

## Olena Shewchuk

And the ruins became more menacing. Only the church was standing, whose bells had been heard around the neighboring villages, from where people had come on the Sunday holidays. The church, which reminded us of the recent past. For a long time the village council thought about how to close the church. The bells had to be taken down, because they prevented children from learning in school. The people surrounded the church - "we won't let you!" They cried, pleaded, but the decision was carried out. The big bell fell and sounded for the last time, and the people were quiet. The bells stopped ringing, and the people's hearts stopped beating. They stored grain in the church and later decided to demolish the church. But what a structure it was! They tried to smash it but it wouldn't give up. They put in dynamite, and the people's comfort fell, the cradle of Christianity. In its place they built a platform, from which young people would jump, onto the place where my grandfather was buried. His favorite church was gone as well.