

Krzysztof Starzec



This is my son Krzysztof Starzec. He wrote on the back side of the photo: ?Kochany Tatusiu Warszawa dnia 13.XI.56 r. Krzysio kl. I a? [For my beloved Dad, 13th November 1956, Krzysio (diminutive for Krzysztof), 1st grade] My husband, Adolf Starzec, isn't Jewish. It's the student period we know each other from. From the socialist movement. He thought it was it for him. He was also active on peasant organizations. Had contacts with Witos, he was many years my elder. He did manage to complete his studies. He defended himself beautifully during the trial, got six years. Released eventually, he worked as a simple construction worker, carried bricks. And when the war broke out, all the court files, of course, fell into the Gestapo's hands. He fled to Russia. He was there all the time. And only after his return we did get to know each other again. And we got

married. He was a man who sincerely fought for freedom and truth and who believed that was the right way. A very noble man. He lived in Cracow for some time after the war. Our little son had already been born. I remember how I traveled to Cracow with the baby boy in a wrap, he didn't walk yet. We hiked a lot in the mountains with my husband. We didn't ski but hiked and that's how we spent any leisure time we had. Our younger son, Krzysio, was born in 1950. He had those beautiful curls, such lovely hair, and today he's bald?