

This poem is dedicated to the men of Holy Ghost Parish who built the float.

Our Float

We clapped, we shouted as our float went by,
It was a sight to behold.
It carried a church with stained windows,
And a dome made of gold.

The house was beautiful, with its thatched roof and all,
But somehow it seemed incomplete.
Until they put the people on,
Now it was elite.

With Walter on the accordion,
Who played in a very fast beat,
It had the people dancing,
They were dancing in the street.

The children, ladies and gentlemen,
Who occupied the chairs,
Sat there proudly for "Sydney Ukrainian Community
Celebrates Church and Home Life"
As the words on the banner did bear.

They worked there in the blazing sun,
They worked there in the rain.
My God! I thought it was a sin.
But deep in my heart I knew it would be worthwhile.
We knew our float would win.

As I gazed out the window next morning,
Where the mighty float did stand,
The willow trees moved gently,
Still clapping their hands.

SPECIAL THANKS

If I had a crown to give,
And, some day I may,
I would place it on John O'Jolick's head.
"Long may your reign", I would say.

Re: John O'Jolick

This man is in his 70's. He was the oldest man working on the float. He is still very active in parish work. The only thing he doesn't do now is build houses. That's because his good wife, Emma, won't let him.

August 9, 1985 - Action Week Parade

