Maksymilian's funeral eulogy by his wife

Maksymilian Slowikowski was born on 23 September 1892 in Warsaw, the twin of Stanislaw, from the union of Henryk Slowikowski and Wislawa Penderecki.

He had a happy childhood with his family in their home. In 1911, at the age of sixteen, he was admitted to the Wojskowa Akademia Techniczna Military School. It was at this time that we met. I was working in a small bar at the time, very close to his school. And as we met quite often, we got more intimate. For three years, we can say that these were "perfect" times, and in addition he succeeded in obtaining his first rank as an officer, a lieutenant in the Polish army.

In 1918, after four years of war, we were able to get married. And, even now, I can still say that this it was the best day of my life. From our union Alina was born in April 1919 and Martyna in July 1920. At that time, the Russo-Polish war was in full swing. He rarely came home, always in the front line to fight, and as he liked to say himself jokingly:

“I have two daughters, I want to at least be there to annoy my two future sons-in-law, and be present at their wedding!”

He was a man with a strong personality and strong convictions. In addition to his family life, he remained a staunch advocate for the independence of his country. He had always worked for this, which is why he joined the Polish Army in France as a fighter, leaving his family against his will, to make his way to Western Europe alone. The only recognition he got for his commitment were thanks from his friends, comrades and compatriots.

He stayed in the Septfonds camp twice. The first time was in March 1940, to complete his training as a pilot. During his training he got to know someone during a football game. It was a Spanish anarchist. How ironic. This first stay in Septfonds was a really peaceful time during the war.   
The exact opposite of his second stay when he was imprisoned there after trying to flee to England in April 1941. It was very difficult for all of us, but it was much harder for him. During his captivity, I seem to recollect that he met that Spaniard again briefly. He never talked about what had happened, but I knew that it had been very intense.

He was able to overcome these hardships. His love for us was what kept him going and gave him the determination to survive.

Over the years and through marriages, the family has grown with the arrival of many grandchildren and more recently two great-grandchildren who have made us very happy. He often said:

“I'm not rich, my only wealth is my children!”

Generous by nature, he liked to be of service to others and his door was always open. He was very active, always 100% committed. Full of energy, very close to his daughters, he was always available for them, ready to support them and advise them if necessary. I will never forget his sense of humour, his kindness and his tenderness. He passed on his values to our daughters, values that they will never forget, such as love, honesty, sincerity and loyalty.

As he neared his 92nd birthday, he still had lots of plans and had no idea that his grandchildren were working secretly to surprise him on his birthday.

He was a wonderful person, he illuminated every day spent by his side. He died on 16 May 1985. He now rests with his parents and brother and will remain forever in our hearts. Amen.