



Project Update

Tribute to Liberty received the below letter from the Canadian Government, finally informing us of its plans regarding the remaining elements of the Memorial. Also, we encourage communities to hold their commemorative events at the Memorial. In order to access power at the site please go through the event permit section of the NCC - [Event Permits | National Capital Commission](#).

Minister of Canadian Identity and Culture
and Minister responsible for Official Languages



Ministre de l'Identité et de la Culture canadiennes
et ministre responsable des Langues officielles

Gatineau, Canada K1A 0M5

Mr. Ludwik Klimkowski
Chairman of the Board
Tribute to Liberty
629 Mill Park Drive
Kitchener, Ontario
N2P 1V4

November 14, 2025

Subject: Decision regarding the Wall of Remembrance of the Memorial to the Victims of Communism

Dear Mr. Klimkowski:

Thank you for your continued engagement and steadfast commitment to commemorative initiatives for the victims of Communism.

I want to inform you that the Government of Canada has decided to pursue a different approach for the Dedication and Donor Recognition elements on the east side of the Wall.

A new approach will focus on thematic content to be developed collaboratively by the Department of Canadian Heritage and Tribute to Liberty. We remain committed to working closely with you to explore alternative design elements for the Wall of Remembrance that foster remembrance, commemoration, and reflection for all visitors.

I understand that this outcome may be disappointing and would like to express my sincere appreciation for your valuable contributions throughout this process. Your input has played a key role in shaping the vision for the monument.

Please accept my best wishes.

Sincerely,



The Honourable Steven Guilbeault, P.C., M.P.

Victim Stories and Dedications

Submitted by our Donors

* Dedicated to my father, Adolf Ristau. My name is Willi Ristau and I am very pleased and quite proud to see a monument being built in Ottawa to recognize the victims of communism. I feel privileged to have this opportunity to share my own experiences in this free country, my adopted homeland Canada.

Having lived in Waterloo region ever since my emigration in 1957, I am often asked about my nationality to which I reply that I am Latvian by birth, German by origin and Canadian by choice—with all my heart! I would like to dedicate this to my late father who, at the age of 53, was the driving force behind my family's emigration to Canada, and who started a new life for us from scratch five times over—the easiest time in Latvia and the most difficult in Canada. He often told us children that the short time spent in Latvia working the small farm given to him as a wedding present, living off the land—a simple, care-free life, was the best time of his life.

This peaceful life changed very quickly in 1939 when the Soviet Red Army invaded Latvia as a result of Russia's takeover of Latvia (Latvia had been an independent country since the 1920 Paris Peace Treaty, and is now again as I was able to witness firsthand in 1993 during a visit to the beautiful city of Riga with my son, Harold). The German Reich annexed part of Poland and the people of German origin were given the choice to leave or remain under Russian control.

During the Russian Civil War (1918-1920) the Red Communist Army marched through Latvia murdering, stealing food and burning buildings, while my parents hid themselves and their livestock deep in the woods. This experience made the choice to leave an easy one for my parents. Our life farming under German rule was prosperous but unsettled.

In 1944, my father was drafted into the German army to fight against Russia, which retreated back to Berlin and in the fall of 1945 marched by foot all the way to Moscow. Due to malnutrition, just a quarter of the prisoners of war survived, my father being one of them. However, after becoming ill in 1947 he was sent home. He told us many times how he prayed to be returned to his family of eight children, and when the good Lord granted him his wish he was grateful although very sick. It took my father six months to recover enough to work the small farm my mother had received from the large piece of land expropriated by the Communist government. Until then we had survived on bread and potatoes—we did

not starve but were always hungry. Through his hard work my father managed to increase the land from six to nine hectares, yet most of the produce had to be sold to the Communist government. The Communists also told each farmer what and how much to grow and where to live and work.

After finishing grade eight, I was assigned to learn a woodworking trade. For the next three years I travelled seven km on gravel roads, four days a week, and spent two days in trade school in the city of Halle which for me was the best part of learning a trade. On June 17, 1953, a two-day rebellion against the Communist Regime ended with Russian tanks moving into the city to restore order. Many leaders of the revolt escaped to West Germany to avoid persecution but others were shot. The local Communist newspaper reported the event as the West trying to invade the East to destroy the Communist labour paradise. At this time the East German mark was worth just one quarter of the West German mark.

Meanwhile, in the 1950s, the Communist government of East Germany had decided to conglomerate the small farms to create the large, more economically viable farms of Russia. Films of beautiful Russian farms shown at town hall meetings to promote the idea were questioned by my father as he'd never seen any of these while in Russia. Those expressing opposition to the idea were picked up by police and never seen or heard from again.

In 1954, my father sent me to a youth rally in East Berlin to plan an escape route to West Germany. I was 17 and scared but enjoyed it very much as it was the first time I could remember ever having enough to eat! All day we marched through the streets chanting Communist slogans which none of us believed. At night I slipped away from camp and took the U-Bahn, the subway which circled underneath Berlin, to West Berlin which felt like heaven with its well-lit streets and shops filled with goods. I stayed just a few hours before returning. The next morning, several youths who had been caught going to West Germany as I had done were forced to publicly condemn Western ideas while the fashionable t-shirts they had purchased were burned for all to see.

One afternoon in 1954, my father announced that we would be escaping to West Berlin immediately. Taking only the clothes on our backs and three gallons of pork fat, we boarded a train first to Halle and then to East Berlin. Our family separated on the train. When questioned by the police I told them we were heading to the wedding of a relative in North Germany. When asked why the tickets went only to Berlin, I told them that I had attended a youth rally this past May and wanted to show my brother the accomplishments of the East German Communist

workers. As proof of my story I pointed out the Communist shirt I was wearing, and we were let go. Others trying to escape were found and sent to labour camps.

After arriving at our friend's home in the free city of West Berlin, my father told us that if the police had wound up capturing him on the train, he would not have let them take him alive because after having the experience of brutality as a Russian prisoner of war he would rather be dead than Red! Soon we were housed in West Berlin refugee camps, and later I was grateful to attend a West German college for eight weeks.



The Democratic Constitution I learned about at this college was in direct contrast to the Communist philosophy I was forced to study to receive my journeyman papers. In East Germany we were taught that the Communists would take over the world in the near future, yet as one living in a Christian family I did not believe it. Still, we had to belong to a Communist youth group in order to graduate. In the end, the good Lord has brought me and my family to the beautiful country of Canada after wandering and living as a teenager through four different countries and four different political systems. I've told my four children often how grateful they should be to have been born in this rich country of abundance.

The good Lord has blessed me, my family and their families in more ways than we could have ever hoped or prayed for in this great, free land—the land of milk and honey!

* Dedicated to Alzbeta Fitmova. In 1948, when communists took power in Czechoslovakia, she was a teacher in a small remote village in current Slovakia. The Government ordered all crosses/crucifixes to be removed from the classroom's wall. However, parents met and insisted on keeping the cross, so she left it on the wall. For this she was imprisoned and kept in very harsh conditions for a gentle woman. She died soon after her release.

* In memory of Karlis Otto Valkovskis of Latvia, my

grandfather who was sent to Siberia, and whom I never had the chance to meet.

* In memory of my father Captain Nikolajs Augulis.

* Dedicated to Tenzin Delek Rinpoche. [Ten Years On: Honouring Tenzin Delek Rinpoche's Legacy –](#)

* In memory of those victims that cannot speak for themselves.

* In memory of my dear wife Astrida. Not all of us leave empty space behind, and footprints for the Future!

* In memory of an intellectual of South Viet Nam, Professor Nguyễn Duy Xuân, Minister of Culture and Education and Dean of the University of Cần Thơ.

In the Spring of 1975 the Communist authorities in Ha Noi decided to shred the Agreement on Ending the War and Restoring Peace in Viet Nam that was formally signed by all the parties in Paris, France on January 27, 1973 and sent a massive military force to invade South Viet Nam in direct violation of the Accords. It happened at a time when the Republic of Viet Nam (RVN) was being abandoned by the United States of America having already withdrawn all its troops and fast ending all assistance to the country and while North Viet Nam (NVN) was continually receiving massive assistance from Russia and China. This brought about the collapse of the Government of the RVN on April 30, 1975, and the entire country from Nam Quang Pass to the Cape of Cà Mau was under the control of the Communist authorities in Hà Nội.

Shortly after they occupied South Viet Nam the Hà Nội authorities ordered all officials from mid-level and up in the government, armed forces and political parties to report to designated centers. Those officials were then sent to hard labor camps disguised as “re-education” camps. Those camps were set up in remote and inhospitable locations from the south all the way to the north, even in the border area between Viet Nam and China. The announcement ordering those officials to report and later sent to the re-education camps informed them to only take with them enough money to pay for one month's expenses for food, thus leading them to believe that the re-education period would be only one month.

In reality the re-education period lasted much, much longer, causing many prisoners to die of starvation, poor health, and diseases due to lack of medicine. Among those prisoners was Professor Nguyễn Duy Xuân, an exemplary intellectual from the Mekong River Delta of South Viet Nam. Professor Xuân was born in 1925 in the district of Ô Môn, province of Cần Thơ. He studied at a

high school named Collège de Cần Thơ, subsequently renamed Phan Thanh Giản High School. After graduating with his Diplôme he went to France and graduated with a License (Bachelor) in Economics. He then went to study in the UK and obtained a Masters in Economics, after which he went to Vanderbilt University in Tennessee, USA from which he graduated with a Masters and a PhD in Economics. His PhD thesis was about Agricultural Credit.

He went back to South Viet Nam and served in various capacities in the government of the First Republic (1955-1963), namely, Press Attaché at the Office of Prime Minister Nguyễn Ngọc Thơ; Director General of Viet Nam Press, the official news agency of the Government; and General Commissioner, General Commission of Cooperatives and Agricultural Credit. In the Second Republic he was Minister for the Economy under Prime Minister Nguyễn Văn Lộc, the first government of the Second Republic; Special Assistant for Economic Affairs to President Nguyễn Văn Thiệu; Dean of Cần Thơ University; and Minister for Culture and Education in the Cabinet of Prime Minister Nguyễn Bá Cẩn having replaced Prime Minister Trần Thiện Khiêm.

Towards the end of April 1975 the Cultural Attaché of the US Embassy in Saigon had approached Professor Xuân and invited him to leave the country. Professor Xuân refused to leave because he did not want to be accused of abandoning his post. After the Communist takeover, like many officials, Professor Xuân reported to the center at Gia Long Girls High School in Saigon and was sent to another center at the Long Thành Orphanage in Biên Hòa province. This is the internment center for all officials who had reported at the various designated centers in the Greater Saigon-Chợ Lớn-Gia Định area. Here they were grouped in categories according to their “crime activity level” from high to low, and then sent to various hard labor camps. Professor Xuân was subsequently sent to the Thủ Đức Detention Center along with other officials who had held high level positions in the government, leaders of political parties, Deputies and Senators in the National Assembly, and commanding officers in the Police and Intelligence organizations.

In mid-1976 Professor Xuân and the entire population at the Thủ Đức Detention Center were sent to North Viet Nam. The prisoners, shackled in pairs, were transported in fully covered military trucks to Tân Sơn Nhất airport and then flown in two former RVN Air Force C 130 planes directly to Gia Lâm airport, in Hà Nội. All the prisoners were then transported in public buses to the Hà Tây Hard Labor Camp in Hà Sơn Bình province and the Nam Hà Hard Labor Camp in Hà Nam Ninh province. Professor Xuân was sent to the Hà Tây Hard Labor Camp, about 20 kilometers from Hà Nội.

In their time of incarceration at those prisoners’ camps in North Viet Nam the prisoners from the South were doing hard labor, and Professor Xuân was included in a unit responsible to make bricks. This is the harshest work unit in the Hà Tây Hard Labor Camp. Here the prisoners had to go the pond to get the clay, even on extremely cold days in the winter. Then they had to mold the clay until it becomes pliable to be pressed into soft bricks by machines, and then taken in wheelbarrows to dry out in another area. The prisoners then had to carry the bricks to coal-fired ovens, then take them out once dried, with each prisoner meeting the production target of 1200 to 1500 bricks a day. A brick as produced in North Viet Nam weighed then more than one kilogram (more than 2 pounds) because it was a solid brick instead of the lighter “hollow” bricks made in South Viet Nam. If a prisoner did not meet his assigned production quota then his food ration for the day would be reduced! Professor Xuân, though the oldest person in his work unit, had to do the same back-breaking hard labor like his much younger fellow prisoners, the majority of them being former officers in the RVN Armed Forces who had been interned at the hard labor camps along the China-Viet Nam border and had to be relocated because the Chinese were going to attack the six provinces along the border.



The 1977 winter and subsequent ones in North Viet Nam were very harsh, with temperatures at the hard labor camps as low as zero degrees Celsius. Each morning, in extreme cold weather, as soon as the door of the cell was opened the prisoners had a short time to wash and do personal hygiene in the pond area before doing the hard labor. Professor Xuân and Lawyer Trần Văn Tuyên, formerly Head of the Social Democrat group in the House of Deputies, took advantage of the short time allowed to wash. (Lawyer Tuyên died at the Hà Tây Hard Labor Camp of a ruptured blood vessel in the brain). Besides enduring the harsh winter Professor Xuân and his fellow prisoners also had to put up with scarce food rations and diseases due to lack of medicine. Chemical Engineer Phan Thông Thảo, Head of the New Đại Việt party, and Professor Xuân’s cell mate, had bitterly complained that “we have

become animals that have to eat meat to survive because at this time we eat ourselves in order that we may survive”.

At the beginning of 1979 family members of the prisoners were allowed to send gifts packages and to visit the prisoners. At that time Professor Xuân did not receive any gifts packages from his own family in France but from his older sister then living in Ô Môn District. Prisoners from the South, including Professor Xuân, managed to survive thanks to those gifts packages and the visits by family members who also brought food and other necessities. Life as a laborer in Professor Xuân’s Bricks Production work unit continued until 1981 when he got transferred to the Translation Unit of the hard labor camp. The Translation Unit had former military officers of the RVN Armed Forces who were very proficient in English and French. They were charged with translating documents and books in English or French about the Viet Nam War to send to the Communist military leaders in Hà Nội. This was another clever exploitation by the prison wardens as they leveraged the intellectual capability and prowess in lieu of the labor capability of the prisoners. In early 1983 all the prisoners at the Hà Tây Hard Labor Camp were transferred to the Hà Nam camp in Hà Nam Ninh province where Professor Xuân continued working in the Translation Unit. In the following years Professor Xuân received gifts and medicine packages from his family in France and was visited by his younger brother, Deputy Nguyễn Long Giao when the latter was released from the hard labor camp.

However, it was at that time, particularly beginning in the winter of 1986, that Professor Xuân began to develop eczema and have red dots on his body and on his face that oral medicine and topical ointment could not cure. Professor Xuân turned to oriental medicine and asked prisoners having work details outside the hard labor camp to pick the amaranth plants, roots and all, so that he could dry them out then make an infusion to drink. Professor Xuân’s eczema and rash did not disappear. Around his neck began to appear a number of tumors as hard as grains of rice. A fellow prisoner, Dr Trương Như Quynh, former Head of the Saigon Hospital and working under a doctor from North Viet Nam in charge of the hospital at the hard labor camp, diagnosed that Professor had contacted Hodgkin’s Disease, a type of cancer due to the abnormal growth of ganglions. The labor camp authorities allowed Professor to be examined at the Phủ Lý city hospital, and there the medical staff also confirmed that Professor Xuân had Hodgkin’s Disease and immediately sent him back on the same day to the hard labor camp. Professor Xuân’s condition worsened as the ganglions metastasized to the stomach and liver causing him to faint many times and he had to be rushed to the camp’s infir-

mary for emergency treatment. Finally, the prison authorities had to admit Professor Xuân to the camp’s hospital for better treatment.



During Professor Xuân’s stay at the camp’s hospital, fellow prisoner Phạm Hữu Trung, a former Major in the RVN Police Force volunteered to be at the hospital to care for him day and night. The prison wardens agreed to that request only after they received “gifts bribes” from the prisoners at the camp. By October 1986, per his wish Professor Xuân got the Reverend Thích Thanh Long, a fellow prisoner and former Chief of the Buddhist Chaplains in the RVN Armed Forces, to perform the rites for him to become a Buddhist monk with the name of Thanh Lương Địa. At that same time, upon learning of Professor Xuân’s deteriorating health and the fact that he could not eat or drink. Mrs. Phạm Hoàng Hộ, the wife of Professor Phạm Hoàng Hộ who had been Dean of Cần Thơ University before Professor Xuân, sent him two bottles of saline solution, Morin Amin, that contained concentrated nutrients to be injected into his blood system in lieu of food. In the beginning the Communist doctors at the hard labor camp did not allow this type of treatment, and only relented a few days later when they saw that Professor Xuân was comatose. Professor Xuân recovered for one day; however, at 4:00 am on January 16, 1987 he gave his last breath. The next morning, after giving some more gifts bribes to the prison wardens, Buddhist Reverend Ngự, former Buddhist Chaplain of RVN Armed Forces 7th Division, with the assistance of two other Buddhist Reverends, Thích Thanh Long and Thích Thiện Chính, performed the last Buddhist rites for Professor Xuân at the hard labor camp’s infirmary. On his death and having not eaten or drunk any water for two months Professor Xuân’s body had shrunk considerably and was as black as a bronze statue.

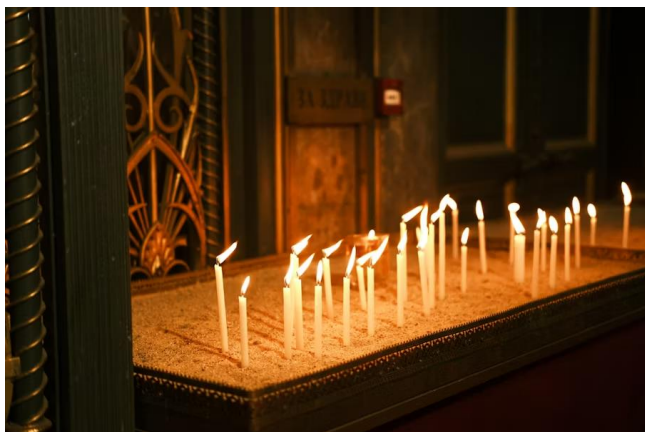
The burial of Professor Xuân was done by a team of common criminals at the hard labor camp and the political prisoners from the South were not allowed to witness and say their final good goodbyes to a fellow prisoner.

They could only line up at the door of the cell where Professor Xuân had been incarcerated and watch with deep sorrow as two common criminals carried Professor Xuân's coffin to be buried on a remote hill outside the hard labor camp. They could not contain their tears at the silent yet bitter death of Professor Xuân, a superb and exemplary intellectual from the South who died because of the brutal suppression and harsh incarceration which the tyrannical communist authorities in Hà Nội had reserved for the political prisoners from South Viet Nam after April 30, 1975.

It was not until 2015 that Professor Xuân's daughter could return to Viet Nam from France to exhume her father's bones, had then cremated and took the ashes for veneration to the Thiên Hương Buddhist temple in Bình Thạnh district of Saigon.

* This is the story of what happened to my mother and her family. My mother, Julia Siomkajlo Szypowska, was forcibly deported by the Soviets on February 10, 1940 from Eastern Poland to the northern regions of Kazakhstan, on the very border of Siberia. They were awoken in the middle of the night and given less than an hour to be ready to leave their home and all their belongings.

She was deported just because she was Polish, and for no other reason. She was deported along with her elderly parents (Jan and Michalina) and siblings (Jozef, Aniela, Amalia, Michalina, Joanna, Stanislaw), and approximately 2 million Poles. For weeks they were locked into an unheated cattle car in the dead of winter, with temperatures falling as low as minus 40 degrees, as the train brought them deeper into the depths of the USSR. She and her siblings were slave labourers in a gold mine for almost 2 years, and five members of her family remain in unmarked graves in the USSR.



Helpless to do anything about it, she witnessed the deaths of her parents, from starvation, malnutrition, and Typhoid fever, as well as the deaths of a brother, sister, and sister-in-law. They were given no medical aid, no

clothing or supplies, and only a slice of bread per day; and this was based on whether or not they met their quotas in the mines. They had to work on all fours, for 12 hours a day, with only hand tools to assist them, and they were not even made to clear the mine when explosives were set off. The rocks rained down on them whenever this happened, and many were buried alive.

When they were finally released, she and three remaining sisters had another harrowing journey ahead of them, with few provisions, until they finally reached the Polish Army that was forming in southern USSR, and eventually made it to freedom in Persia. After regaining some of their strength they made a further journey to Kidugala, a refugee camp in Tanzania, East Africa. A year later, my Mother made another incredible journey. This time she traveled on a troop ship from East Africa to England, at a time when ships were regularly being torpedoed and sunk.

In England, she joined the Polish Women's Auxiliary Air Force (WAAF) and served out the rest of the war working in aircraft maintenance. By this time, Poland was swallowed up in the Communist axis, so she no longer had a country to return to. After meeting and marrying Michal, they set off on another incredible journey, this time to a new life in Canada. They spent the first 22 years in Montreal where they raised their children and rebuilt their lives. In 1971 Julia and Michal moved to Kingston, Ontario, where they lived for 36 years.

In her final years, Julia suffered from Alzheimer's and while she steadily forgot the more recent moments of her life, the horrible memories of the past came flooding back. So in her last years she suffered once more the pain and indignity of life as a slave labourer in the USSR, and she re-lived the deaths of her parents and siblings in those inhuman conditions. She died on September 7th, 2007, in the arms of her husband and children. She will be forever remembered and forever loved by her children and grandchildren.

* In memory of Lajos Nagy. Nobody runs from Democracy.

* Our story begins in Hungary ... Poverty. War. Fear. Communism. We are stripped of safety, freedom, and hope. Regretfully, we leave our homeland - but with hope renewed. To Canada. Safety. Opportunity. Democracy. We are always grateful for these gifts given to us. Canada! In the name of our families, We thank you. We are proud citizens.

* In memory of the millions of murdered Ukrainian Victims of Communism.

* In memory of Latvian Victims of Communism. The Latvian deportees, deported to the Gulag by Communists, could not speak for themselves, but we can. People should know the truth.



* In memory of Andrejs Kalnins, Inmate of Gulag Camp Norilsk (1941-1946).

<https://gulag.online/places/norilsk?locale=en>

* In memory of my brother's family deported to Siberia March 1949.

* In memory of Oswaldo Paya-Sardinas. Oswaldo Payá Sardiñas (29 February 1952 – 22 July 2012) was a Cuban political activist. A **Roman Catholic**, he founded the **Christian Liberation Movement** in 1987 to oppose the one-party rule of the **Cuban Communist Party**. He attracted international attention for organizing a petition drive known as the **Varela Project**, in which 25,000 signatories petitioned the Cuban government to guarantee **freedom of speech** and **freedom of assembly** as well as to institute a multi-party democracy. In recognition of his work, he received the **European Parliament's Sakharov Prize** and **People in Need's Homo Homini Award**. On 22 July 2012, he died in a car crash under controversial circumstances. The Cuban government stated that the driver had lost control of the vehicle and collided with a tree, while Payá's children and one of the car's passengers asserted that the car had been deliberately run off of the road.

* In memory of my beloved mother Ana Maria Ercea, (1929-2005), poetess and librarian, who died with the hope that things would improve in this world of sadness and madness. She was a fearless anti-communist and had struggled for many years to regain our family belongings, confiscated by the communists after WW2.

* In memory of countless exiled Polish children who perished in the Soviet Union.

* To all those who kept a vertical position facing harassments, tortures and any kind of abuses from the regime against prisoners and the people in the biggest prison of

the world that is Cuba; also to those seven political prisoners who, at the end of 1994 risked their lives during 40 days in hunger strike in the Prison of Bouiato, in which my older son Guillermo Sambra participated when he was only 22 years old. We also dedicate it to our friend Marcelo Amelo, who later died in this jail from the tortures and abuses of the Castro regime's guards and agents.

* In 1993 I was sentenced to spend the next 8 years of my life in a Cuban prison. My only crime was to write and distribute propaganda against the Cuban regime, a communist dictatorship that has been in power for the last 54 years. It is controlling the whole nation in every aspect, without permitting the slightest sign of opposition. In May of 1998, after five years and four months in prison, and thanks to the efforts of Amnesty International, Pope John Paul II and the Government of Canada, I was released with the condition of going into exile.

* When I was 9 years old, just four years after my mother passed away, my father was sent to prison because he was an outspoken activist against the Fidel Castro dictatorship. For many years I had to endure the exclusion from social acceptance because I was the daughter of a counter revolutionary, in the eyes of the regime. My will to fight this type of government, capable of inflicting such unbearable pain in a child, grew stronger with the years, so I became a human rights activist myself. My childhood slipped through my fingers and I grew up in a hurry, only to marry a man who shared my same point of view against tyranny and oppression. He ended up in prison together with his father and my brother and my father (again) for the mere act of printing and distributing flyers against Castro's regime. Again I had to face the sad reality of being labelled a dissident in communist Cuba. The only difference this time was, I was not left alone. By my side was my little daughter Yessica, giving me strength to fight the communist dictatorship, that made my life a living nightmare. To my father Victor who spent more than 15 years in total, in Cuban dungeons. To my brother Emilio, my husband Guillermo Sambra and his father the Cuban writer Ismael Sambra. To my daughters Yessica and Gabriella.

* My family and I have been victims of communism in many ways, we suffered in Cuba, psychologically and otherwise. We were harassed, our house was searched, and that is why I had to leave Cuba in 1997. I continue my struggle against communism by working with the Cuban Canadian Foundation. I dedicate my humble donation in memory of Pedro Luis Boitel, who was murdered in prison for political activism, in the Castro brothers dictatorship.

* Dedicated to Major Aleksander Prociuk (1905-1974), a proud Canadian and veteran of the Allied Polish Armed Forces in WWII, who never lived to see, again, the free and democratic Poland for which he had fought.

* In memory of the Latvian farmers from the Vilkenes Parish, who were deported to Siberia, by the ruinous Soviet occupiers.

* For the victims and refugees of communist regimes in Cuba, January 1, 1959 to present.

* For the victims of the Soviet Red Army Invasion of Afghanistan - December 25, 1979.



* For the victims of Cambodia Khmer Rouge Killing Fields - 1975-1979.

* For the victims of the Russian Famine of 1921-1922.

* For the victims of the Tiananmen Square Massacre in China - June 4, 1989.

* In memory of my grandfather Jaan Kross. He was born in Tallinn, Estonia in 1878. In independent Estonia he worked as a factory manager. He was arrested by the Soviet occupation forces in 1944 as an "enemy of the people" and was killed in the GULAG camp in Potma, Russia, in 1947. We don't know where his grave is, but his memory will never die.

* In memory of my father Jaan Kross jun. He was born in free Estonia in 1920 and studied international law. He was active in national resistance to the Nazis in April 1944. Released by the short lived Estonian government in September 1944, he was arrested again, this time by the Russian NKVD in 1946, for the same "crime", resistance to occupation and struggle for a democratic and independent Estonia. He spent 8 years in various GULAG camps, Inta in Komi, Russia, among others. He survived and became one of the great writers of historical novels of modern times. He died in free Estonia in 2007.

* I was born in Canada after my mother fled the dire reality of life in the People's Republic of Poland under Martial law. I make this donation in honour of a family friend, who along with her family was forced to leave Poland in 1969 as a result of the anti-Semitic purge perpetrated by the Communist regime. Hers was a normal, productive and well-integrated Polish family that was constantly harassed, then stripped of their Polish citizenship against their will and expelled from Communist Poland for no reason other than their Jewish background. While Canada accepted them as refugees and they were able to begin their lives anew, she admits that the trauma caused by that expulsion remains with her to this day.

* In memory of the Kresy Deportees to Siberia. On 17 September 1939 the Soviets invaded Poland with an army of 600,000 that included 24 infantry divisions, 15 cavalry divisions, and nine tank brigades. They immediately set about carrying out their policy of ethnic cleansing. They came with previously-prepared lists and ordered that all Kresy Polish military residents, police, civil servants, civilian farmer settlers and well-to-do land-owning peasants (Kulaks) have their property appropriated and their bank accounts frozen. Homes, businesses and farms were ransacked, personal property destroyed and owners imprisoned.

<http://www.kresyfamily.com/3-deportation.html>

* Dedicated to my father Miloslav Suchma who was imprisoned by the communist government in Czechoslovakia and all his property was confiscated.

* We honour our uncle Tadeusz Bejt (1923-1949) who remained loyal to the London-based Polish government-in-exile and was executed in 1949 by the Stalinist secret police Urząd Bezpieczeństwa on charges of working for "foreign imperialism". Tadeusz Bejt sentenced in the staged trial was rehabilitated on January 22, 1993.

* In honour of the silenced millions murdered in the Soviet Union for the crime of being Ukrainian: during the Holodomor, the Stalin terror years, the mass executions of World War II, and the Gulags.

* In memory of my parents reunited March 9, 2013. Both experienced the horrors of war, lost family, friends and homeland. Both were grateful to find and start a new life in a free and democratic country. Both saw the evils of communism fall. It's our duty to respect and protect this hard fought freedom.

* In memory of all Croatians who suffered and perished at the hands of Tito and in honour of our parents who fled from communist Yugoslavia to Canada, a great land of opportunity.

* In memory of my father, Bedrich Sirotek, who made the decision for the entire family to walk away from a large estate and to escape. He did so in less than a week after the commies took over in February 1948. It took a month to find a safe escort out of the country but we crossed the border, after dark. Across a farmer's field by April 10.

* In memory of Helena Malinowski, who was deported from Poland to a slave labour camp in Siberia, and later raised a beautiful family in Canada.



* In memory of the Vietnamese Boat People.

* In memory of my grandfather Xu-Jian Chen who died in AD1960 in the county of Ningde in China, because he was a "landlord - owned too much land".

* In memory of the East German Uprising, June 17, 1953.

* In memory of the victims of the Securitate, Romanian Communist Regime Secret Police.

<https://www.britannica.com/place/Romania/Communist-Romania#ref477017>

* In honour of Vaclav Havel.

<https://www.journalofdemocracy.org/articles/vaclav-havel-1936-2011/>

* In memory of Jean Pasqualini.

https://laogairesearch.org/prisoner_stories/jean-pasqualini/

* For Ed Iskauskas and Milvi Kori, who escaped, met in Canada and raised a wonderful family.

* In Memory of Blessed Nykyta Budka.

<https://www.ncregister.com/blog/saints-and-art-blessed-nykyta-budka>

* In honour of Gao Zhisheng. Gao Zhisheng (born 20 April 1964) is a Chinese human rights attorney and dissident

known for defending activists and religious minorities and documenting human rights abuses in China. Because of his work, Zhisheng has been disbarred and detained by the Chinese government several times, and severely tortured. He last disappeared in February 2009 and was unofficially detained until December 2011, when it was announced that he has now been imprisoned for three years. His commitment to defending his clients is influenced by his Christian beliefs and their tenets on morality and compassion. Gao's memoir, *A China More Just* (2007), documents his "fight as a rights lawyer in the world's largest communist state." In subsequent writing, he accuses the ruling Communist Party of China of state-sponsored torture and reports having been tortured by the Chinese secret police. He disappeared in February 2009. At the beginning of 2012, Gao's brother said he had received a court document saying his brother was in Shajiao jail in Xinjiang. In 2014, it was reported that Zhisheng was released from jail and put under house arrest. He disappeared again in August 2017 in an apparent attempt to escape house arrest and was subsequently taken back into custody on his recapture in September.

* Solomon (Shloyme) Mikhoels, Yiddish: מ'יכאעלס שלמה, Russian: Соломон (Шлойме) Михоэлс, 16 March [O.S. 4 March] 1890 – 13 January 1948, PAU, was a Soviet Jewish actor and the artistic director of the Moscow State Jewish Theater. Mikhoels served as the chairman of the Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee during World War II. However, as Joseph Stalin pursued an increasingly anti-Semitic line after the War, Mikhoels's position as a leader of the Jewish community led to increasing persecution from the Soviet state. In 1948, Mikhoels was murdered on the orders of Stalin and his body was run over to create the impression of a traffic accident.

* In memory of my sister Hilja Tondi who was lost in the sinking of the ship Moero.

<https://wrecksite.eu/wreck.aspx?15307>

