catches our attention, we know it is you reminding us to appreciate the simple things in life.

-when the sun is shining through the window, we feel the warmth of your love

-when we hear the rain pitter patter against our window sill
hear your words of wisdom

And we will remember what you taught us, that without
rain trees cannot grow, without rain flowers cannot bloom,
without life's challenges we can not grow strong.

Nevertheless, as painful as it is, we are incredibly grateful
to have spent all these years with you. You were a fighter.
Everyone of us fought this battle with you in our own ways
and we did everything we possibly could.

Dad's wish was to come home cancer free and have a
party with a band and supper thanking everyone that
helped in anyway possible. Instead, today we are gather
together to celebrate his life and to thank everyone on his
behalf.

I will now share with you a prayer that is close to our
hearts.

The Auctioneer's Prayer

He stares at his tractor with
watery eyes, Remembering the
nights under God's bright skies.
Her fingers slide over the old
kitchen stove, A catch in her
throat that no one else knows. If
just these two items could bring
what they made, All the farm's
debts could quickly be paid.

The auctioneer sees all, and
shares **in** their pain; He's seen
it happen time and again.
Some might assume that he
doesn't care, But before their
auction

Comes the
Auctioneer's Prayer.

"Lord, please guide me
through this auction day, In all
that I do and all that I say,
Help me cry stronger than
ever I've done, For this is
their auction, this is the
one."

Yes, another farm auction, held
here today, People gather in
their usual way. To poke
through the boxes and trample
the lawn,
They'll quickly forget when
all's sold and gone.

We get to know them, we
share in their plight, The
tables hold history, laid out in
plain sight. We know the story
of this man and his wife, What
we auction here are the
remnants of life.

If it be your will, Lord, through
Christ your Son, Help me cry
stronger than ever I've done,
For this is their auction, this is
the one.

~ Anonymous

Dad, I know you are making the angels laugh with your
jokes and they are all joining in along with everyone here
on our biggest Ukrainetz auction ever. I practiced up Dad
and I know you can hear ^{me} us now.

Auction

We all love you Dad and hope to see you on the other side if we all are lucky enough.

Dad, I hope you know you are my hero and this you'll always be. I will find strength and will carry on so I can make you proud of me. Until the day we meet again, I know waiting you will be. In paradise, I'll see you there with your arms wide open for me. Now you are my auction angel so spread your wings out wide and keep me by your side. At peace now. May God be with you.

If the good Lord's willing and the creek don't run dry, we will talk soon. May God Bless.

Eternal Memory- Veechnapomya