Nazwisko LORENC

Imiona STANISŁAW **Pseudonim** .....

Z domu .....

Data urodzenia 05.05.1932 **Miejscowość, kraj** .....

Data śmierci 29.12.2018 **Miejscowość, kraj** Australia

Lat życia 86

Adres cmentarza .....

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Źródła: OKÓLNIK Stowarzyszenie Polskich Kombatantów KsTo Nr 8
w Australii Rok 2019, Nr 428, styczeń - czerwiec 2019

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Archiwum Osobowe Emigracji im. B. Jeżewskiego Biblioteka Polska POSK w Londynie.

Śp. Stanisław Lorenc

Urodzony 5. maja 1932 r. – zmarł 29. grudnia 2018 r.,
przeżywszy 86 lat

Zasłużony członek Koła SPK Nr 8 w Capalaba i przez wiele lat gospodarz tego koła.
Za pracę społeczną dla naszej organizacji, odznaczony został srebrną i złotą odznaką Federacji SPK,
srebrnym i złotym krzyżem zasługi SPK, krzyżem SPK Federacji Światowej
oraz specjalną odznaką za 25 lat wiernej służby dla Stowarzyszenia Polskich Kombatantów.

Ostatnie pożegnanie Stanisława Lorenc „Stan Lorenc - celebration of life",
odbyło się w Capalaba w dniu 2. stycznia 2019 r., podczas prywatnej ceremonii,
w której wzięli udział: rodzina i grono najbliższych przyjaciół.

Polish Ex-Servicemen's Association in Australia is extending deep and heartfelt sympathy to family and friends.

Okólnik - Stowarzyszenie Polskich Kombatantów w Australii
Rok 2019, Nr 428, Styczeń - czerwiec 2019 Koło Nr 8 w QLd

"Stan Lorenc - Celebration of life".

[Fragments of Eulogy delivered by Andrew Lorenc]



Life did not start off very easy for Dad. Some of you may know that he and his family were exported to Germany during WWII as slave labour to work on farms. His sister worked in the kitchen where she stole scraps of food that were being thrown out to help feed the family. Dad would not speak often about those times but when he did the stories of hardship I could not imagine to have lived through.
After the war his family immigrated to Australia and things changed for the better. Obviously, he met Maria, my mum here. They both worked hard but had lots of fun and adventures. Every year they would go off somewhere different on holidays like watching green turtles hatch or looking for sapphires. One year they went to Coober Pedy to look for opal. Unfortunately they found some and decided, if it's that easy, they should stay longer and get rich. So they quit their jobs and spent next two years flat broke.
Eventually, through perseverance they found enough opal to buy a nice house in Bardon. During the lean times in Cobber Pedy, is when I arrived from Poland. This was 1969 but finally after years of litigation for custody the Communists decided that keeping me away from my mother was pointless and a few bribes were far more useful.

Coober Pedy is where I met Stan who eventually became my stepfather and whom I grew to love and regard as my Dad. He taught me to hunt, shoot a rifle, skin rabbits, how to fish, how to drive a car and even how to handle gelignite. In fact, everything a father and son should do together. I think because of the hardships he suffered as a young boy, he wanted Mum and I to have a happy life and was desperate for us to enjoy our time together.
In recent years, Dad became increasingly frustrated as he no long could do things he enjoyed like woodwork or repairing clocks but, that is not how I remember him. I only see a strong, confident man who loved his family and was always willing to help others. Who also wanted to contribute to the Polish community and donated a lot of his time helping with SPK.
In a world full of abuse, exploitation, violence and suffering, Stan Lorenc, my dad, stood out as one of the good men, who was my role model, and I will miss him.