

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 2020  
A SERVICE IN CELEBRATION  
OF THE LIFE OF HELENE TADROS  
ST/JOHN'S



# A SERVICE IN CELEBRATION OF THE LIFE OF

HELENE TADROS

July 9, 1948 – April 6, 2020

Saturday, May 2, 2020

3:00 PM

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## + Gathering +

GATHERING MUSIC

Tim Porcelli

WELCOME & ANNOUNCEMENTS

INTRODUCTION

Blessed be God, the source of all mercy and consolation. God comforts us in all our sorrows, holds us close, and enables us to comfort one another.

**Thanks be to God.**

THANKSGIVING FOR BAPTISM

We give you thanks, O God, for the gift of baptism.

All who are baptized into Christ are joined to his death and resurrection.

Through her baptism, Helene died and was buried with Christ,

and just as Christ was raised from the dead,

so too will Helene be brought to new life.

Eternal God, maker of heaven and earth, you formed us from the dust of the earth, and by your breath, you gave us life.

**Creator God, we glorify you.**

Jesus Christ, the resurrection and the life, you suffered death with all humanity, and you rose from the grave, opening the way to fullness of life.

**Liberating God, we praise you.**

Holy Spirit, author and giver of life, you are the comforter of all who sorrow. You are our sure confidence and everlasting hope.

**Loving God, we worship you.**

To you, O mystical Trinity, be glory and honor, forever and ever.

**Amen.**

PRAYER

The Lord be with you.

**And also with you.**

Let us pray.

All-loving God, source of all mercy and giver of comfort, graciously tend those who mourn, that casting all their sorrow on you, they may know the consolation of your love, through your Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.

**Amen.**

+ **Word** +

READING

Psalm 27:1-6

A reading from the Psalms.

- 1The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom then shall I fear?  
The Lord is the stronghold of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?
- 2When evildoers close in against me to devour my flesh,  
they, my foes and my enemies, will stumble and fall.
- 3Though an army encamp against me, my heart will not fear.  
Though war rise up against me, my trust will not be shaken.
- 4One thing I ask of the Lord; one thing I seek;  
that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life;  
to gaze upon the beauty of the Lord and to seek God in the temple.
- 5For in the day of trouble God will give me shelter,  
hide me in the hidden places of the sanctuary, and raise me high upon a rock.
- 6Even now my head is lifted up above my enemies who surround me.  
Therefore I will offer sacrifice in the sanctuary, sacrifices of rejoicing;  
I will sing and make music to the Lord.

Word of God, word of Life.

**Thanks be to God.**

REMEMBRANCES

READING

Psalm 27:7-14

A reading from the Psalms.

- 7Hear my voice, O Lord, when I call;  
have mercy on me and answer me.
- 8My heart speaks your message – “Seek my face.”  
Your face, O Lord, I will seek.
- 9Hide not your face from me, turn not away from your servant in anger.  
Cast me not away – you have been my helper; forsake me not, O God of my salvation.
- 10Though my father and my mother forsake me,  
the Lord will take me in.
- 11Teach me your way, O Lord;  
lead me on a level path, because of my oppressors.
- 12Subject me not to the will of my foes,  
for they rise up against me, false witnesses breathing violence.



## + Sending +

### COMMENDATION

Let us commend Helene to the mercy of God, our maker and redeemer.

Into your hands, O loving God, we commend your servant Helene. Acknowledge your child, a sheep of your own fold, a lamb of your own flock, a sinner of your own redeeming. Receive her into the arms of your mercy, into the blessed rest of everlasting peace, and into the glorious company of the saints in light.

**Amen.**

### BLESSING

May the One who brought forth Jesus from the dead raise you to new life, fill you with hope, and turn your mourning into dancing.

All-loving God, Creator, † Christ, and Holy Spirit, bless you now and forever.

**Amen.**

### DISMISSAL

Let us go forth in peace.

**Amen.**

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## MEMORIALS MAY BE DIRECTED TO:

Pacific Grove Museum of Natural History  
(to help the monarch butterflies)  
165 Forest Ave  
Pacific Grove CA 93950  
831-648-5716

The Salvation Army Monterey Peninsula Corps  
1491 Contra Costa St.  
Seaside CA 93955

American Diabetes Association

# ST/JOHN'S

1235 Wilmette Avenue • Wilmette, Illinois 60091 • (847) 251-1730  
stjohnswilmette.com • Facebook: St. John's Wilmette

# THE LIFE OF HELENE TADROS

By Olga & Natalie Domchenko

Beloved daughter of the late Maria Domchenko and stepdaughter of the late Petro Domchenko, treasured granddaughter of the late Baba Evdokia and the late Dido Mikhailo Ploszczansky, most cherished and adored sister of Olga Domchenko and Natalie Domchenko, sister-in-law of Hilaire Sainson, niece of the late Irene and late Michael Junkiewicz, Ivan Lohin and the late Helen Lohin, the late Vlodko and late Zonia Ploshchansky, dear cousin of Sylvia Cushing (Robert) Terry Hamilton, Elizabeth Junkiewicz, Larysa Little (Vic), the late Roman Ploshchansky, the late Yarko Ploshchansky, and second cousins Olena Ploshchansky and Taras Ploshchansky.

Former wife of Abe Tadros with whom she shared a life filled with new adventures, challenges and love in San Francisco and later Pacific Grove. She and Abe collaborated on many things, including running a small catering business for a major department store and also a small grocery in S.F.. Later Helene worked for the Simic Art Gallery in Carmel, where one of her duties was to communicate with and coordinate the transfers of art work from artists all over the country/world. She also worked for a time as a private caregiver for certain clients, like “The Cowboy” who once told Helene “You Are My Angel”, because she was the most patient, loving and compassionate caregiver he ever had.

She was much loved by her foster family in Topeka, Kansas, Bob and Jeanne Taggart and their children Robin Hannigan and Joe Taggart, with whom she continued ties of love, hope and respect until the day of her death. Bob and Jeanne helped Helene and her family during their stay in a displaced persons camp in Germany and supported them through the financial, physical and emotional devastation of post war Germany. Their ties continued until Helene's death.

Loved and very sorely missed by William Sciarrino, companion and devoted caregiver. She also leaves behind many grieving friends all over the country. She cherished each and every one of these friends and there were too many to list here. Please know that you are all in our hearts and we know how much you loved Helene. We know.

Helene was a graduate of the Ray-Vogue College of design in Chicago, Illinois. She was an exceptionally talented dress designer and seamstress. She designed and hand sewed some of the most distinctive and beautiful costumes for the entertainers at the Gaslight Club in Chicago. She also designed and sewed for herself and for her sisters Olga and Natalie. The dresses, pantsuits, coats and all the clothes she crafted, had a unique, slightly off beat quality that made whoever wear them truly stand out in a crowd. Helene loved being off beat. She didn't plan on it, she just was, wonderfully, uniquely, charmingly offbeat! She also taught herself to create bold and one of a kind jewelry made from ordinary and often overlooked objects. Only her discerning and exploring eye along with her truly unique perspective unearthed the beauty within those objects. Even as a young girl, Helene saw beauty in common everyday things found in the home or nature: stones, broken glass or pottery, bleached chicken bones, discarded fruit pits, odd bits of things she found in her walks or simply after cooking a meal. Often we came home from school to find her stirring a big pot filled with tea or coffee or the skins of vegetables. She was hand dyeing cloth and creating subtle, muted and oddly beautiful colors that were part of her own landscape. She crocheted, she knitted, she made remarkable collages, art books, place mats, unique birthday cards and books made especially for the specific person she had in mind. Each and everything she saw held beauty for her.

In addition Helene planned major parties and events for her friends and family, crafting all the decorations, costumes and props herself. Often they had a theme like the Hawaiian party she threw for her friend Chris Lewis where she attended to each and every detail, including tracking down a local band to play authentic music. Her events are still the stuff of legend, and will put a smile on your face.

Helene also volunteered as a teenager at local hospitals and was especially gentle with elderly patients. She also taught arts and crafts, knitting and crocheting at schools for delinquent youth. She was at first met with hostility and then all the young people warmed up to her, because of the immense kindness, patience, love and respect that she showed them.

Helene was a great supporter of all her family's and friend's passions and artistic endeavors. She was enthusiastic, nurturing, their greatest and most passionate advocate, and truly supportive in every possible way. And she continued this support her entire life. She herself was a very accomplished artist in so many myriad disciplines, but always promoted others before herself. After one of Helene's pep talks you felt like a million!

She was the original environmentalist and the original recycler. She used and reused items, and never threw anything away. Helene only used natural products, everything from nature. Chemicals or preservatives did not have a place in her house. She used cut lemons to clean her counters, put cut lemons in her water, used the peels in the soil in her garden. Oh Helene, she loved lemons, and when someone gave her a bag of lemons from their garden, it was like gold to her.

She loved music and collected and compiled tapes for family and friends of music ranging from songs of the Middle East, the Ivory Coast, American jazz or blues, folk and rock, Afro Pop and others. These tapes were works of art themselves as she covered their cases with beautiful hand painted designs.

She had a special place in her heart for her Ukrainian heritage and loved Ukrainian folk songs, ballads, and Christmas Carols. Helene, even after forty years of living in CA and not being near her Ukrainian relatives, still managed to retain her native tongue and could speak beautiful Ukrainian.

Helene was a talker. She loved to talk to her family and friends. You could talk to Helene for hours and she was both a great talker and even a better listener. Helene could discuss art, poetry, philosophy, transcendental meditation, the Bible, gardens, medicine, history, natural healing, literature, music, everything. And you could also talk to her about recipes, twenty ways to cook a potato, makeup, the latest fashion, and sometimes even a little gossip. She was open to anything and everything. And she knew a lot. About EVERYTHING.

Helene had a great sense of humor and could be a wacky prankster. When we were kids she sometimes disappeared after dinner for a long time then came back out dressed as an eccentric street person, an immigrant, fortune teller, etc. She once dressed up as a toothless old hag, hid in a closet and scared the daylights out of us when we came home after school one day. Once we visited Helene in CA to join our mother there to take a break during my dad's last illness. Upon arriving the door opened and there we saw a slightly wild looking older hippie with long blonde hair, bell bottomed jeans, flowered top and headband. It was our mother disguised as a flower child! The demure, elegant Eastern European Mrs. Domchenko, would never stoop to something like that, but Helene convinced her, trying to inject some humor during a very sad time.

Helene was a work of art herself. Her personal style was incomparable. Growing up in the early 60's and 70's, when Helene walked by you noticed. Even though at the time everyone had a certain flair and style uniquely their own, she stood out even more. Her thick, long, flowing blonde hair, the slim hand dyed skirts in those offbeat marvelously muted earth colors, the often massive jewelry made of wood or stones (or avocado pit!) she wore around her neck, the big bangles that decorated her wrists and elbows. She sought out and used unique and beautiful makeup, often from Japanese companies, that she used to enhance her special features. She had big brown/hazel eyes and full sensual lips (that she hated!) and she was captivating. Even in recent years during bouts of bad health one always noticed Helene: the colors, the still wild hair, the crazy socks, the big necklaces, the very weird but elegant sandals.

Helene so loved living in her beloved CA and spent the last 40 years reveling in the beauty of the Monterrey coast. She loved the ocean, the redwoods, the mountains, the wildflowers, the wild and rocky coast. The sea lions. She loved all birds (except blue jays!). She loved the hummingbirds that used to visit her on her balcony in Pacific Grove. You could spend an hour just talking about hummingbirds with her. She also especially loved the monarch butterflies that settled there for months in the Monarch Grove Sanctuary in Pacific Grove.

She also appreciated other types of landscapes, a small and lovely garden, a pot of pansies or lavender, a single leaf on the sidewalk. The way the sidewalks in Carmel CA protected the roots of trees. The mailboxes there with flower boxes attached. She loved so many things and each of these things revealed her discerning eye, her love of new things, her thirst for knowledge, her pursuit of art and loveliness. Helen was grateful, so full of gratitude for living in a place surrounded by all that beauty.

Helene loved God and never lost her faith in God, though over the years she suffered many tragedies both personally and professionally. She also had many health challenges over the years and instead of becoming bitter and complaining or angry, she only became more gentle, more forgiving of others, sweeter and kinder. She had a pure heart.

Helene spent a lot of time meditating and thinking about life and used her time to know herself better, to know God better and to know others better. I believe that she reached a state that many of us will never get to, a state of higher consciousness. She accomplished this because it takes a person who has the ability and the strength of focus and will to go deep into ones own soul and mind, into the very depths of their inner being. Helene did this, she dug deep into her heart and soul and mind to reach self-knowledge and to reach a state of true spiritual consciousness. A state of higher consciousness, the greatest goal that any of us can attain in this life. All you had to do was talk to her, really and truly talk to her and listen, to know that this was true.

Rest in Peace our beloved sister, daughter, grand daughter, niece, cousin and friend. Looking forward to seeing you again, so looking forward to seeing you again.....in that "place that has no space or time....." We'll spot you right away. You'll be the one who stands out, the one with the wild and golden hair, with your flowing skirts and your magnificent, artful, bangles and necklaces, wearing your wild California socks and sandals. Until then Helene, please know that all of us will be seeing you in every single beautiful tree, or rock, or flower, in every beautiful sunset or sunrise, in every blade of grass in every song, in every poem, in every beautiful and glorious thing in this world Helene you will be there with us always, until we meet again.