



Krystyna Teresa Smith

SEP 12, 2018



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Krystyna Teresa Smith

SEP 12, 2018

Obituary of Krystyna Teresa Smith Please share a memory of Krystyna to include in a keepsake book for family and friends. [View Tribute Book](#)

Krystyna Teresa Smith, 70, passed away Wednesday, September 12, 2018. She is preceded in death by her parents, Jozef and Czeslawa Miesak.

Left to cherish her memory are her loving husband of almost 48 years, David Smith; sons, Winter J. Smith and his wife Kellie, Zachary A. Smith and his wife Meredith; brothers, Edward Miesak and wife, Iebe; Henryk Miesak; sisters, Aleksandra Rohde, Izabella Moony and husband, Bill; Anita Schneider and husband, Jon; Barbara More and husband, Don; grandchildren, Aiden Smith, Ryan Smith, Isaac Smith; and a host of other family and dear friends.

Born to Polish parents in a displaced persons camp in Heilbronn, Germany, Krystyna immigrated in 1950 with her parents and her sister Aleksandra aboard the refugee ship USS Langfitt from Germany to New Orleans, where it docked on Christmas Day. They settled in Amarillo, Texas, and she spent her formative years in both Texas and Connecticut.

She received her bachelor's and master's degrees in mathematics from Texas Tech University, where she met and married her husband David. After graduation, Krystyna and David moved to Albuquerque, New Mexico and raised their sons in the foothills of the Sandia Mountains.

Krystyna was a skilled cook, and delighted in trying new and interesting cuisines, adding an appreciation of New Mexican food to her love of traditional Polish recipes. To add fresh ingredients to her recipes, Krystyna enjoyed gardening and was able to grow lush vegetable gardens in the desert of New Mexico.

Krystyna is the oldest of 7 children and maintaining a strong family connection was of utmost importance to her. She enjoyed visiting her sons and their families as often as possible and



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recently moved to Pearland which allowed her to spend more time with her three young grandsons.

Krystyna enjoyed all kinds of crafts, including knitting, crocheting, quilting, sewing, designing and creating her own clothes and purses, and most recently coloring. Some of her family's prized possessions are the hand-crafted gifts she has lovingly made for them over the years, from quilts and blankets to clothing to knitted animals and creatures-all unique creations.

Krystyna was a devout Catholic whose strength and faith helped her navigate through the many joys as well as challenges in life including surviving breast cancer. She was a loving wife, mother, grandmother, and friend. She will be greatly missed by all who knew and loved her.

A Memorial Mass for Krystyna will be held Tuesday, September 18, 2018 at 10:00 am at St. Helen Catholic Church, 2209 Old Alvin Rd., Pearland, Texas 77581 with Father Jim Courville officiating. The family will begin receiving friends prior to the service at 9:00 am. Flowers can be sent to the church or donations can be made to the charity of your choice.



AN

Anita posted:

It is a personal thing to write about the passing of a soul. Each is precious, made in the Image of God and in God's mind worth dying for. I have not been able to start and finish a testimony for Krystyna yet. I am going to try again to write this to let her sons know more about their Mom and to honor her husband David, who was in his kindness as I grew up, a brother to me. It is so hard to describe the beauty of Krystyna's family. I guess because it has touched my life in so many ways throughout the years. I always considered my time living with her in New Mexico my best memories of growing up. It happened mostly because Krystyna opened her life and family to me without any fanfare, seemingly unaware to her or to David just how much it meant to me. They would send an airplane ticket to Ma and Dad for me to visit for the summer. I would fly to the other side of the country to stay with them. I had a room to myself though that wasn't my favorite part. My favorite part was being together. David worked during the days and Krys and I would do the errands. Sometimes it was going to Kelley's for meat or shopping for healthy supplements or whatever, we did it together. She was a secure and happy person, and when I was with her, so was I. I remember David called Krystyna every day at lunch time and she wanted to make it back home every day for that phone call. Sometimes we had to rush to make it back in time, but we always did. I didn't understand why it meant so much. Krystyna and David just told each other what was going on and then he would go back to work and so would we, ending with making dinner together. I was not much help I am afraid as my Mom would attest to! But it was so peaceful and wonderful, and I would just sit and talk with her. (That is how I would help my Mom at home, too.) On the weekends or sometimes for longer times, together with David & later with Winter & then Zachary we went on vacations, ate at restaurants, climbed the foot hills made ice cream (I'll never forget the year of the plumbs) and bread, watched movies, played board games and were a family. Krystyna tried to teach me to knit, but found what Ma found, I wasn't going to be learning how to knit anytime soon! So Krys made me my only hand knit sweater ever. She put finger nail polish on me for the first time in my life, a year Winter was between one and three years old, I think. I watched as Winter and Zachary ran around the soccer field as little children and couldn't spot them till Krys told me to look for their hair color. Her boys were a gift to her from God. That would include David, Winter, and Zachary. I do not believe souls end when they pass away from us. I do believe, for Biblical reasons, Krystyna is with God now. I long to see & talk to her, but out of obedience to God and an understanding of how things are, I know for the time being I am not going to be able to. In lieu of this, I have asked God, my dear Lord, if He would intervene in this case and perhaps pass the contents of this letter to my sister, which I know He is able to do. Now if God is willing...This would be my letter to Krystyna: Dear Krystyna, The earliest memory of "us" is one you told me about when I was in high school. You told me Dad had to leave for work and was gone well for many months. Ma realized she was pregnant with me when he left, and so she cried herself to sleep every night because she was scared and alone I guess. You slept next to her each night and tried to comfort her. Thank you. I know it helped. When I was born, you were there as the oldest of six. Dad was not going to be able to come see us. You wrote a letter to him I now can hold in my hand about how things were going for us. In it you wrote, "Anita stood on her hands and knees today...a cute little doll. She looks so cute when she smiles." and how Ma had gotten you all pretty outfits from the money he had sent her. You encouraged our Dad by letting him know we missed him and loved him. Thank you for all your kind words and for your letter. The first mem



Tribute Wall

Krystyna Teresa Smith



March 16 at 7:00 PM



Jim And Linda Rotge posted:

We were a military family living next door to Krystyna and David in military housing at Kirkland AFBBase, New Mexico. We were neighbors for a couple years, what joy that was. Winter and our son Jason played together everyday and we saw Zach as a baby and Krystyna and David were there for us when we had our 2nd baby Lisa, and she had to hospitalize for a bit. What a blessing they were. Enjoyed always hearing from Krystyna and David and sharing a bit of our lives as life went and Children grew and we all became Grandparents. Enjoyed seeing Krystyna paint such beautiful eggs, still don't understand how she made such beautiful eggs and her Polish dishes of food that I hadn't heard of before. What a very special time knowing Krystyna and David, about 39/40 years ago. We will always hold y'all in our prayers and hearts. Love and Fond Memories, Jim and Linda Rotge.

January 8 at 7:00 PM



Tribute Wall

Krystyna Teresa Smith

ZS

Zach Smith posted:

She was sweet and kind, and meant the world to me and her family. Her and my dad moved to Houston less than two years ago from the beautiful state of New Mexico to be closer to her sons, her daughters(in law) and her grandchildren. She was so very excited to live near them and get to watch her grandchildren grow up and drive her kids to pull their hair out, just as I'm sure me and Winter did to her. All I can say is that she was taken way too soon and I'm torn to pieces that I was unable to say goodbye to her and let her know how much she was truly loved and cherished. I hope she knows how loved she was and how much she meant to all of her family and friends. I've gone through hundreds of pictures in the past few days that I never knew existed and saw stories of hers that I wish I could have the words to. I feel helpless that I can't ask her about them and hear them told from her lips and her wonderful heart. The pictures did tell me she led an exciting and happy life. I saw her as a toddler with her mom, dad and small sister immigrating from Germany in 1950 to find comfort and safety in a Polish community in Texas so that she and her family could have a better life. I saw her love of music and teaching and the love she had of her sisters and brothers. I saw her friendships and adventures as she got her Masters degree in mathematics at Texas Tech University. I saw the youthful gleam of romance in her eyes with a guy she met in college. I saw the same guy meeting her family and making her smile bigger than I can even remember. I saw that same guy become her husband and then the father of her children, my father. I saw how much she and my father loved those same two kids as they grew up through the years. I also saw her meet my kids and I saw the same smile, the same love she had for her kids as she met her grandchildren. I wish I could have seen the stories of her seeing my kids grow up. I wish I could have heard all of these stories from her lips. I know life is wonderful and miraculous, but it can also be harsh and sudden. I know you have to appreciate everything in arms reach and not take anything for granted. I try to live by this and feel I mostly am able to. I didn't, though, make sure everything in arms reach knew how much it was appreciated. I wish I had. I hope she knew. I love you Mom!

September 13 at 7:00 PM

EM

Ed Miesak posted:

Krys, I'm thinking about you often. I think about Dave too. You two are the very best. I'm very blessed to know you both. Ed

September 14 at 7:00 PM

EM

Ed Miesak posted:

Krys, I always loved you and still do. I was fortunate enough to live in Albuquerque while you and Dave were there. You always helped whenever I needed something, anything. You changed my life, thank you. Ed.

September 14 at 7:00 PM



AR

Aleksandra Rohde posted:

I am saying good-bye to my dear sister, Krys. She wasn't supposed to go so soon. It is not fair but that is life. Growing up, Krys was always stronger, faster, smarter, more popular and talented than me. But I loved her and admired her because she was fearless and kind all at the same time. She was my big sister, my defender against the scary world. When the local bully, Paulette St. Claire, tried to beat me up one day after school, Krys stepped up and hit her with a lunch box. As Paulette fell to the ground, Krys yelled after her, "Don't pick on my sister!" And Paulette never did again. Of course, you could never get too close to Krys during sports because she had an awesome swing and great pitching arm. I made the mistake of standing too close during one of her times at base and when she swung her bat, she hit me right in the eye. I thought I was going to pass out, and definitely got a black eye, which my accordion teacher thought was very funny (I didn't). But Krys, true to form, felt very bad, but also warned me not to stand so close to home base again. Krys was two years older, so I followed her through high school. She had an amazing sense of style and, working at a local department store, also was able to buy the latest fashions (plaid pant suits at the time). What she didn't know (until I got caught one day in the halls of our high school) is that I used to smuggle her great clothes in a paper bag to school and change into them before classes started. One day I passed her in the hall wearing one of her outfits and she suddenly realized and said, "Hey!!" But she was kind enough to take it no further. Although I was never able to smuggle her clothes again. Krys took four years of Latin in high school, so I took four years of Latin (and hated it, but it was sibling rivalry, so I stubbornly stuck to it). Krys played violin in grammar school and high school, so I played violin. Only difference was, where she was really good, I was really bad. .But sibling rivalry knows no harmony...:-) Krys and I were both in the same clubs, but she had many more friends. She was just laid back and loved being wherever she was. She was totally in the moment. Krys loved all kinds of music. I remember her sitting at the kitchen table with her record player playing Herman's Hermits, Roger Miller and Donavan. She bought me my first Beatles album, one of my best Christmas gifts ever!!! Then one day Dad drove her to the airport to start college at Texas Tech. I used to share a bedroom with Krys and without her, it was very lonely. I had trouble sleeping without her there in the twin bed next to mine. I would look over at the empty bed and wonder what she was doing. Krys dutifully sent letters home and I didn't realize until then that she was a terrible speller. Having been born in a refugee camp in Germany she learned to speak Polish and German before she learned English, so spelling was really a minor problem. She was terrific at math, though, and in fact earned a Master's Degree in Mathematics. Brilliant, but still you had to read her letters out loud to figure out that "gorjus" was really "gorgeous." And then she started talking about this David person, who was asking her to tutor him in math...hmmm...what was THAT all about. Before we knew it, he was coming to visit her at our house and before we knew it, he was asking her to marry him. And before we knew it, she had started her own life. I wanted to be mad at David for taking her from us, but he was such a great guy, although told really corny puns. He made her happy and she made him complete. They made a life in Albuquerque, raised two terrific boys who married really terrific women who bore really terrific grandchildren. Life was magical...until now. Now we have to deal with life without our beloved, talented, Krys. or as David once introduced Krys, much to her chagrin, as his happy wife, "Merry Krys Smith." Krys, wherever you are, I hope you are happy and that you know how much you are loved and deeply missed. Your kid sister, Aleks



Tribute Wall

Krystyna Teresa Smith



September 13 at 7:00 PM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Krystyna by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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