

Nazwisko BOBIŃSKA

Imiona Danuta

Pseudonim

Z domu Kazanecka

Data urodzenia 17.05.1924 Miejscowość, kraj Peczenizyn

Data śmierci 17.05.2017 Miejscowość, kraj Londyn

Lat życia

Adres cmentarza

Źródła: "Tydzień Polski" 26.05.2017 ; wspomnienie syna
Krzysztofa Bobińskiego

Zawód Tytuły naukowe

Rodzaj wojska Stopień wojskowy

Odznaczenia

.....

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J.P. 26.5.17



DANUTA BOBIŃSKA

z domu Kazanecka

Urodzona 17 maja 1924 w Peczeniżynie,
zmarła 17 maja 2017 w Londynie.

Wywieziona z rodziną do Związku Sowieckiego w 1940 r.
Po zwolnieniu żołnierz 316 Kompanii Transportowej
w Pomocniczej Wojskowej Służbie Kobiet 2 Korpusu
Do Anglii przyjechała w 1947 r.

Msza św. żałobna zostanie odprawiona
w piątek, 2 czerwca 2017 o godz. 10.00
w kaplicy w Mortlake Crematorium, Townmead Rd,
Richmond TW9 4EN.

Była kochającą i kochaną żoną, mamą, babcią i prababcią

**Żegna ją pogrążona w głębokim żalu
rodzina w Londynie, Polsce i zagranicą**

*Zamiast kwiatów prosimy o wsparcie finansowe fundacji
Meadow House Hospice, <https://www.justgiving.com/fundraising/meadowhousehospice>*

*lub czekiem na Meadow House Hospice wysłanym na adres
c/o W S Bond Funeral Directors, 19 Bond St, London W5 5AP*

Tribute delivered by Krzysztof Bobiński, at the funeral service for the repose of the soul of Danuta Bobińska (1924 – 2017), Friday, June 2nd 2017 at 10.00 am at Mortlake Crematorium, Kew Meadow Path, Richmond

Ever since our mother died I have been wondering, when in her long life, she was happiest.

There is no doubt about the saddest and most critical moment in her life – the sudden death of our father Janusz, 32 years ago on Guy Fawkes Day and ten months later the death of our brother Marek at the age of 27. No mother ever fully recovers from the loss of a child and this double tragedy hung over the latter years as she faced daily life, alone, with great fortitude.

These two deaths cut our mother's family life into two periods. The second, a lonely life, with me and my family already living far away in Poland, leaving Monika, my sister, to attend her, making great personal sacrifices to be by our mother's side whenever she was needed right up to the last moment, when she was dying at home on the night of May 17, her birthday.

The first period was that of a normal family, full of children, humour and joy when everything got better and better starting from our parents' life on a small student grant - with me all ready around - in a bed sitting room in Notting Hill Gate, and through our father's successful career which took them and us to New York and to the Middle East including several years living in Saudi Arabia. And our mother all the time supporting us, reaching out to our school friends, and during the summer, running the house we had north of Rome full of friends and family every summer. A young friend wrote to us the other day expressing the feelings of many: „Danuta was always really kind and welcoming to me...and also such a good cook”. Was our mother happiest then?

Or was she happy earlier in Italy, after the great adventure of her life? The period which started in the dead of night on June 29 1940 when the Soviet militia came to her family's flat and gave them a few hours to pack and then drove them in a truck to the station to a train, which when filled with other deportees, steamed off to Siberia, where she worked in the forest preparing felled trees for industrial use.

She didn't leave all that much behind. Stanisławów, a medium sized town in Eastern Poland, had little going for her while the deportation set her on a journey during which she saw more of the world than she would have seen had she stayed.

Once freed from her forced labour in 1942, as a result of the Germans and the Soviets going to war with each other, she went south across Soviet Russia to the place where a Polish army was being formed, made up of deportees like herself, and which then left the Soviet Union across the Caspian to Persia, on to Irak and through Palestine to Italy where she drove trucks and jeeps in the Polish Second Army corps fighting up to the foothills of the Alps alongside British and American units as well as Canadians and Indians and Free French and even towards the end of the war a small Brazilian contingent.

The armistice in 1945 brought with it a note of sadness amidst the joy and relief at the war's end. The atmosphere of camaraderie which had brought the allies together as they faced a common enemy disappeared, she remembered, almost immediately after the armistice. People started packing to go home and asking the Poles when they would be going, forgetting perhaps that the Poles didn't have a home to go to as at the tripartite conference in Yalta their country had been handed over to the Soviets and that an army made up of people who had been deported by force to the Soviet Union had little appetite for a second dose of Soviet rule.

However, that summer, the sun still shone in Italy and as courses were established at Rome University for Polish students from the army and many, including our mother were enrolled. Imagine being twenty one, with the war behind you, friends all around you and still in the army which looked after most of your needs. What could be better? Going through the photographs of the time, those young people were all truly beautiful, among them our mother, a girl of stunning good looks which, I have to say, never, right up to the last minute, abandoned her. And may be, it was here, during those couple of years in Italy, that our mother was at her happiest.

The Italian idyll ended in 1947 when the Polish Army transferred to the United Kingdom during one of the coldest British winters of the last century...

Our mother's brush with Italy left her very much in love with that country, its music and its culture but also she noticed the abject state to which the Italians themselves had been brought by the war. And it is to her credit that while she

never exaggerated her own misfortunes she clearly saw the misfortunes of others - noticing in Russia for example that the Russian people were also Stalin's victims.

This also gave her a broadminded attitude to the world which included such issues as gay marriage and all things feminist. There was also an interest in current affairs. She was a great devotee of the radio mostly radio four and the classical music programmes. Almost to the end, despite failing eyesight she followed programmes such as Andrew Marr on Sunday mornings and Have I Got News For You, when it was on, and she was also a great fan of Michael Portillo and his train journeys. I can also say with a great dose of certainty that next Thursday she would have cast her vote for Jeremy Corbyn or rather in Ealing and Acton for Rupa Huq the Labour candidate.

Her achievement in life was what she did for us, her family gathered here. We owe her a great debt of gratitude. Her passing has greatly impoverished us all.