



Janusz Jacek Wyszogrodzki

11.9.1913, Warsaw – 25.5.2009, Melbourne

Funeral for Janusz Jacek Wyszogrodzki

Friday 29 May 2009

Rosary: 1.00 pm

Mass: 1.30 pm

St. Ignatius Church, Richmond

Priest: Ks. Wiesław Słowik

Singer: Pani Danuta Smolucha

Organist: Sister Hermina Widlarz CR

Eulogies: Krystyna Dusznik & Jack Wyszogrodzki

First Reading: Dariusz Dusznik

Second Reading: Shayna Wyszogrodzki

Followed by Cremation at Renouwen Chapel,

Springvale Botanical Cemetery, at 3.30.

Please join us after the cremation for a Wake

(including food and drinks) at

Dom Polski Syrena, 1375 Stud Road, Rowville.

Tak nas powrócisz cudem na Ojczyzny łono.
Tymczasem przenoj dusz utęsknioną
Do tych pagórków leśnych,
do tych łąk zielonych,
Szeroko nad błękitnym Niemnem rozciągnionych;
Do tych pól malowanych zbożem rozmaitem,
Wyzłacanych pszenicą, posrebrzanych żytem;
Gdzie bursztynowy świerzop,
gryka jak śnieg biała,
Gdzie panięskim rumieńcem dzięcielina pała,
A wszystko przepasane jakby wstęgą, miedzą
Zieloną, na niej z rzadka ciche grusze siedzą.

*This memory of resurrection has stayed
alive in me since childhood; it makes
me hope a homesick exile might return
to wooded hills, green meadows,
and the lakes
spread round the River Nieman-
-that I'd be borne
back to that womb of gilded wheat
and rye turned silver,
to the amber mustard row,
buckwheat snow, and clover,
burning like a shy
girl's blush--to strips of turf,
ribbons that show
boundaries with green.
All this I see so clearly,
down to each blossoming pear tree.*

Our father, Janusz Jacek Wyszogrodzki, was a devout Polish patriot, and a proud Australian, who had a few simple and strong loves which directed him throughout his long life. He fervently believed in God's saving grace and mercy, and instilled within us the optimism of God's care and guidance. He loved his family with absolute devotion. He loved Poland, the country for which he fought, which he was forced to leave, and which left him with a longing that never died. He loved Pope John Paul II, the great Polish Pope, who once said "I have a sweet tooth for song and music. This is my Polish sin", and Dad felt exactly the same. The hymns and songs that have been chosen for Dad's funeral are some of his favourites. Like the Pope and perhaps because of him, he loved "Barka" and "Polskie Kwiaty" especially, and he was always moved to tears by these melodies. We have included here the Polish versions and their English translations.

Later at Renowden Chapel we will play some of our father's cherished songs from the war:

~*Marsz Mokotowa* – the unofficial hymn of the Warsaw suburb of Mokotów, where, during the Warsaw Uprising of 1944, Jacek led the Defence of Sadyba and became the Commander of the whole of Lower Mokotów. On 26 August 1944r. the OAZA battalion was formed under the command of kpt. "Janusz" (Janusz Jacek Wyszogrodzki), composed of 3 regiments.

It was for his bravery and leadership during these battles with the Germans that Jacek received Poland's highest military decoration for courage in the face of the enemy, the Order Virtuti Militari (Latin for "Military Valour").

~*Serce w Plecaku* – a song of a soldier's goodbye to his loved one as he goes off to war.

~*Warszawianka* – the song of Warsaw.

~ *Marsz Polonia* -



Order of Singing:

Before Mass:

Polskie Kwiaty

Śpiewa ci obcy wiatr,
Zachwyca piękny świat,
A serce tęskni.
Bo gdzieś daleko stąd
Został rodzinny dom.
Tam jest najpiękniej.

Tam właśnie teraz
Rozkwitły kwiaty:
Stokrotki, fiołki, kaczęce i maki.
Pod polskim niebem
W szczerym polu wyrosły
Ojczyste kwiaty.
W ich zapachu, urodzie jest Polska.

Żeby tak jeszcze raz
Ujrzeć ojczysty las,
Pola i łąki.
I do matczynych rąk
Przynieść z zielonych łąk
Rozkwitłe pąki.

Bo najpiękniejsze
Są polskie kwiaty:
Stokrotki, fiołki, kaczęce i maki.
Pod polskim niebem.
W szczerym polu wyrosły
Ojczyste kwiaty.
W ich zapachu, urodzie jest Polska.

Śpiewa ci obcy wiatr,
Tulaczy los cię gna
Hen gdzieś po świecie.
Zabierz ze sobą w świat,
Zabierz z rodzinnych stron
Mały bukietik.

Weź z tą piosenką
Bukietik kwiatów:
Stokrotek, fiołków, kaczęcy i maków.
Pod polskim niebem
W szczerym polu wyrosły
Ojczyste kwiaty.
W ich zapachu, urodzie jest Polska

Polish Flowers

*A foreign wind sings to you
A beautiful world calls to you
But your heart is longing
Because somewhere far from here
Your family home remains
It's most beautiful there*

*It is there right now
That flowers have bloomed
Daisies, violets, cowslips and poppies
Under the Polish sky
They grew in an honest field
Flowers of our homeland
In their scent and beauty is Poland.*

*If only one could see once again
The forests of one's youth
The fields and the meadows
And into one's mother's hands
From green meadows
The blossoms one has gathered.*

*Because Polish flowers are the most
beautiful
Daisies, violets, cowslips and poppies
Under the Polish sky
They grew in an honest field
Flowers of your homeland
In their scent and beauty is Poland.*

*A foreign wind sings to you
A wanderer's fate unfolds
Somewhere in the world.
Take with you into the world,
Take from your family lands,
A small bouquet.*

*Take with this song
A bouquet of flowers
Daisies, violets, cowslips and poppies
Under a Polish sky
In an honest field they grew
Flowers of your homeland
In their scent and beauty is Poland.*

Entrance Hymn:

Pod Twą Obronę

Pod Twą obronę Ojczy na niebie,
Grono Twych dzieci swój powierza los,
Ty nam błogosław, ratuj w potrzebie,
I broń od zguby, gdy zagraża cios.

Czy toń spokojna, czy huczą fale,
Gdy Ty Twe dzieci w Swej opiece masz,
Wznosimy modły dziś ku Twej chwale,
Boś Ty nam tarczą, Boże Ojczy nasz.

Between the Readings:

Zwycięzca Śmierci

Zwycięzca śmierci, piekła i szatana,
Wychodzi z grobu dnia trzeciego z rana
Naród niewierny trwoży się, przestrasza
Na cud Jonasza. Alleluja!

Ziemia się trzęsie, straż się grobu miesza,
Anioł zstępuje, niewiasty pociesza:
„Patrzcie, tak mówi, grób ten próżny został,
Pan z martwych powstał.” Alleluja!

Ustąpcie od nas smutki, troski, żale,
Gdy Pan Zbawiciel tryumfuje w chwale;
Ojcu swojemu już ztryumfował zadość,
Nam niesie radość. Alleluja!

Ciesz się swych uczniów, którzy wierni byli,
Utwierdza w wierze, aby nie wąpili:
Obcuje z nimi, daje nauk wiele
O swym Kościele. Alleluja!

The Offering:

Serdeczna Matko

Serdeczna Matko, opiekunko ludzi.
Niech Cię płacz sierot do litości wzbudzi.
Wygnańcy Ewy do Ciebie wołamy.
Zmiluj się zmiluj niech się nie tułamy.

Do kogoż mamy, wdychać nędzne dziatki.
Tylko do Ciebie ukochanej Matki.
U której serce otwarte każdemu.
A osobliwie nędza straponemu

*Under Your protection Lord God in heaven
Your children entrust their fate
Bless us, save us in need
And defend us from destruction
when we are struck down.*

*Whether in peaceful waters
or in raging waves,
When You have your children
in Your protection
We pray to You today
in honour of Your glory
For You are our shield, O God, Our Father.*

Conqueror of Death

*Conqueror of death, hell and the devil,
Rises from the grave on the third morning
The nation is troubled, unfaithful, frightened
On the miracle of Jonah. Alleluia!*

*The earth shakes, guards attend the tomb
The Angel descends
and comforts the women:
“Look”, he says, this tomb is empty now
The Lord has risen from the dead”. Alleluia!*

*Take away our sorrows, worries, regrets
When the Saviour triumphs in glory;
He has already met His Father
And He brings us joy. Alleluia!*

*He comforts his disciples who were faithful,
Confirms their belief so they do not doubt:
He lives amongst them, and teaches them
About his Church. Alleluia!*

Beloved Mother

*Beloved Mother, guardian of our nation.
O harken to our supplication.
We the children of Eve beseech you.
Have mercy, have mercy,
so we don't wander*

*Where shall we seek our solace in distress?
Only to you, our beloved Mother
whose heart is open to all.
When trials assail us on life's stormy sea.*

Communion:

Barka

Pan kiedyś stanął nad brzegiem,
Szukał ludzi gotowych pójść za Nim;
By łowić serca
Słów Bożych prawdą.

Ref.:

**O Panie, to Ty na mnie spojrzales,
Twoje usta dziś wyrzekły me imię.
Swoją barkę pozostawiam na brzegu,
Razem z Tobą nowy zaczę dziś łów.**

2. Jestem ubogim człowiekiem,
Moim skarbem są ręce gotowe
Do pracy z Tobą
I czyste serce.

O Panie...

3. Ty, potrzebujesz mych dłoni,
Mego serca młodego zapalem
Mych kropli potu
I samotności.

O Panie...

4. Dziś wypłyniemy już razem
Łowić serca na morzach dusz ludzkich
Twej prawdy siecią
I słowem życia.

O Panie...

The River Boat

*Lord when you stood by the seashore
And looked for people willing
to go with You
To gather hearts with your Holy truth*

CHORUS:

*O Father, you have looked at me
Your lips called my name today
I will leave my river boat on the shore
And with you I will make a new beginning.*

*I am but a poor person
My treasure is my hands which are ready
To work with You
And my pure heart
O Father...*

*You need my hands
My heart of youthful fervour
My drops of sweat
And loneliness
O Father...*

*Today we will row out together
Gathering the hearts of human souls
Spreading Your truth
And your words of life.
O Father...*

On 18 August 2002 after saying Mass in Krakow, Pope John Paul II turned to the crowd who had just sung his favourite song, “Barka”, and said:

“I want to tell you that this song of refuge has guided me during my 23 years away from my Motherland. It was in my ears when I heard the decision of the Conclave, and I have not parted from it throughout all these years. It was like a sort of hidden breath of the Homeland, and a guide for the various paths of the Church... and it has led back here so many times – to the Kraków Błonia Park, under the Kościuszko Mound. Thank you, my song of refuge”.

“Chciałem powiedzieć, na zakończenie, że właśnie ta oazowa pieśń, prowadziła mnie z Ojczyzny przed 23 laty. Miałem ją w uszach, kiedy słyszałem wyrok konklawe, i z nią, z tą oazową pieśnią nie rozstawałem się przez te wszystkie lata. Była jakimś ukrytym tchnieniem Ojczyzny, była też przewodniczką na różnych drogach Kościoła i ona przyprowadzała mnie wielokrotnie tu - na krakowskie Błonia, pod Kopiec Kościuszki. Dziękuję ci, pieśni oazowa.”



A  **K**
BASZTA



Final:

Czarna Madonna

Jest zakątek na tej ziemi,
gdzie powracać każdy chce,
Gdzie króluje Jej Oblicze,
Na nim cięte rysy dwie.
Wzrok ma smutny, zatroskany,
jakby chciała prosić cię,
Byś w matczyną jej opiekę oddał się.

Ref.:

**Madonno, Czarna Madonno,
Jak dobrze Twym dzieckiem być!
O pozwól, Czarna Madonno,
W ramiona Twoje się skryć.**

W jej ramionach znajdziesz spokój
I uchronisz się od zła,
Bo dla wszystkich swoich dzieci
Ona serce czułe ma.
I opieką cię otoczy,
gdy Jej serce oddasz swe:
Gdy powtórzysz Jej z radością słowa te:

Ref.: Madonno...

Dziś, gdy wokół nas niepokój,
Gdzie się człowiek schronić ma.
Gdzie ma pójść, jak nie do Matki,
która ukojenie da.
Więc błagamy, o Madonno,
skieruj wzrok na dzieci swe.
i wysłuchaj, jak śpiewamy, prosząc Cię:

Ref.: Madonno...

Hymn to the Black Madonna.

There's a corner on this earth,
For which every heart is yearning,
Where the face of the Queen who reigns
Is marked by two features.
Her sad eyes are greatly troubled,
As if wanting to ask you
To surrender to her care,
to her motherly love.

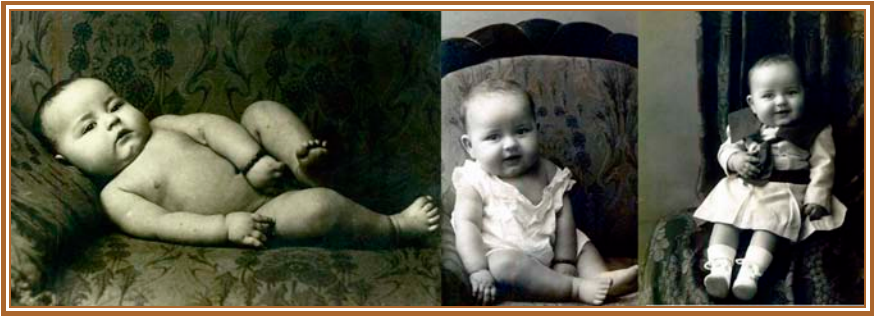
Chorus:

**Madonna, o Black Madonna,
How good it is to be your child.
Allow me, o Black Madonna
To shelter in your arms.**

In her arms you'll find your solace,
And from every evil shield,
As for each one of her children
Her heart full of love.
She'll bestow her tender care, if you'll
give your heart to her
If you'll utter joyfully these words...

Madonna, o Black Madonna, ...

This day, while storms surround us,
Where can we our shelter find?
Whom to seek if not our mother,
She can grant us peace of mind
We beseech you, o Madonna,
let your eyes upon us rest
Hark to our singing. Lady, listen
to our plea.
Madonna, o Black Madonna...



Jacek as baby

Eulogy: Krystyna Duszniak

Janusz Jacek Wyszogrodzki was born on 11 September 1913 in Warsaw.

His father, Julian Wyszogrodzki, died when Jacek (as he was known to everyone) was two years old, in 1915.

His mother, Marysia Lewicka, was born in 1895 in Warsaw – she was 18 when Jacek was born.

Marysia and Julian had another child before Julian died suddenly – a daughter, Krysia, (dec.) who was two years younger than Jacek.

In his very early years Dad's family lived on Wiejska Street in Warsaw.

A few years after the death of her first husband, Marysia married again – to Bolesław Olszewski, who came from Małopolska, and was an Officer of The First Brigade of Marshall J. Pilsudski's Legions. He entered Warsaw with the Legions and, after meeting Marysia, he married her and stayed there. Bolesław brought Jacek and Krysia up as though they were his own children; and they always called him Father, for neither they nor Boleslaw saw him as anything less.

Boleslaw and Marysia had eight children together; two of whom died as infants, the third, a sister whom Jacek loved dearly, Marysia, drowned at 16 years of age. Another brother Waldek died during the Warsaw Uprising. Andrzej, another brother, died in Warsaw in the 1980s. Leszek, Wojtek and Wiesiek are all still alive and living in Warsaw today.

One of Jacek's first memories is being held by his mother on Królewska Street in Warsaw, watching the Polish army return from their success in fending off the Soviets in the Polish-Bolshevik War in 1920. There were thousands of people waiting to greet the young, exhausted soldiers who paraded through Warsaw from the Kerbedzia Bridge, through Krakowskie Przedmie cie. He remembered that one of their Officers had a moustache that was half-grey and half-black, probably from all his worries!



*Marysia Olszewska
(Lewicka) - Jacek's mother*

Jacek and his siblings were brought up in the spirit of great patriotism. They grew up in what was Poland's first period of freedom in hundreds of years, so that Poland's independence was of utmost importance to them. His parents were so proud of Poland's development in the short, 20-year interwar period. After the partitions had ended, the Poles spoke three different languages, one of them German after the Prussian and Austro-Hungarian partitions. Jacek remembered that when the family lived in Bydgoszcz, in western Poland, there were signs up in the schools stating "Do not speak German!" in an attempt to get the children speaking their native language again.

Jacek attended the *Gimnazjum Górskiego na Hortencji* in the very centre of Warsaw, but his schools changed often, because the family moved around according to where Boleslaw found work. From Warsaw they went to Nakło, then to Bydgoszcz where Jacek attended the *Gimnazjum Kopernika*, then to Olechnowice in the east of Poland, after which they returned to Warsaw where Jacek attended the St. Stanisław School on the corner of Trauguta and Krakowskiego Predmiescie Streets.



*Boleslaw Olszewski –
Jacek's beloved stepfather*

Jacek had a happy childhood, despite difficult conditions. There were many children, and Boleslaw's income was unsteady. He had been a professional soldier but when he left the army he changed his occupation according to where there was work. In Nakło, for example, he bought a dairy and made cheeses; in Bydgoszcz, a stationery store; during the Occupation in Warsaw, he had a toy factory. Despite this, the children were loved dearly; their parents read to them, taught them songs and poetry, and the children played together in peace. Marysia and Boleslaw lived in harmony, and all the children

remembered how very loving their mother was. Her main role was bringing up the children and keeping house, but this was more than full-time work.

Boleslaw was often not there; Marysia cooked and cleaned and ironed; heated water at the wood-burner stove, for there was no gas or electricity in those days. They even got to go to summer houses sometimes for the holidays – in Kobyłka; and to Byszkow – where Marysia drowned tragically. Boleslaw must have had a good turn for they even bought a little property between Kobyłka and Wołomin – and while they lived there for a while, they had to sell it eventually because finances got tight once again.



*Marshal Jozef Pilsudski –
Jacek's greatest hero*

When Jacek did his High School Matriculation the family lived in Wołomin. This is where he learnt to speak Latin. Achieving very good results through his own diligence and dedication to study, Jacek attended Warsaw University for two years where he studied Polish Literature. To pay his way through Uni, he worked at the Tax Office in the suburb of Praga. Then he joined the Army, and was sent to the Officer Cadet School in Deblin. He graduated from the Officers' School with excellent results and with the title Reserve Officer Sergeant, (*Plutonowy Podchorazy Rezerwy*).

Jacek then completed a course for Company Commanders in Warsaw (*Centrum Wyszakolenia Szaterów.*)

Jacek worked for the “Junackich Hufców Pracy” – Junacy (an organisation founded by the Minister of Defense comprised of boys who were orphans or from impoverished homes, run like a military school). The boys lived in barracks and learnt various trades, and they were also obliged to complete work for the State. Their instructors were non-commissioned officers and officers of the Reserve, like Jacek. At this time Jacek was Reserve Campaign Commander and had 100 boys under him. It was at this time that he was nominated for Officer and achieved this rank.

The photos we have from Junackich Hofców Pracy were presented to Jacek as a gift exactly one year before the outbreak of war in 1938, on his Birth and Names Days which both fell on 11 September. He was 25 years old. The album was made by high-school matriculation students, the third and last *turnus* before the outbreak of war. Apart from the *Kampanii Zawodowej*

Junackej, which was comprised of the poor boys, in about 1937, it became mandatory that every boy who had completed high school, before entering university, had to complete a 6-week course in *Junackie Hufce Pracy*. They were obliged to live, eat and work with the 'common' boys, and without a certificate of completion, a boy could not be accepted into University studies. The community works included roadworks near Warsaw but at the end of 1938 they left for Osowiec on the border of ex-east Prussia and they built military fortifications there.

In JHP Jacek directed the choir and led discussion groups. It's clear in the jocular and sincere inscriptions in the album that he was well-loved and respected. After the war Krysia, Jacek's sister, returned to Warsaw and dug in the ruins of the city at the site of their former home. It was there that she found this album, which had miraculously survived almost intact, and she brought it with her to Australia in the 1970s when she visited her brother.

At the outbreak of war, on 1 September 1939, Jacek and his battalion found themselves at the building at of fortifications in eastern Prussia, and it was there that he went to war.

The battalion made its way to the east because they were ordered to form there; they got to the Polish border on 17 September, exactly when the Russians invaded Poland. So they did not go further east but it was then decided they would make their way towards Wilno. They made it to Grodno where they fought the Bolsheviks for three days. When the Russians took Grodno, Jacek's group managed to simply leave the city and thus avoid being taken prisoners by the Russians. Jacek's Junacy group dispersed, and he and his Major decided to cycle to Warsaw so as to take part in the defence of the city – but they were too late; Warsaw had already capitulated. The Polish Army had fought valiantly but were unable to sustain a defence in the face of the modern German war machine.



With Polish friends in Australia

Jacek returned home; his father had not yet returned from the fighting, so Jacek helped the family survive by trading with goods (meat, flour, sugar) he acquired from the countryside, where he travelled regularly. Thus they subsisted from day to day. Jacek also immediately joined the Underground and began to organize an Underground Company. There were many more units now working Underground and one of them was captured by the Gestapo. After that, Jacek could not return home because the Gestapo had learnt about his activities. He changed addresses constantly and returned only sporadically to see his mother. Later on the underground units began to unite, until the Armia Krajowa was formed.

Jacek was the Commander of the Company he had formed; he ran training camps with his boys in the forests, in Rembertów, and Zielonka. He remained until the outbreak of the Warsaw Uprising an Officer of Weapons and Echelons; he formed secret weapons warehouses in various places in the city; he bought and stored the arms. Conspiratorial work was risky and difficult, but also exciting. He was once warned by an unknown woman he had never seen before whilst travelling to an Underground meeting by tram that the Gestapo were there and not to get out at the next stop. He never knew why she approached him and how she knew about him but he did not get off, and it saved his life. Thus the years of the war, 1939-1944, were spent.

On 1 August 1944 Jacek heard rumours that the Uprising against the occupiers was to begin at any moment. He was informed at 3pm that it would begin at 5pm that day, so he quickly made his way home to Wiktorska Street to say goodbye to his mother, who understood his patriotic calling.

His brother Wiesiek (14 years old) approached him at this time and said that he was also going to fight as well; whereupon the younger son Leszek (11) came forward and declared that he would be going as well. Their mother would not allow them, and it turned out that she hid Wiesiek's shoes so that he could not go, so he went without them. Jacek convinced Leszek to stay at home and look after their mother and their youngest brother Wojtek. Their sister Kryisia had married and had a baby at this time (Bogusia) and Jacek convinced Leszek that they too, needed looking after by a 'man', seeing as Kryisia's husband was also going off to fight, so Leszek took it upon himself to stay at home and defend his family!

During the Uprising Captain Jacek became the Commander of Sadyba – a suburb of Mokotów – and the Commander of the whole of lower Mokotów. He made it to Sadyba on 26 August and on the 28th, fierce German artillery attacks began. An infantry battalion called OAZA was formed in Sadyba and Jacek became the nominal commander of the defense of that area. Later during the Uprising because of the difficult battle and great losses, the Commander of Mokotów, Colonel Waligóra, decided to form one battalion from two, which was named Oaza-Rys, and Jacek became the commander of that battalion. There is not enough space here to write about the details of Jacek's valiant leadership during the 63 days of the Uprising, in which many other brave soldiers, nurses, couriers, scouts, and civilians lost their lives. It was a tragic battle where the Polish Underground fought alone, not receiving any of the help some had anticipated from the Soviets, who waited patiently on the other side of the river Wisła until the Poles had expired. Warsaw could have been one of the first European capitals liberated; however, various military and political miscalculations, as well as global politics — played among Joseph Stalin, Winston Churchill and Franklin D. Roosevelt — turned the dice against it.

All together, 15,200 insurgents were killed and missing, 5,000 wounded, 15,000 sent to POW camps. Among civilians 200,000 were dead, and approximately 700,000 expelled from the city. Approximately 55,000 civilians were sent to concentration camps, including 13,000 to Auschwitz. Material losses were estimated at 10,455 buildings, 923 historical buildings (94 percent), 25 churches, 14 libraries including the National Library, 81 elementary schools, 64 high schools, Warsaw University and Polytechnic buildings, and most of the monuments. Almost a million inhabitants lost all of their possessions.

Jacek's entire family was touched by the tragedy that ensued after 63 days of fighting. His brother Waldek died exactly on Jacek's birthday, 11 September 1944; his mother, his sister, his younger brothers, were forced to leave the ruined city and make their way to temporary shelter in the countryside. Jacek, his father, his brother-in-law, and many of his friends, escaped into the canals

under the city once Mokotów capitulated at the end of September. Eventually they were forced out and Jacek was kicked by a German soldier as he made his way out. But he was stunned to find that the German was told off by his superior, who told his underling that “you have kicked a Polish officer who led these brave soldiers and with whom we fought.” He ordered the soldier to apologise to Jacek! Jacek’s unit was the last to be led to prisoner-of-war camp to Pruszków.

He never saw his mother again, but he met his father in Germany some weeks later, in a POW camp there. They spent 6 months as POWs, in Zambostem and Lubeke. The English liberated them on 5 May 1945. Jacek was put in charge of the Officer Cadet Battalion for one year where he had 500 soldiers under him, after which he joined Polish transport units formed to assist the British occupation forces in Germany. He always said that this period in Germany was one of the happiest times of his life, and his photos from this time attest to that. He received good wages, he had a nice apartment near the sea in Ekienfelder. The only cloud hanging over him was worry about his family – and the decision he had to make about whether to return home. He was told by an Officer he met that he had heard on the radio that Jacek was on the list of those Poles who, according to the Soviets now in Poland, had lost their Polish citizenship and were not welcome back in Poland.

His brother-in-law returned to Poland by foot as soon as the war was over, and his father decided to return in 1946. Jacek faced a difficult decision. Poland was now under a new occupation, this time by the Soviets, and it would be very risky for him to return because the Soviets were imprisoning, torturing and even murdering Polish patriots, and as a Polish Officer he would certainly be targeted.

So he made the difficult decision of not returning home, which left a longing and sadness within him for the rest of his life. He thought about immigrating to Canada or America, but the quotas were full. Only Australia was offering free transport and the guarantee of lodging and work for two years – but it had to be physical labour of the type specified by the Australian government. He would have to sign a two-year contract in which he agreed to these conditions.

A large group of Poles in Germany decided that they would go and Jacek was amongst them; they were taken from Germany to Naples where they stayed for one month before embarking the Fairsea in the middle of July 1949. There were 1500 people on that voyage; 900 of them Poles. Jacek kept a diary during the month-long voyage – he wrote about the storms they encountered, the seasickness some experienced (he didn’t; as always he was in good health). There was an Australian delegate on the ship who told Jacek that their ship carried the 3000th immigrant to contract work in Australia and for that reason

there was to be a celebratory welcoming upon disembarkation, by the Australian Minister for Immigration, Arthur Calwell. So Jacek gathered all the Poles together and told them he would like to organize a welcoming concert. He found an organist – Profesor Jerzy Klim, and Jacek arranged for a dance and singing group to perform. They found costumes that were as close to folkloric dress as they could muster, and they learnt a lot in that one month.

The ship docked in Fremantle on 19 August 1949. The Minister was waiting, and was greeted by a little Polish girl who had been taught to say a few sentences in English. The Minister was so moved that he asked her her name, but she did not know how to answer because she did not know any English at all! Her little speech, and the ship's arrival, was covered by the Australian press.

From Fremantle Jacek and his group were taken to the migrant camp in Newcastle called Gretta, and it was there that their immigrant life began. Even there Jacek organized a choir and a dance group which toured the nearby towns. Jacek was employed as a worker in the camp itself. After a few months Jacek came to Melbourne to be employed in cement works in Port Melbourne, where he worked for two years. Despite the difficult conditions, Jacek slowly made a life for himself, and always kept up his Polish community work. He became the Secretary of the Polish Association, a speaker for the building or purchase of a Polish House, he helped establish the first Polish soccer teams and matches in Melbourne, he was a member and co-organiser of the Polish ex-servicemen's Association (AK) and in his later years he was very active in the Polish Seniors Club in Richmond.

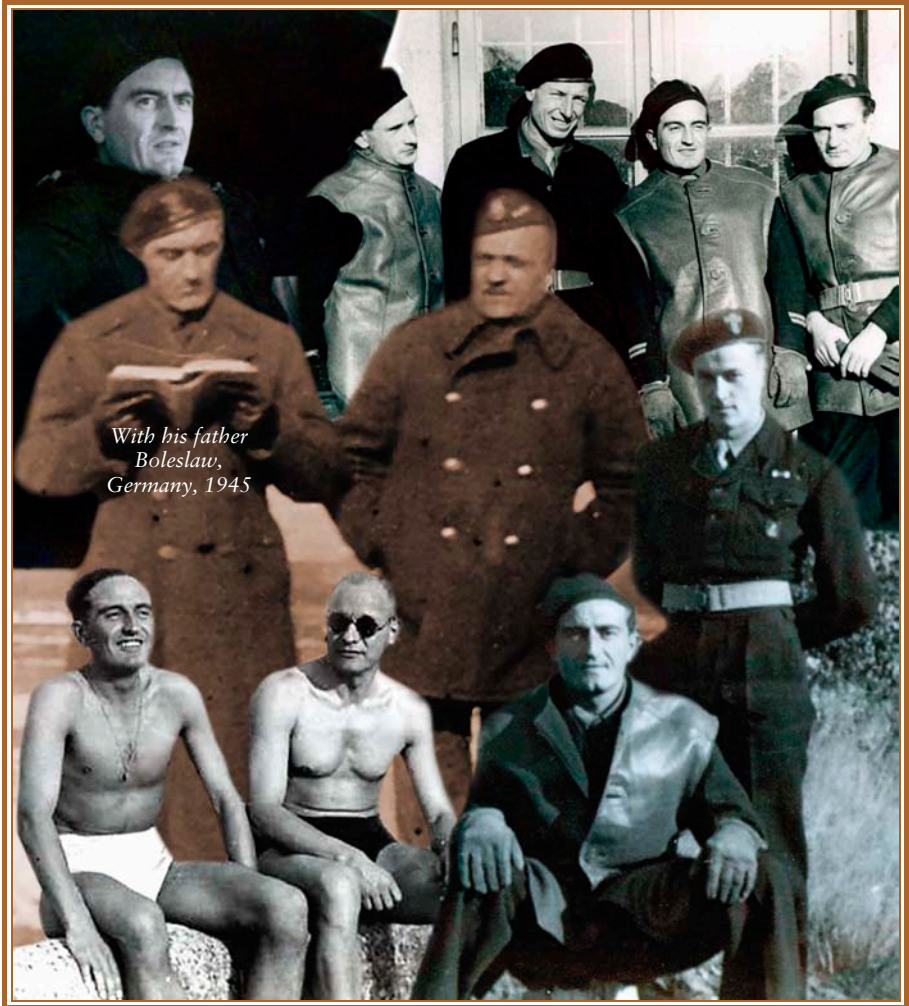
In the 1960s he met Hildegard Studnik, who was to become the mother of his children. Krystyna was born in 1968, and Jacek (Jack) in 1970. They all lived in Noble Park in the same house that is still today the family home, at 13 Jasper Street. Jacek and his wife decided to speak Polish with their children, despite the fact that German was Hildegard's first language (she was born in Silesia to a German family in 1929).

Jacek's sister Krysia came to visit him and his family twice in the 1970s and 1980s, and he maintained a steady correspondence with his family in Poland. He only returned to his home country for the first time in 1990, after the fall of communism. He travelled with his daughter Krystyna and showed her the streets and places he still knew by heart, despite the fact that Warsaw had been completely rebuilt after the war. He travelled to Poland about four times in total, the last trip being in 2004, for the 60th anniversary of the Warsaw Uprising, where he participated fully in all the commemorations, met with his old comrades, gave interviews, and stayed with his family.

Jacek was never fully at peace with the fact of his life of exile from Poland. He longed for his country and conveyed that longing to his children, through Polish language, literature, songs and poetry. He strived, along with so many others of his special generation, to build a Polish world in Australia, whilst at the same time embracing his adoptive country, becoming an Australian citizen, and never complaining about the hardships he encountered in the early years.

Despite his education in Poland and his high military ranking, he worked as a storeman in Australia, forced by circumstance to make a living and provide for his family, but he accepted it all with peace and humility. He remained an intellectual at home; always a source of great knowledge, always ready to learn more, and always hungry for new books and journals. He fought against death to the very end because he loved life too much to leave it, but his great faith in God ensured that he never despaired. He was blessed with good health for many years, and thanks to his love, gentleness, and dignity, he leaves behind a family who will follow in his footsteps.



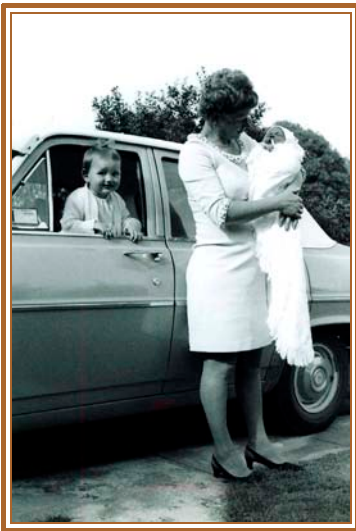


*With his father
Boleslaw,
Germany, 1945*

Eulogy: Jack Wyszogrodzki

On behalf of my family, I would like to thank you for joining us here today to celebrate my father's long and amazingly fruitful life. All 95 years and 8 months. We honestly thought he was going to live forever such was his zest for life. My wife and I often joked about him receiving a letter from the Queen for his 100th birthday. Unfortunately it was not to be. We will wait for Mum's 100th and expect one then.

My Dad was a man that was kind and generous. He was one of the most compassionate people I knew. His passion was his family and he loved us all with such joy and pride. His face would always light up when he was together with his kids and grandkids.

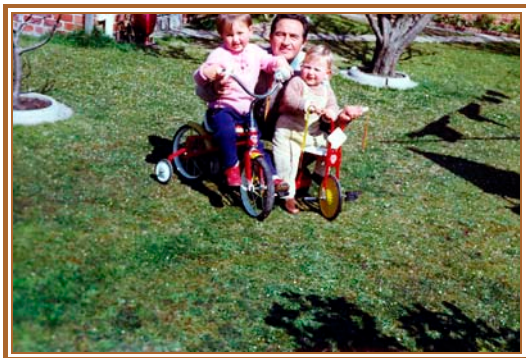


I would like to share with you all today some memories that I have of my Dad and the times we shared together.

Dad lived a life of quiet inspiration. He loved books, music and theatre. He shared these loves with us. He would always read us stories before bed time or even make up stories to share if we asked. He was responsible for my understanding of the Polish language. We would have weekly Polish lessons in his study learning how to read and write in Polish. I hated it at the time but I am so grateful for it now.

He taught me how to ride a bike and kick a soccer ball (he never quite got the oval shaped ball they use in the AFL). Some of the greatest memories I have are those of our weekly walks on a Sunday where we would be gone for hours. My sister would be on her bike, me on mine, our dog and of course Dad on foot always trying to keep up. We would walk down the creek behind Mum and Dad's place in Noble Park and we would walk to the Dandenong show grounds and sometimes beyond. We would stop off and pick the wild black berries growing all around. His eyes would often roll in his head when my sister and I would insist on taking plastic bags with us to fill with the long grass that grew there to feed the horses that were in the paddocks nearby. This of course was just an act because Dad loved all animals.

I think that in my time living at home we'd had three dogs, seven cats and countless budgies and canaries. This love of animals has certainly been passed on to both my sister and I. For the record my sister and her family have two dogs. At my zoo we have two dogs, two cats, three fish and three budgies. Dad would take us to the beach in summer, take the family on picnics in the Dandenongs and Healesville and excursions to the Zoo. Dad was never a keen fisherman but I have fond memories of when Dad would take me fishing as a kid. We would drive for hours sometimes. When we got to the spot, he would sit on his deck chair on the river bank reading a book and allowing me to enjoy my hobby.



Dad was a frugal man. He was never one to spend money on things he considered as unnecessary. He bought his first and only brand new car in 1966. It was a lime green Holden HR Special - with a radio (which he reminded me cost extra). When my sister and I were born and we came back home from the hospital, Dad made sure that we each had a photo of Mum holding us in her arms in front of that car. It was the only new car he ever bought and he drove it until we confiscated his license from him. He was never really the best driver to begin with. I remember as a kid

always having to remind him that he had left the indicator on after the last turn – some two minutes before or to turn on his head lights. Some 15 years ago we decided as a family that it would be best if he stayed off the road.

Both Krystyna and I learned how to drive in that car. Surprisingly he never once questioned how I already knew how to drive the three on the tree manual transmission when I got my Learners at 17.

Little did he know (and sorry you have to hear this now Mum), but when you and Dad were out and you left the car in the garage, I would borrow it and drive up and down Jasper Street practicing. Yes, I had some onlookers (they are here today) but they will remain nameless.



When we got our license, Dad always allowed us to use the car up until we got our own. This car is still in the family, it needs a little bit of TLC but in time I plan to restore it to its former glory.

Dad taught me what it was to be a gentleman. He always wore a suit and tie if

he was visiting someone. Whenever Dad would greet a lady he made sure he made her feel special. He would always kiss her hand. I remember the first time he met Shayna he greeted her in this way and I remember she told me what it meant to her. He taught me to accept people for whom and what they are. He was extremely tolerant and would rarely raise his voice to us as kids. He never raised his hand to us once. We knew when we had done something wrong. He would look at us and his eyes would be filled with sadness. I can still remember bursting into tears when I got that look.

Dad was a great listener. There was never a time that I could not talk to him or that he would not offer advice.

Our Dad was always happy and would always be humming a tune that none of us would recognize. He made sure that us kids were always looked after.

His life was a life worth emulating: a life of great faith and generosity, a life of simple joys. A life fulfilled. We are now left to carry on those lessons that he taught us. He would expect us to carry on with our lives and to live happily as a family. We have so much to teach his grand children and so little time.

Today should not be a sad day. It should be one where we celebrate his wonderful life. I guess that if we were not at Church it would be now that I would raise my shot of Vodka and propose a toast to him. Of course, it was Dad that taught me how every toast should be sealed with Vodka.

I love you Dad.

These are some of the photos in the album presented to Jacek on 11.9.1938 in memory of his leadership of young Polish boys in the Junackie Hufcow Pracy.

They show him leading a band, a choir, discussion groups, and giving out certificates to the boys upon completion of their training.





*“Ppor. Wyszogrodzki directs the excellent (really!)
choir of his (really!) Company” - Jacek’s own inscription*



Our thanks go to

*~ Father Wiesław Słowik for his support and spiritual guidance,
and for leading the Funeral Service for our father.*

*~ Mrs. Danuta Smolucha whose singing our father loved.
He would be delighted to know she sang at his funeral,
and we thank her for her help, and her voice;*

~ Sister Hermina Widlarz CR for her lovely organ accompaniment;

~ Mr. Stefan Czauderna, SPK Prezes and Sztandar-bearer today;

~ Krysia Paszkiewicz for her great dedication and support always;

*To all those who have said and written such lovely things about our father,
they will remain in our hearts always.*

Krystyna Duszniak (Wyszogrodzka), Dariusz Duszniak
and children: Julian, Nadja and Dominik

Jack & Shayna Wyszogrodzki
and children: Rylie and Sarah.

On behalf of our Mother,
Hildegard Wyszogrodzki.



TOBIN BROTHERS
FUNERALS
Leaders in Service and Care