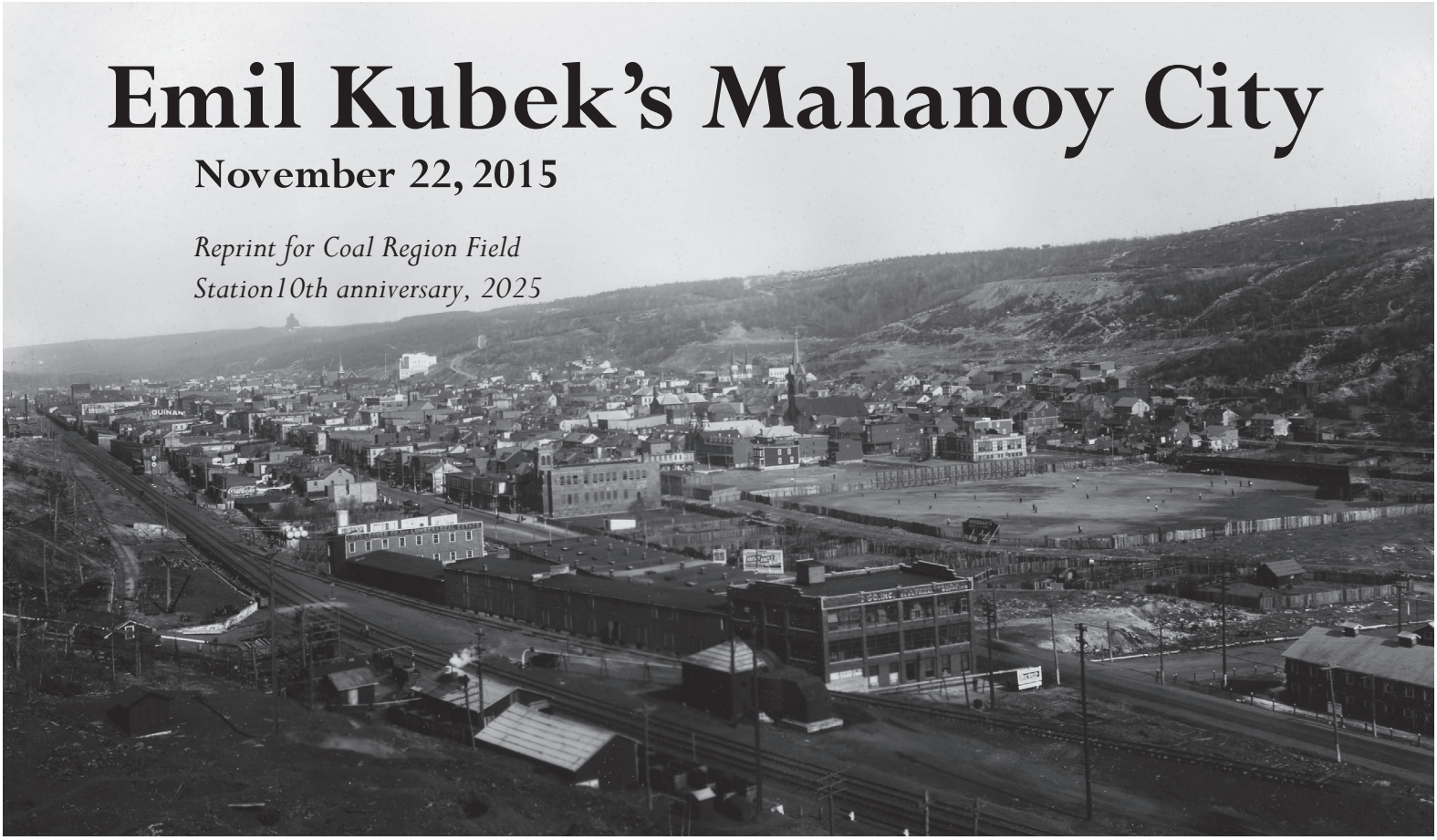
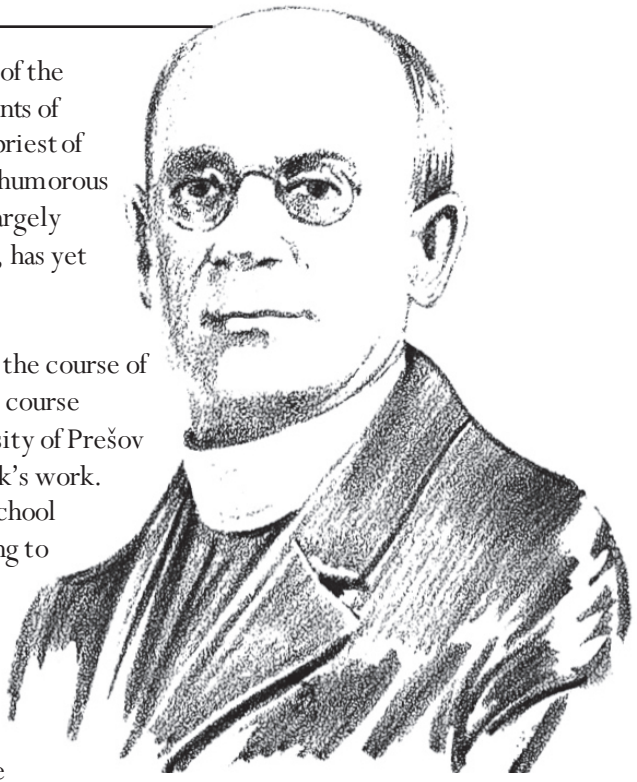
Emil Kubek's Mahanoy City

November 22, 2015

Reprint for Coal Region Field Station10th anniversary, 2025

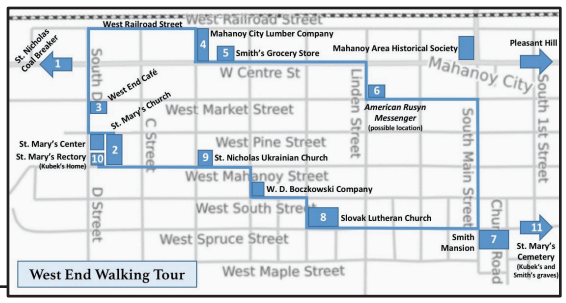


From 1904 to 1940, Mahanoy City, Pennsylvania, was the home of one of the most prolific Carpatho-Rusyn writers – Father Emil Kubek. The residents of Mahanoy City who knew Father Kubek remember him as the devoted priest of St. Mary's Byzantine Catholic Church, but few are acquainted with his humorous lyrical poetry, touching short stories, or masterful novel *Marko Šoltys*, largely because the vast majority of Kubek's work, written in Carpatho-Rusyn, has yet to be translated into English.



In Europe, however, Kubek's literary reputation has been growing over the course of the last 40 years. His poetry and prose play a central role in the literary course offerings in The Institute of Rusyn Language and Culture at the University of Prešov in Slovakia. Numerous monographs and articles have appeared on Kubek's work. A documentary film has been made about his life. And an elementary school in Snakov, Slovakia — the village where Kubek served before emigrating to the United States — was named in his honor in 2008.

The first half of the twentieth century was the great age of the urban novel, and Kubek was among the first Carpatho-Rusyn writers who attempted to make sense of the effects of urban mining life on Carpatho-Rusyn Americans. Kubek draws upon Mahanoy City to create the settings of his short stories, incorporates many recognizable buildings, individuals, and neighborhoods into his prose, and gives voice to the immigrant experience in his lyrical poetry.



Emily Kubek's Mahanoy City invites you to discover this unique literary talent and experience the sights of historic Mahanoy City that inspired his work.

Program

10[15] am

Divine Liturgy

St. Mary's Byzantine Catholic Church
620 W Pine Street, Mahanoy City, PA 17948
~Optional~

1 pm

Emil Kubek's Life and Work

St. Mary's Byzantine Catholic Church
620 W Pine Street, Mahanoy City, PA 17948
(570) 773-2631

Welcome
Father James Carroll, OFM (St. Mary's Byzantine Catholic Church)

Emil Kubek at St. Mary's
Nick Kupensky (Yale University)

Recitation of Emil Kubek's
"Lullaby to a Miner's Child" (1908)
"My Native Land" (1916)
"A Mother's Love" (1923)

Performance of "My Native Land" (1916) Music by Michal Bilansky
Drew Skitko (Philadelphia Opera)

2 pm

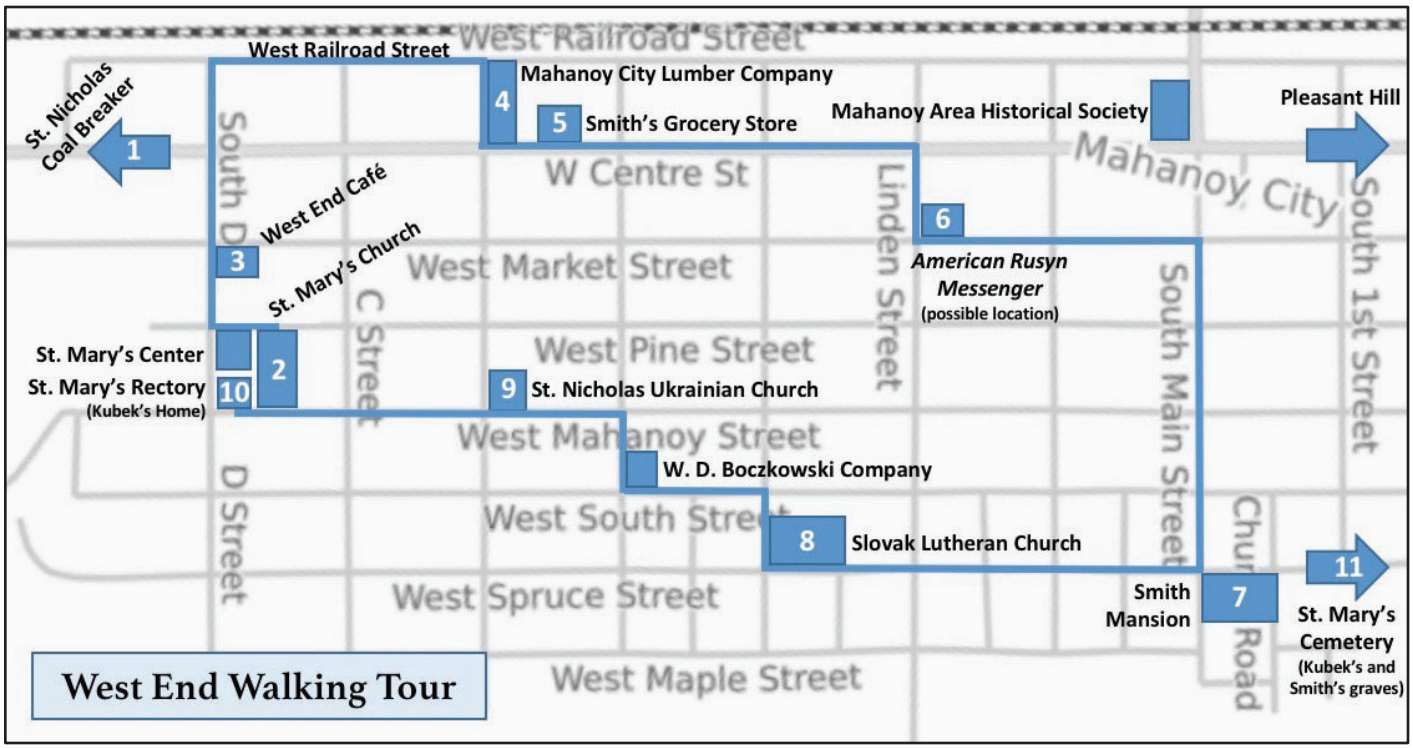
The West End Walking Tour

Begin at St. Mary's Rectory
621 W Mahanoy Street, Mahanoy City, PA 17948

St. Mary's Rectory (#10 on map)
Nick Kupensky (Yale University)

The West End Café (#3 on map)
Nick Kupensky (Yale University) & Paul Coombe (Mahanoy Area Historical Society)
Recitation of Emil Kubek's "The Good Dad" (1922)
Degustation of Lithuanian *boilo*

West Railroad Street & Mahanoy City Lumber Company (#4 on map)
Erin Frey (Bucknell University) & Paul Coombe (Mahanoy Area Historical Society)
Reading from Emil Kubek's "An Easter Gift" (1921)



John Žinčak Smith's Grocery Store (#5 on map)
Nick Kupensky (Yale University)
Reading from Emil Kubek's "Merry Christmas" (1930)

The American Rusyn Messenger (#6 on map)
Nick Kupensky (Yale University)

John Žinčak Smith's Mansion (#7 on map)
Michael Cheslock and Gary Senavites (Owners)
Reading from Emil Kubek's "Palko Rostoka" (1922)

4 pm

Bus to St. Mary's Cemetery

Meet at Smith's Mansion
101 South Main Street, Mahanoy City, PA 17948

Kubek's Grave (#11 on map)
Nick Kupensky (Yale University)
Recitation of Emil Kubek's "No! We Won't Die!" (1922)

5 pm

Reception

St. Mary's Center
620 W Pine Street, Mahanoy City, PA 17948

"My Native Land"

By Emil Kubek

The Rusyn land, my native land,
From the depths of my heart I salute you!
These thoughts of mine, from foreign climes,
Wander back to the snow-capped Carpathians, —
There is where my native hut stands!
Where my youth passed by,
Mother sang lullabies.
My native land,
I salute you!

My Uhro-Rusyn native land!
With the love of my heart I salute you!
Down the rocky mountain crags,
Rush the bubbling streams of the Tysa,
The Poprad, Ung, and Torysa,
Where the multi-colored Danube flows
Teal Latorica, rapid Laborec.
My native land,
I salute you!

My native Subcarpathian land,
I am parting with you now forever!
When I left you that spring with tears in my eyes,
The wind of the plains then whispered goodbye,
Its sound saw me off to my immigrant life.
With sadness now I remember you well,
And wish your children all the best,
My native land,
Farewell!

[1916]
Translated by Nick Kupensky



Carpatho-Rusyn Homeland
Paul Robert Magocsi



Village of Snakov, Slovakia

"A Mother's Love"

By Emil Kubek

The first son arrived to visit her grave;
In a hole in the earth his mother now sleeps,
He asks and he begs for her to awake:
"Oh, Mother wake up, and come home with me,
I have a beautiful wife, as calm as a dove,
And wonderful kids, like flowers in May,
Oh, mother of ours, whom we showered with love,
How happy we'd be if you'd join us today."
All is quiet, the earth falls silent…
And mother keeps on sleeping.

The second son came by horse to her grave,
And was handsomely dressed in a new tailored suit.
"Oh, mother wake up, and see what you've made.
I pulled myself up from the straps of my boots!
I'm the tsar's right hand man, every battle I've won,
And the princes and counts bow before me,
Oh mother, get up, be proud of your son,
Come and share in my riches and glory!"
All is quiet, the earth falls silent…
And mother keeps on sleeping.

The smallest son came in old tattered clothes,
With tears in his eyes and cold pale cheeks.
He cried on her grave: "Oh mother of mine,
The depth of my sadness has made my heart weak;
I've searched far and wide for love – but in vain,
I've starved, and I've froze living out in the rain,
Oh mother get up, bring an end to my pain!"
The coffin opened, and at that moment,
She was risen from the dead.

[1923]
Translated by Nick Kupensky

List of Art Glass Windows

1. St. Anne and St. Mary
2. The Immaculate Conception
3. The Annunciation
4. The Nativity of Jesus
5. St. Mary and the Saints
6. The Patronage of Our Lady
7. Jesus Saving Peter
8. Jesus Crowned with Thorns
9. The Road to Calvary and the Women of Jerusalem
10. The Resurrection

Odd numbers = left
Even numbers = right
Lower numbers = closer to iconostasis
Higher numbers = closer to narthex

List of Saints in "St. Mary and the Saints"

Top Row
St. Cyril (c. 826–869)
St. Methodius (815–885)
Second Row
St. Yolanda of Hungary (1235–1298)
St. Ladislaus of Hungary (c. 1040–1095)
St. Elizabeth of Hungary (1207–1231)
St. Stephen of Hungary (c. 975–1038)
Third Row
St. Basil the Great (c. 330–379)
Fourth Row
St. Lawrence (c. 225–258)
St. Stephen (died c. 34)
St. Aloysius Gonzaga (1568-1591)
St. Isidore the Farmer (c. 1070–1130)

Prepared with the assistance of Father David Mastroberte

"Lullaby to a Miner's Child"

By Emil Kubek

Oh sleep, my sweet child!…
Underneath the ground bursts…
Do you hear the terrible noise of the earth?…
Your father is working in the mines oh so deep,
When the earth shakes, that's him who rocks you to sleep.

Oh sleep, my sweet child!
That noise, it's your dad,
From under the earth he's bringing home bread;
Deep in the mines he works as hard as he can,
While peacefully dreams his young little man!

Oh you haven't yet tasted of life's bitterness,
My dove, my sweet child:
Right now your life's blessed.
Someday you'll encounter
Old age and sadness –
You'll go to mine coal –
Amidst darkness and rubble,
You'll fight death and will struggle…
But now sweetly sleep,
Like in heaven, my child!
God will make things all right!
Sleep my dear baby, good night!

From the depths of the night some people appear,
Mother answers the door and trembles with fear…

"Don't cry, poor lady," they comforted her,
"Your husband's breathed his last breath.
In the depths of the earth he valiantly worked,
In the depths of the earth he met a quick death!

Oh what a terror! The mine suddenly shook,
A flame blazed in a terrible shock,
In a deafening blast, the walls then collapsed,
And they all were buried in piles of rocks.

Everyone died!…Only we survived
Amongst the smoke and the cries and the strife…
We found your husband just barely alive.
With sadness he quietly asked for his wife:

'Help me, my dear, my life's almost done'
And the last words he whispered were meant for his son,
'Sweetly sleep,
Like in heaven, my child!
God will make things all right!
Sleep my dear orphan, good night!'"



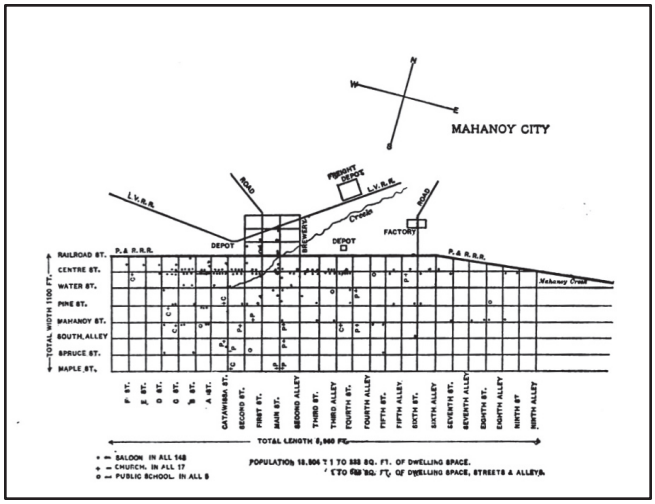
Our Lady of Mahanoy City

[1908]
Translated by Nick Kupensky

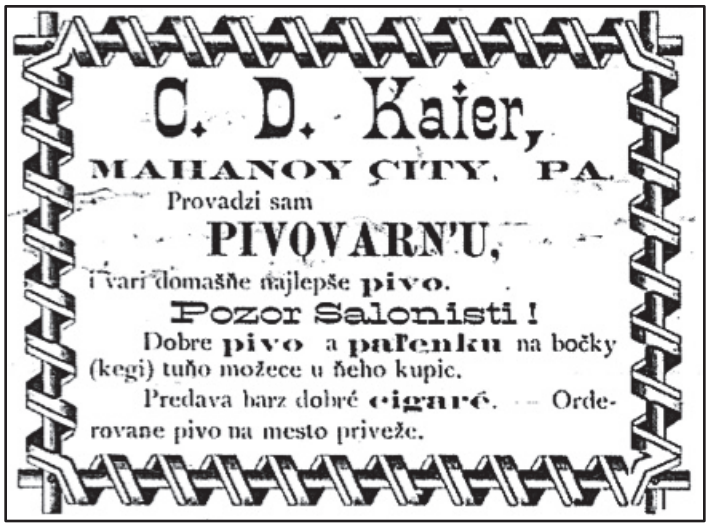
"The Good Dad"

By Emil Kubek

There's no type of dad
Like the one that we have.
A week will pass by
Before we see the guy.
Our neighbors have jobs,
But dad's just a slob.
We're sitting in class
When he gets off his ass.
Sometime around noon,
He crawls from his room.
He's nowhere near clean,
When he puts on his jeans.
"Gimme some change!"
He asks, then complains
Over breakfast in bed,
As he reads the want ads.
It's been almost ten years,
He's been bringing mom tears!
He always takes money
From our hard-working mommy,
But it doesn't go far,
Once he walks in the bar.
There it's easy to find,
Other men of his kind,
Ones just like our dad,
Who need work really bad.
Until deep in the night,
They drink down their troubles,
And occasionally fight.



Mahanoy City Map indicating
148 saloons, 17 churches, and 5 public schools from
Peter Robert's *Anthracite Coal Communities* (1904)



Kaier's Beer Company Ad in
The American Rusyn Messenger

After we finish eating,
And are just about sleeping,
We wish once again,
That our dad tucked us in.
If he'd find a career,
Would we see him more often,
Like a few times a year?
At seven on Sunday,
We get ready together,
No matter the weather,
And all go to church.
But dad is still snoring,
He thinks church is boring
His way to be blessed,
Is to get lots of rest!
When we return to the house
We can't find the louse,
But it's not hard to know,
Where dad likes to go.
Oh will he ever find
A job in the mines?
Yes, there's no type of dad,
Like the one that we have.

[1922]
Translated by Nick Kupensky

"An Easter Gift"

By Emil Kubek

Chapter I

Have you ever seen "a yard of the nations?"

Many of them are to be found on the outskirts of large American cities on a thoroughfare which is neither street nor avenue but an alley. It needs but a glimpse to tell what class of people are living there. For the romantic souls who compose the yard about which I am going to write, there is a lumber yard, the boards of which are occupied from springtime until late in the fall by those optimistic philosophers of the American land, known to the inhabitants as "bums."

Trains pass the yard every hour, by day and by night – passenger and freight, black diamond and milk express. The earth trembles under their heavy loads and the inhabitants of the yard of nations are in danger of losing their hearing bye and bye.

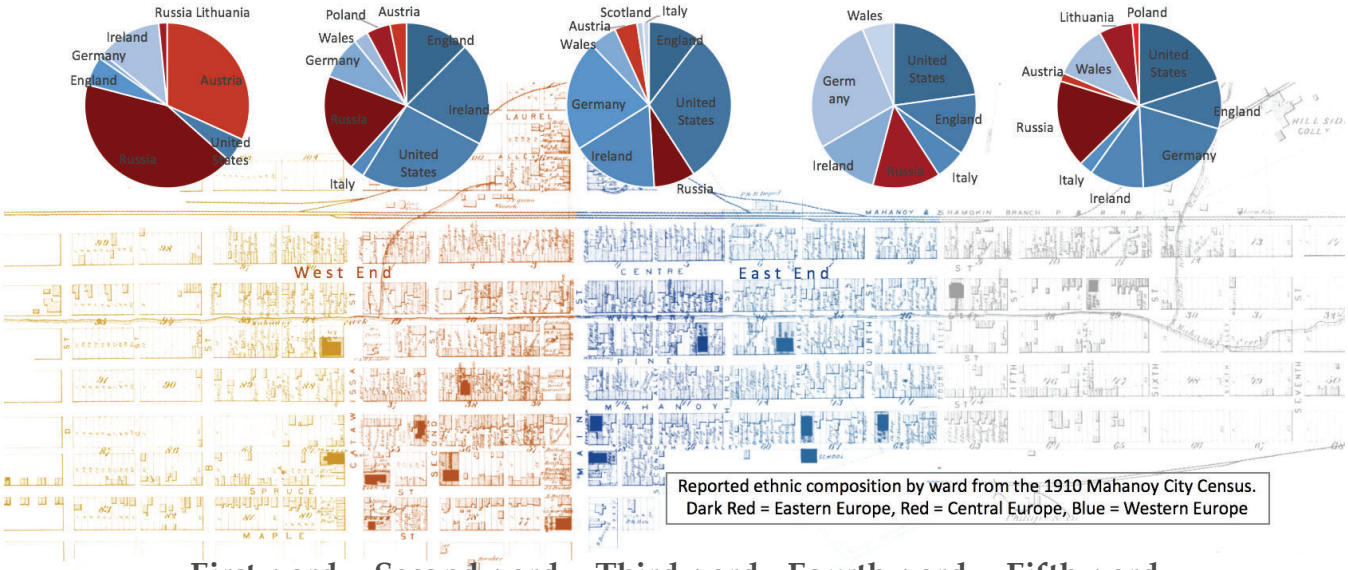
You don't find much light between the houses in the yard for the sunshine cannot break through.

Light by night is furnished the inhabitants by two small lights placed on the street by an honest-to-goodness borough council. Even this small amount of light is needful, especially after pay-day – and for the denizens of lumber yard.

The lumber yard affords a trysting place for sweethearts who come from as far away as East Centre street to speak about the greater things of life, here among the sleepers. Neither moonshine nor electric lights bother them here. Even the dogs of the neighborhood keep quiet for they know the visitors. A more ideal place for the children of cupid you cannot imagine.

From afar you will know everyone who resides in the yard even though it be for only three months. You will know them even in church. The church goers from the alley don't know how to whisper or to speak in low tones. Because of the noise made by the trains they are accustomed to loud speaking and cannot break the habit. When other people feel it is incumbent to whisper, they almost shout.

In the yard of the nations live eight families, close together, like so many sardines in a box. There are really eight and a half families for our Fedor Bistrica, we might consider a half-family. To place eight and one half families on one lot is no easy task even for Second Alley. But Mr. McMuch is a smart fellow and knows how to accommodate them. They pay, therefore, two dollars less than is demanded for a cleaner place, and that is very important.



Created by Erin Frey (2015)

"An Easter Gift"

By Emil Kubek

The nationalities in the yard represent nearly all of Europe. One family is Polish, one Lithuanian, another Greek, one Serbian, another Slovak, one Niger and two are Italian families. The heads of these families – one from Lombardy and the other from Sicily – married sisters, after much quarreling, and now fail to recognize each other as fellow countrymen.

In the yard you will find thirty-six children of varying ages. In Niger's family there are seven children. Sometimes entire families are fighting together.

In the two Italian families there are twelve children. Quite often all are fighting at once excepting those in the laps of their mothers. Children do not go to parents to arbitrate their disputes because more often than not a whipping comes from that quarter. Sometimes the disputes of the neighborhood were brought to the Squire's office for adjustment but that official became perplexed by the babel of tongues and was compelled to disperse them because all talked at once.

Fedor Bistrica was the only one who did not mix himself in the quarrels of the international yard. He did not have any right to the privilege, for Fedor had neither wife nor children, neither did he pay full rent. He was the inveterate enemy of all the women and also of the children. Not for the world would he talk to a woman.

Now that I have told that much about Fedor it is my duty to explain the reason for his animosity toward women and children, even though he should bring me to the squire's office.

[1921]
Translated by Louis Sanjek

[Read the whole story at www.kubekproject.wordpress.com]



All references to "Slav"
in the Mt. Carmel *Daily Item* from 1892 to 1911.

Created by Erin Frey.

"Merry Christmas"

By Emil Kubek



John Žinčak Smith
(1863-1942)

In the town of M. . ., on the corner of Centre and Main Streets, stands a typical, two-story house, like the ones we can see everywhere in Pennsylvania's small towns. The house is orderly, recently painted, and with clean, full curtains in the windows. The ground floor is set up as a storefront, and on a large, wooden sign, in golden letters, shines the inscription: "Andrew Bukovage's Gen. Store". The windows, from both sides of the store doors, are very tastefully filled with goods; one window has meat of all sorts, in another there are food supplies, roots, vegetables, baked goods, and other things, and in every window stands an illuminated Christmas tree with a picture of Santa Claus and an inscription reading "Merry Christmas" and "Christ is Born"!

If somebody would momentarily glance in these windows, even if they didn't already know it, they would have to guess that Rusyns live in this place because all the other Christians already celebrated Christmas two weeks ago.

There are no more than four and a half thousand residents in the town. One beautiful Irish church with a large school under the direction of monks brings beauty to the town, although truth be told there aren't that many Irish families. Not far from it is the Greek Catholic Church, and two Protestant houses of worship. At the end of the street is bashfully concealed a small "Orthodox" church, as if it was languishing under the weight of its many, heavy towers. There are only eight families that belong to the church, which broke off from its old church fifteen years ago. It's true, they had a very good reason to do it because the parish meeting didn't elect as the curator one of their most esteemed countrymen who was from the same village as they were. Now they would be more than happy to return but are ashamed to. Sometimes one priest would come from the surrounding area to serve them, other times it would be a different one. They couldn't retain a cantor, and so their children didn't know anything about their faith, the church, or God himself. So they "simply live" and die without this knowledge. The Greek Catholic Church, although three times bigger than the "Orthodox" one, is only adorned with two towers, and therefore the Orthodox make fun of our people, and our people make fun of them because they don't have a priest. And so both sides exist "in peace." […]

Everyone should be confident that the town of our story is neither related to a person nor a place but is a purely fictional town!

Above the store on the second story of the building in a nicely decorated front room, stands a ceremoniously set table. Near the window is a decorated Christmas tree. The table is set for five. At four of the places are boxes wrapped with ribbons, obviously Christmas presents. It is already a bit dark, it's already seven. Even though it's Christmas Eve, customers are still coming to the store so that everyone could meet their last minute needs for Christmas. Four people work in the store: Mrs. Bukovage, her two daughters, and one butcher. […]


Родимцѣ держѣмся девиза:
СВОЙ ДО СВОГО!

Одинокая русская фирма въ Америцѣ

ІОАННА Ж. СМИТА.

Продае шифкарты до краю и изъ краю на найскорши пароходы.

посылае дешево и безпечно гроши до всѣхъ частей свѣта, переѣмѣние гроши, колектуе долги, перепроваджае нотаріяльни справы, потверджае документа чи то въ старокраевыхъ чи въ американскихъ справахъ. У Смита достанете добрую пораду. Удавайтеся до него въ всякихъ справахъ, а съ певностію осягнете то, чого хочете. Г-на Смита знаютъ Русины, Словаки, Поляки и др. яко честного человѣка и щирого русского патріота. Онъ есть предѣдателемъ Общества Р. Б.

ІОАННЪ СМИТЪ держитъ ВЕЛИКІЙ ШТОРЪ

мѣшаныхъ товаровъ, въ которомъ получите все мыслимое по найдещевшой цѣнѣ.

Удержуе онъ также **великую перворядную бучерню**. Дае за робокъ многимъ людямъ, а до того самымъ Русинамъ.

Краяне, памятайте о томъ!

JOHN SMITH,

417-419 W. Centre St., MAHANOY CITY, PA.

Ad for Smith's
Shipping Company

[1930]

Translated by Nick Kupensky

"Palko Rostoka"

By Emil Kubek

[Description of the Smith House in Pleasant Hill]

The old folks remember when the hills surrounding the city were covered by forests, but now everything is bare, except on hill above the city there remains a two- or three-acre grove, as if a memory from the old days; and this charming area of the city is called "Pleasant Hill." A dance hall is cut out between the trees, and in the middle of the grove is the main clearing where teenagers and children enjoy themselves.

But this place is far from being a forest. The pine trees are scratched, and boys in love have carved so many initials and hearts into the beeches that the trees won't go on living.

It was as if this grove was created only to show the capability of man for devastation. It looks like a small and rare bouquet on a bald head. Not a single bird's voice was heard any longer in the grove; they were killed and completely driven out.

Below Pleasant Hill still in the shadow of the forest stands an orderly house tucked away in a large garden near the automobile factory. In the garden, aside from vegetables, plants, and many flowers, the house itself appears as if it is a large red gazebo; up above, the roses rise up like porch steps, and the walls are covered in roses.

On the porch in the cool of the afternoon, in a colossal chair sits a young woman around twenty-five years old sewing a white handkerchief with silk thread, and looks after her five-year-old son, who is rocking back and forth on a wooden horse. In the other chair sits a maybe forty-year-old man, pensive, deep in his own thoughts, as if he didn't remember that he was in the presence of his own family.

[1922]
Translated by Nick Kupensky



Anthony Kubek's illustration to "Palko Rostoka"

["Autobiography"]

By Emil Kubek

My friends of the ARUS have requested that I write a biographical sketch – about myself! But, are there any interesting events about which I can write? Were I a wealthy and eligible young man, then it would be an entirely different matter.

I was born, or rather, that certain "infant-transporting bird" smuggled me into the home of a poor old-country priest – without my consent. I cannot recall all the circumstances now, for it happened long ago – on the 28th day of November, A.D. 1857 – and it concerned very few people. My mother was so terrified that she became ill; my father, in his excitement, ran to the phone to impart to his neighbor-friend the terrible news – but, alas! he found that the phone had not yet been invented. Amid the excitement of the household I remained unruffled and settled myself more comfortably in my home, and, with the calm unconcern of a philosopher, I enjoyed the world – i.e., I slept, ate, yelled in a full-throated fashion, and grew (just as other more or less normal children are wont to do).

As soon as I acquired the use of my feet, the comedy began and my parents found life hard to endure. My father did not suffer long – he died early and left my mother a widow with four children and no means of livelihood. I cannot conceive now how we four children, ranging in age from three to 12 years, were able to complete our schooling. This miracle was accomplished by a poor, widowed mother! Indeed, my inconsistency can be plainly seen – even in my choice of a family I was not careful, otherwise I would have chosen my parents among the American millionaires.

After I hungered and froze through my school days, finally I attained the priesthood – the vocation of my ancestors for approximately two hundred years. I was ordained on the 22nd of March (after being married on the 13th of the month), 1881. I reared four children, all of whom are here in America, and with them 18 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren – thus far. (That is too much for an old man, even when he has nothing else, only the high title of Great Grandpa.)

In the spring of 1904, my bishop sent me into the mission field in America. Toward the latter part of June, that year, I came to the Mahanoy City parish. Before me, within two and one half years, seven pastors had come and gone. But I resolved to stay here, and, it seems to me, I perform my duties faithfully. It was only here in the United States that I learned to value the hard and fruitful labor of the old-country priest, who works in the shadows of the Carpathian Mountains. There the priest is not only pastor to his poor flock, but also its unpaid lawyer, public notary, 'squire, physician, advisor and protector – and I feel now that I had been there a truly respected pastor. My people, both abroad as well as here, are good-hearted, religious and moral.

In spiritual matters abroad the people obey the head of the diocese, therefore, as every other priest in the Carpathians, I was busily engaged in matters of the church, the school, farming, horticulture, etc. Practice and custom differ here, the board of trustees directs the welfare of the church, school, the priest and (sometimes) the religion itself, and therefore I had no other priestly function to perform but to say Mass, prepare sermons, hear confessions, etc. In my spare time I took to writing, and produced articles, stories and verses for our magazines, calendars and newspapers. These sentiments of mine were endorsed by many who had never read my writings. In 1913, I became a proud citizen of the United States, and of this I am very proud. In 1918, I became a widower and thereafter, for the most part, I was not only a priest, but also filled the roles of cook, laundryman, chambermaid etc., and nevertheless, peace reigned in my home.

After 57 years of priesthood, now I have little material worries, because I have absolutely nothing, except my 81st birthday – and this testifies to my business cleverness! My entire fortune consists of the love and thoughtfulness of my children. At present, my spiritual work during the summer months consists of swatting flies and reading on the porch, while during the winter I feed the sparrows, cough and play solitaire. My salary is now, 24 hours daily, enough for breathing and living, but not for clothing and salt. Now I live like the field lillies. I have had no trouble with the police nor the law, neither in the old country nor here, and I've never been in jail. I like homemade chicken soup with noodles and Florida. That's all I remember about myself.

[1938] (Signed) E.A. Kubek, Great Grandfather

["Eulogy to Father Emil Kubek"]

By Father Nicholas Elko

Those who preach funeral orations, often, begin by referencing to the sad assignment that confronts them. In this instance however, it is different. For one who has lived to the ripe age of eighty-two, and has been a priest for fifty-eight years, and served in one parish for thirty-six years, can we not say that words spoken of him are such sweet sorrow? Isn't his sleep of death comparable to the sleep of one as Bryant writes who has finished a hard day's work and then wraps the draperies of his couch around him and lies down to pleasant dreams? Isn't this departure of his as natural as the departure of a graceful actor who makes a fitting exist at a conclusion of a drama, leaving us with the sweet thought that he lives happily ever after. So, too, we like to think of Father Kubek as one leaving us with the thought that his soul, too, lives happily ever after in heaven.

We have come to the last page in the Book of Life of one who understood life so well. As one who worked with souls, he understood people and characters. He smiled with those who were happy and he shed tears with those who were sad. Having a deep understanding of human nature, he not only used this ability to teach from the pulpit but he was a respected writer. Those facts of life and culture which he left for posterity in his many writings will live on. Many times the pages of our official organ, the Viestnik, carried his quaint and interesting works. Those talents which God "rented" to him for the space of his lifetime, he used to good advantage.

We all know that a distinguished career merits a distinguished reward. For, just as a good mother promises a well-behaved child a gift upon her return home, and just as an employer promises a faithful workman an advancement, so too, God in heaven, promises every faithful servant an eternal reward; providing this servant has used his talents for God's greater glory.

And now as we look over Father Kubek's biography, we do feel that he used his talents for God's greater glory. First and foremost was the fact that he had a call to the Holy Priesthood, and he answered it. It must have been well answered for he served and was loved in one parish for thirty-six years. During those years, imagine how many times he listened to a newly baptized baby's first Christian cries! How many first communicants knelt before the altar and received the Holy Eucharist that had been consecrated by him! How many newly-married couples smiled hopefully as they felt that his blessing would bring them a happy life! How many casket lids were closed at funerals after he had consoled the weeping families and friends.

But now his praying lips are still. His hands are no longer raised in benediction. He has gone to get his first glimpse of the eternity that he preached about for so many years. He has gone to meet those saints whose virtues he told the people to follow. And, with confidence we say that he has gone to accept from God that which Saint Paul refers to as the Crown of Life, because he has led so many others to that Crown.

Yes, my friends, we speak of this departed soul's achievements today and, some day others will speak of our achievements. After our time here is expired, after our body is placed in a silk-lined casket, what will those people say who knew us? Will there be many achievements? What good will we have left behind? What will they speak about at our wake? Remember that their comments about us will remain as our monuments. Father Kubek's monument will be all those exemplary deeds which he performed for others who live after him. What exemplary deeds will live after us?

Does this not make us feel that we too must contribute at least in some way, to make the world a better place to live in? We cannot all attain the same laurels. However in our own little way, if we fulfill all the assignments that God has placed before us, we will have our own little hall of Fame. And when we leave this world we too will be deserving, as Saint Paul tells us, for that "Crown of Life."

[July 25, 1940]
Published in the *American Russian Sokol*

"No! We Won't Die!"

By Emil Kubek

No! We won't die!
The winter has passed, spring has arrived…
Our race has awakened, and we are alive!
Blizzards and storms become gentle spring showers,
Which brighten the forests and water the flowers;
And the whole world sings from the depth of its chest:
Christos voskres! Christos voskres!

No! We won't die!
A spirited nation can never be killed,
So long as we place our faith in God's will!
But we've had to endure and have suffered for years,
Nothing would help bring an end to our tears.
But now rays from heaven slowly ease our distress:
Christos voskres! Christos voskres!

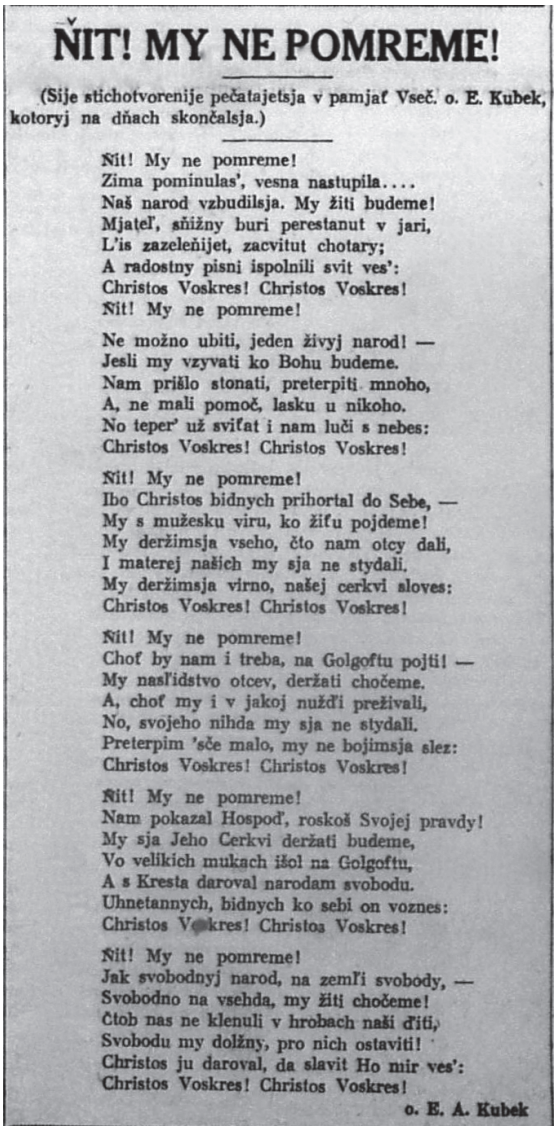
No! We won't die!
For the poor are protected from sickness and strife,
By a masculine faith, so we charge into life!
We protect what's been given to us by our fathers,
And we're never ashamed of our hard-working mothers.
We trust in our church and proudly profess:
Christos voskres! Christos voskres!

No! We won't die!
No matter how far we carry our cross,
Our father's inheritance will never be lost.
We've starved and went hungry but have persevered,
Our love of our homeland is mixed with our tears,
We're fearless and rugged, and will pass every test.
Christos voskres! Christos voskres!

No! We won't die!
The Lord has revealed his justice and truth,
And we will defend his church from abuse.
As Christ walked to Golgotha, the crowds brutally beat him,
From the cross, he promised salvation and freedom.
He'll raise up the poor, the weak and oppressed.
Christos voskres! Christos voskres!

No! We won't die!
As a free people, in the land of the free,
We cherish our freedom on this side of the sea.
And so that our children will honor our lives,
We have to ensure that this freedom survives.
Together, in chorus, again we express:
Christos voskres! Christos voskres!

[1922]
Translated by Nick Kupensky



NIT! MY NE POMREME!

(Sije stichotvorenije pečatajetsja v pamjať Vseč. o. E. Kubek, kotoryj na dňach skončalsja.)

Nit! My ne pomreme!
Zima pominulas', vesna nastupila....
Naš narod vzbudilsja. My žiti budeme!
Mjateľ, sňižny buri perestanut v jari,
L'is zazeleňijet, zacvitut chotary;
A radostny pisni ispolnili svit ves':
Christos Voskres! Christos Voskres!
Nit! My ne pomreme!

Ne možno ubiti, jeden živyj narod! —
Jesli my vzyvati ko Bohu budeme.
Nam prišlo stonati, preterpiti mnoho,
A, ne mali pomoč, lasku u nikoho.
No teper' už sviťat i nam luči s nebes:
Christos Voskres! Christos Voskres!

Nit! My ne pomreme!
Ibo Christos bidnych prihortal do Sebe, —
My s mužesku viru, ko žiťu pojdeme!
My deržimsja vseho, čto nam otcy dali,
I materej našich my sja ne stydali.
My deržimsja virno, našej cerkvi sloves:
Christos Voskres! Christos Voskres!

Nit! My ne pomreme!
Choť by nam i treba, na Golgoftu pojti! —
My nasľidstvo otcev, deržati chočeme.
A, choť my i v jakoj nuždi preživali,
No, svojeho nihda my sja ne stydali.
Preterpim 'sče malo, my ne bojimsja slez:
Christos Voskres! Christos Voskres!

Nit! My ne pomreme!
Nam pokazal Hospoď, roskoš Svojej pravdy!
My sja Jeho Cerkvi deržati budeme,
Vo velikich mukach išol na Golgoftu,
A s Kresta daroval narodam svobodu.
Uhnetannych, bidnych ko sebi on voznes:
Christos Voskres! Christos Voskres!

Nit! My ne pomreme!
Jak svobodnyj narod, na zemľi svobody, —
Svobodno na vsehda, my žiti chočeme!
Čtob nas ne klenuli v hrobach naši ďiti,
Svobodu my dolžny, pro nich ostaviti!
Christos ju daroval, da slavit Ho mir ves':
Christos Voskres! Christos Voskres!

o. E. A. Kubek

Kubek's "No! We Won't Die!" published in the *American Rusyn Messenger* (July 25, 1940) after Kubek's death on July 17, 1940.

"Vichnaia Pamiat'" | "Eternal Memory"

Vichnaia pamiat'	Eternal memory
Vichnaia pamiat'	Eternal memory
Blazhennyi pokoi	Blessed repose
I vichnaia im pamiat'	And eternal be their memory

"Mnohaia lit" | "Happy Birthday"

Mnohaia lit	Many years
Blahaia lit	Blessed years
Mnohaia lit	Many years
Blahaia lit	Blessed years
Vo zdravii	In health
V spasenii	In salvation
Mnohaia lit	Many years
Blahaia lit	Blessed years



Photograph of the dedication of the new church
and celebration of Emil Kubek's fiftieth year in the priesthood (November 27, 1931).

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For more information about Emil Kubek and the Slavs of Mahanoy City,
visit www.kubekproject.wordpress.com.