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well, there's a God there, he sort of guides us. We don't think he does, but he does. (Did you tell me on the phone that it was the war that really made you believe in God, more so than before?) Yes. I'm not an atheist, if that's what you mean. No. When I was a little girl, my mother taught me about Jesus, the baby in the manger, and Jesus died for us on the cross. I took that literally. I took God for granted. When I was a little kid, I would pray to God, "Oh please, God, let me...have enough money so I could go to the matinee"--silly things. Like as if he was Santa Claus. You know, silly things like that. Not emergen? cies. I was praying to God almost like as if he was Santa Claus. But as I said, when I went into that war, I was barely 21. I was okay. I was okay-- decent, respectable person, I think. But I was sort of, little giddy--everything was "Ha, ha" fun. Well, I still have got a sense of humour, as you can see. I mean, I'd never lose that, or else I'll be dead. But I couldn't see the serious side of things. And I couldn't for the life of me understand why people were miserable and.... I was never going to get sick, and I was never going to get--without food or hungry. I was never going to get sorry. And I was never going to get old. I was never going to get gray hairs. Oh, the wisdom of youth! So, when the war started, I just thought, well--and I can always remember the day the war started. I know exactly where I was, I know my reactions, and I know what I said. Just like as if it was now. But I thought, "Well, it's going to be over in a couple of weeks, you know. I mean, the Germans--what are they? And then we'll pick up the threads where we left, and go on." But you know what? You didn't do that. Nobody. Everybody who got touched with that war was never the same again. And the world was never the same again. You know. Maybe people today, the younger ones, don't know that. But it did some? thing--it's left scars, and it taught les? sons, and it did things to people. It gave you something to think about. And so therefore, what it did make you think about, I think, is the fact that there's a God in heaven, and he spared my life, and I'm thankful to him the rest of my life. And I will be, forever thankful, every day I live. Every day to me, when I get up, is like a little present from God. That's for me to do with whatever I wish. It's mine. I can fritter it away. I can fling it up the wall and go to sleep and forget it, and wake up the next day and say, "That's one day I didn't have to do anything with." I can do all of those things. Or else I can make it really count. And I do. Now, I'm only a simple woman. I'm an old lady. I don't go anywhere very much--about as far as here to Sydney and back. But I never waste a day. If it's only to do this: Now, I'll be going on the street, and I'll OWEN FITZGERALD PHOTOGRAPHY ltd. Since opening his studio in 1978, Owen has received wide acclaim with the publication of three books and awards in Portraiture, Industrial and Press Photography. 423 Charlotte St., Sydney, N. S., 562-2321 Your Sign of Quality DON'T ACCEPT LESS Let our experienced staff help you with all your printing needs SPECIALISTS IN PROCESS COLOR PRINTING 180 Townsend St., Sydney 564-8245 pax: (902) 539-2040 539-8666 WE CAN HELP YOU REALIZE YOUR DREAM OF HOMEOWNERSHIP! FOR A MORTGAGE TO BUY, BUILD OR RENOVATE, SEE THE LOCAL EXPERTS League Savings & Mortgage 235



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