

In loving memory of
Kazimierz Fura



11/05/1931 – 13/07/2017

St Mary's Roman Catholic Church

Theddingworth Road

Husbands Bosworth

LE17 6LY

27th July 2017



Abide With Me

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see—
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

The Old Rugged Cross

On a hill far away, stood an old rugged Cross
The emblem of suff'ring and shame
And I love that old Cross where the dearest and best
For a world of lost sinners was slain

So I'll cherish the old rugged Cross
Till my trophies at last I lay down
I will cling to the old rugged Cross
And exchange it some day for a crown

Oh, that old rugged Cross so despised by the world
Has a wondrous attraction for me
For the dear Lamb of God, left his Glory above
To bear it to dark Calvary

So I'll cherish the old rugged Cross
Till my trophies at last I lay down
I will cling to the old rugged Cross
And exchange it some day for a crown

In the old rugged Cross, stain'd with blood so divine
A wondrous beauty I see
For the dear Lamb of God, left his Glory above
To pardon and sanctify me

So I'll cherish the old rugged Cross
Till my trophies at last I lay down
I will cling to the old rugged Cross
And exchange it some day for a crown

To the old rugged Cross, I will ever be true
Its shame and reproach gladly bear
Then He'll call me some day to my home far away
Where his glory forever I'll share

So I'll cherish the old rugged Cross
Till my trophies at last I lay down
I will cling to the old rugged Cross
And exchange it some day for a crown

Come With Me

The Lord saw our invincible dad tiring
And a cure was not to be,
So, He put his arms around you and whispered,
"Kaz, 'blinking' come with me"

With tearful eyes, we watched you bravely fight
And saw you fade away,
And although we loved you so so much,
We could not make you stay.

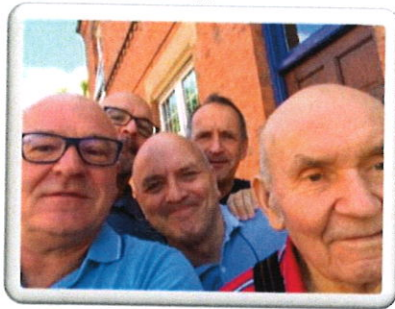
A golden polish heart stopped beating,
A cheeky smile at rest,
God broke our hearts to prove,
He only takes the best.

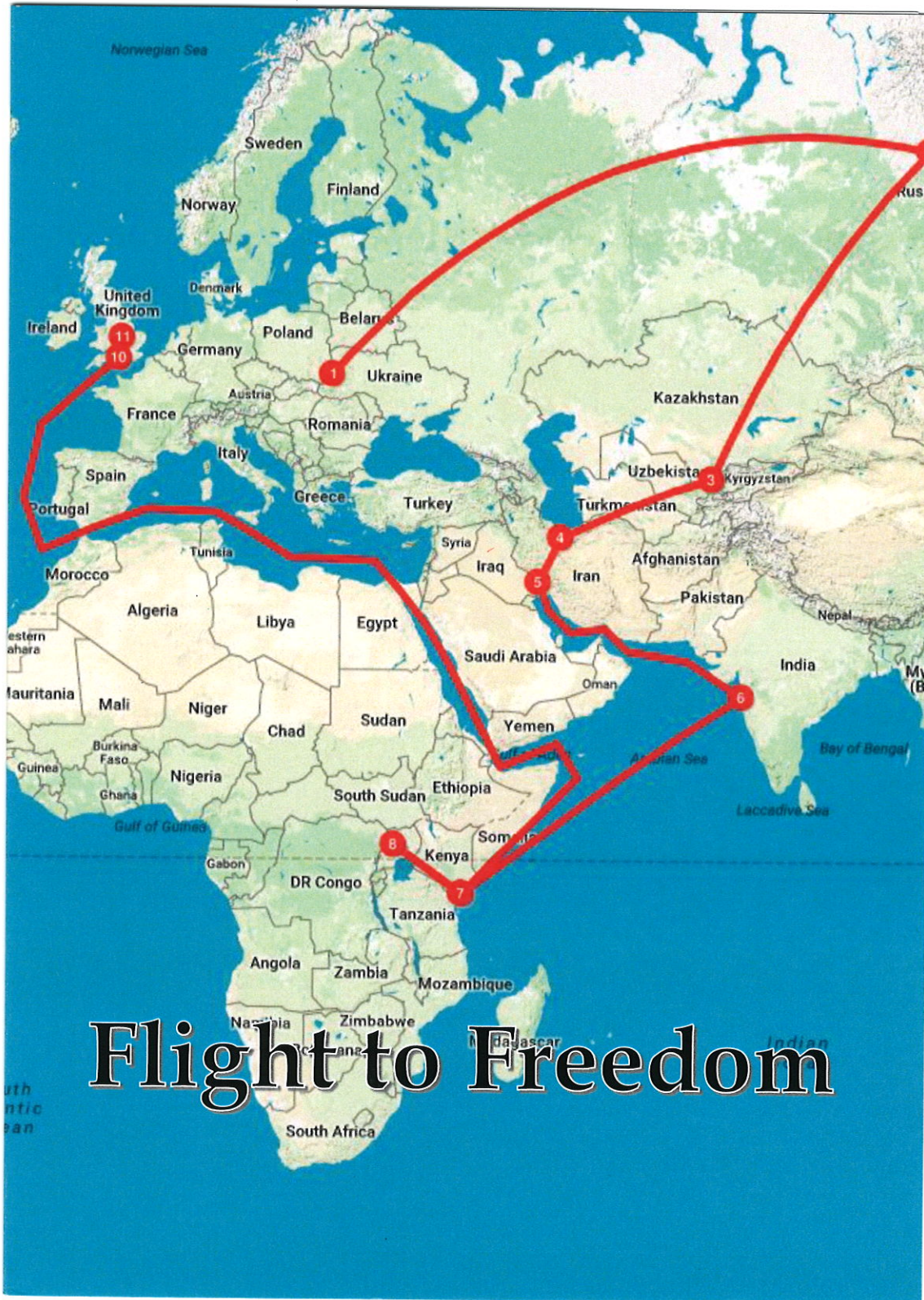
It's lonely here without you dad,
We miss you so much each day,
Our lives aren't the same,
Since you went away that day.

When days are sad and lonely,
And everything goes wrong,
I know we'll hear you whisper again,
"Be strong boys, you'll be ok & carry on."

Each time we see your picture dad,
You seem to smile and say,
"Don't cry, don't worry boys, I'm with mum now
We'll meet again - Some Sunny Day"

For You Dad
Rest Well
X





Flight to Freedom

Kazimierz Fura was only 7 years old when along with his family he was forcibly taken by Russian soldiers at the beginning of the second world war from the family home in Niedźwiednia, close to Lwów, Poland.

They were relocated to Krasnoyarski Kraj in Siberia and were forced to work in unbearable conditions mining gold. The winters were incredibly harsh and cold with temperatures 40 degrees below zero.



The family in Siberia, Kazimierz is in the back line, second from the left, wearing a cap.

After 2 years they managed to buy their escape with pieces of gold "collected" from the work camp and travelled South West towards freedom.

As they travelled his father Władysław, gained the family further assistance when he joined the "Anders army" where he went on to fight in the battle for Monte Cassino in Italy.

The family travelled a long arduous journey by any means available, moving Southwest to freedom to Tashkent in Uzbekistan, from there over the Caspian Sea to Tehran in Iran where they stayed for 6 months.

Next, they were taken by ship across the Arabian sea to Mombasa Kenya, stopping on the way in Mumbai India because of a predatory Japanese submarine that threatened to sink them.

From Mombasa to Uganda where they ended up gaining refuge in Masindi in Uganda making it a home for 6 years with his mother Albina, sister Bronislawa and brother Edward. Here the Polish settlers of mainly women and children built a village including a Catholic church which still stands today. During this time Dad learnt the local language and became fluent in Swahili.

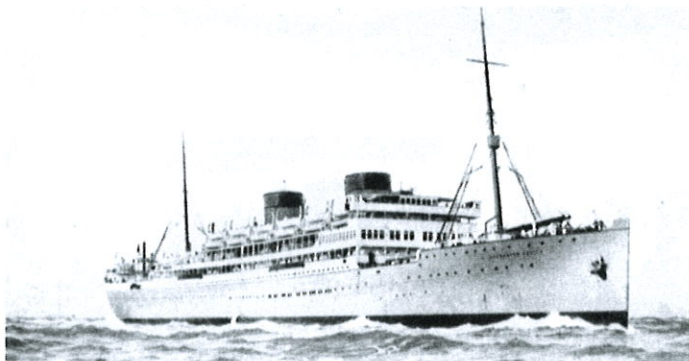


The church in Masindi, which is still standing today



The children from the village. Kazimierz is in the top row, second from the left

When the war had finished they were unable to return to Poland as their home was now part of the Ukraine and as displaced persons they were later offered a home by the British government in a UK refugee camp. They travelled by ship to Southampton and then a site close to Husbands Bosworth.



The Carnarvon Castle: the ship that transported them from Mombasa to Southampton

Here they were reunited with their father whom they had not seen for 7 years and it was also in that village that Dad met our mum June, whom he later married at this very church.

They moved to Burleigh Avenue, Wigston where they had 4 sons, Stefan, Mark, Jan and Carl, and in time were graced with 10 grandchildren and 2 Great grandchildren, all of whom they cherished very much.

Number 52 was the family home for over 50 years where both Kaz and June stayed until their last days, dad surviving mum some 7 years until the age of 86.

With the passing of our father we all feel we have lost the invincible hero from our family that we thought would be with us forever, little did he know, that he will live far beyond this day in our hearts and memories.

A man who went through so much and never lost the dignity that his mother and father instilled in him.

A man we loved very much and were all so proud to call dad.