

## Eulogy EPZ (26. VIII. 2008)

My brother Edzio used to read books from the end to the beginning.

Today, we are celebrating Edzio's new beginning while at the same time mourning his end. This, as our Father likes to say, is the mystery of life. This is a difficult moment for all of us – his family, his friends and his colleagues.

Edward, ever the curious explorer, has embarked unexpectedly on his final journey while leaving us, who loved him, on the shore. Inevitably, we will all leave this shore behind and so those of us who are still here need the reassurance of grief and celebration.

It is not for me to make sense of his death, unexpected and much too early, but I need to tell you what he meant to his family. Short two days of his fifty-second birthday, my brother was a humanist by inclination and training, an indiscriminately humane and humanitarian individual. All this to say that he was people-oriented and extremely talented at it – love was always in the air with Edward!

Edward was the epitome of that “incredible lightness of being” (Milan Kundera) – always attentive to the needs of others, always caring, but with that little lurking smile that said “*les gens qui ne savent pas rire ne sont pas des gens sérieux*” (Frédéric Chopin). This on the surface may have been construed as superficial but Edward was anything but

shallow. He was a profoundly private and retiring individual, ever so humble. He was sensitive to the iniquities of life; the suffering of others and our powerlessness to eliminate it. This conclusion greatly pained him yet also made him laugh.

Edzio was complicated, under the guise of a charming and easy-going persona. It was this complexity that made him interesting to, and loved by, many. Love and compassion defined him – faith and hope he struggled for. These were the overall intimate characteristics of my brother, while being a loving and responsible husband, father, son and brother.

Handed a “mission impossible”, called life, he acquitted himself quite well and passed on to his son, Adam, of whom he was immensely proud, the family motto “*Melior Mors Macula*” and everything that it entails. No small feat to live up to Adzio! But you will be assisted by a large family and by your exemplary mother. And may you win those tennis matches for Tata at Ciocia Ania’s next weekend!

To me, his older sister, he was the golden boy, the little brother who would finish my sentences and vice versa.

*Un homme avec qui je partageais une grande complicité qui n'existe plus et qui me laisse désolée et solitaire.*

***Edziu, śpij braciszku, śpij!***