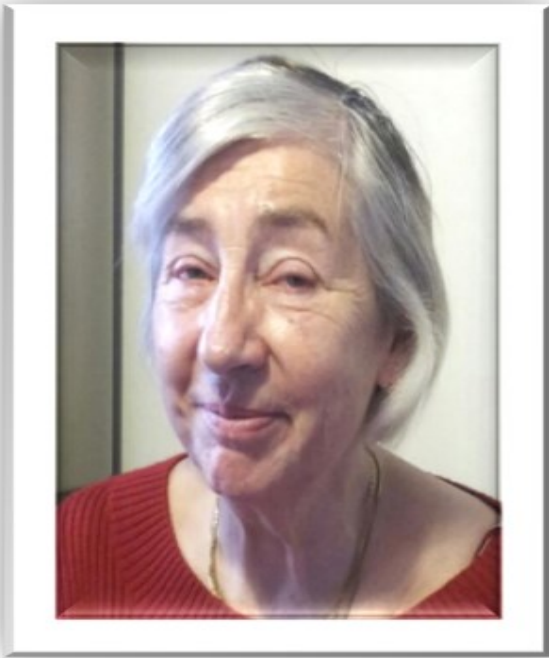


## Krystyna (Krysia) Marja Krzeczowska (01/01/1946 to 25/04/2023)



**“The evil that men do lives after them; The good is oft interred with their bones.”**

I sincerely hope the quotation from Julius Caesar was wrong. I am not aware of any evil associated with Krystyna during her lifetime. I can only think of good.

Born in Trani, Italy in 1946, to parents still serving in the Polish army, she went through life without a birth certificate. As a result, there were rumours she was a foundling, cast out by the Lucrezia Borgia family. I told everyone I could not confirm nor deny.

Krysia was a person of many facets and contradictions. Attending Newark Girls Grammar School, she achieved A Level grades in Mathematics and Physics which others might match, but nobody could have bettered. But she also had O Level grades in five languages.

After graduating with a Mathematics Degree from University College London and completing a Teaching Degree at University of Leicester, she taught Mathematics and General Science for the next thirty years. Her first year after graduation she spent in a convent – school. She was the only teacher who was not a nun. We believe she made a fairly early decision not to marry. She always insisted she be addressed as Miss. [I believe the two or three men present today who claim to have dated her, probably mis recollect.](#)

After so many years in the school room she could and would assist people with good advice, and she could bark orders (but they were probably good for you). If you wanted lessons or assistance? She taught or helped, readily, willingly, and freely. Several people here have mentioned that, without her tutoring, they could have likely failed.

Her life was not always easy. Whilst relatively young, she was diagnosed with Crohn's disease and was treated continuously for years. This did not stop her enjoying life, particularly travel. Returning from one visit to Poland, she was skeletally thin. She was dragged back from "Death's Door" after weeks of intravenous body strengthening and then a serious abdominal operation. It had always been Diverticulitis. She had been misdiagnosed. At least, she said, afterwards. "It makes a good story".

After her operation she made a full recovery. And resumed her great passions. Bridge. Travel. Swimming. Walking. Friends. Reading. She could well have read more books, cover to cover than the total number of days in her life.

When our mother was ailing, and after a series of strokes, she was virtually her sole carer for a significant number of years. She never complained, never got angry, never insisted on assistance. She coped magnificently. She could cope with virtually anything (but enjoyed pretending otherwise). Even in her "Platinum Blonde Quadranscentennial". She also shared a love of words and elaborate puns.

As a family, she shared the common family interests and experiences. The week of the "9/11" tragedy in New York, while brother was having leg surgery in the Aberdeen hospital and mother was recuperating in the Royal Infirmary, she was undergoing cancer surgery at the General. She recovered extremely well and resumed all her former activities with relish. A few years later she had a hip replacement. Sadly, fifteen years later, that hip would lead to her downfall.

This April, over the Easter fortnight, she spent an active enjoyable holiday in Germany. With family and very old friends (walking, horse walking, shopping and sightseeing). She returned to England by car. During a short rest break in Sunbury she tripped, fell and very badly damaged her replacement hip. She had a five-hour remedial operation five days later. Tragically, she died the next day. Sadly, she was robbed by misfortune of ten or more healthy years.

Even that last day, she managed a video conference with Germany at 6.00 am. Thirty minutes later she ordered thirty plus e-books to read in hospital. From her brother, via e-mail. Three hours later, after commencing physio, she died of a pulmonary embolism.

With Krystyna's abilities and education, some might consider she underachieved. That would be a narrow view. She achieved a happy life and always strived to do good. And she did. And she overcame all obstacles except her last.

If we think of Krystyna, let us think of love. Do not quantify the degree. She loved her immediate family, her cousins, her godson, their children, her extended family in Poland and Germany, and Canada, and America, childhood friends, school friends, teacher friends, university friends, bridge friends, swimming friends, neighbours ....

She loved, supported, and helped them all, whenever possible. Rest in Peace.