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The passage of frontline soldiers through Choszczówka near Warsaw

The time when our land was passed from the hands of the German tyrants to the Russian and Polish armies was very difficult. It seemed as if the ground was quaking from the explosions.

One day in the shelter where we were staying [people] saw our house burning in the distance. A few people, including my Dad, crossed themselves and ran out to save our home. A while later, we heard a bomb drop in our yard and the swish of shrapnel. Flames reached the entrance to our bunker. Those who had left the shelter rushed back in – but, alas, my father was not with them. He died while trying to save our house. He left behind two orphans who will never forget this terrible accident. There were many such horrible events during the war in our wretched homeland, but the Poles persevered, we did not bend under the weight of defeat. And we will carry on, with the experience of our hardships, we will persistently move forward until we reach a better tomorrow. In this great struggle, we will draw encouragement from the thought that our path is marked with the blood of innocent victims.