



Jeannette W. Mazur

November 17, 2016

(formerly Wroblewski) November 17, 2016 at the age of 83 years. Jeannette ("Janina") was a gifted pianist and enthusiastic arts patron. A life-long student, she received her BA from Alverno College. Janina was a 2nd grade teacher and a librarian. She was a voracious reader, talented gardener, engaging storyteller and had an adventurous spirit. Janina was a citizen activist and embraced her Polish heritage. The natural world was her inspiration and solace. She loved beauty and wisdom. When she laughed, her whole body shook.

Mother of Elizabeth Wroblewski (Bill), Christine Zickel (John), Ann Wroblewski, and Amy Wroblewski (Bobby). Sister of Stefan Mazur (Wendy). Preceded in death by her parents Anna and Stefan Mazur and her brothers Marion Wickert (Pat), Albin, Sylvester, and Tadeusz Mazur. Survived by grandchildren Evan, Sophie, Madeline, and Jesse. Also survived by nieces, nephews, and other relatives and friends. Memorials in Jeannette's name may be made to the Milwaukee Rescue Mission (<http://www.milmission.org/>) or Friends of Wehr (<http://www.friendsofwehr.org/>).

Relatives and friends will join for a Celebration of Her Life Friday, December 9 from 12:30 - 2:00 PM at Wehr Nature Center (9701 W. College Av, Franklin) followed by a Time of Reflection at 2:00 PM.

Previous Events

Celebration

DEC 9. 12:30 PM - 2:00 PM (CT)

Wehr Nature Center
9701 W. College Av
Franklin, WI 53215

Time of Remembrance

DEC 9. 2:00 PM - 2:45 PM (CT)

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Franklin, WI 53215

Reception to Follow

DEC 9. 2:45 PM - 4:00 PM (CT)

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Tribute Wall

SM

“ Janias memorial

A long time ago, Jinga, Tadonna, Mietke and Boobla where in a Christmas story as told by my Father, Stefan. Jinga, was his favourite, she would fall asleep on his coat while my parents picked mushrooms in the forest. Jinga placed a toy airplane in my crib when I was born. She embarassed my Mother by telling all the neighbors that she was so tired of washing all my diapers. When peeking in a pot of boiling mushrooms she shrieked, "Worms, Worms, your cooking Worms". "What have I done to deserve such a child" my Mother said in Polish. Jania, my sister released me from block confinement. We would walk from 18th and Becher to the Library on 13th St. and walk back with a coaster wagon full of books. We walked to Pearl St. movie house on 18th where we watched Laurel and Hardy, The Three Stooges, even saw Frankeinstien. Swimming and ice (ankle) skating at Kosciuszko park, were we attended Polish Summer school. A performance was given at Federation hall, Janias picture was in the Miwaukee Journal. Three smiling girls in Polish costume, she is the one with the chipped tooth, the result of roller skating into a bumper of a 36 Buick. You should have heard Jania playing Chopin on a Summer afternoon, or play Beethoven at a piano recital at Wisconsin Conservatory of Music - she was given Pepto Bismol to calm her nerves. Jeannette was alot of fun, she would laugh at herself. She refused to see me two days

in a row cause "One day with me, was enough" It was this Loopy honesty which made me love her so.

Jeannette was music and light. Hurt by careless people, she had the courage to live

her life with compassion and grace.

While reading Dylan Thomas;

Do not go gentle into that good night.

Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Jeannette would not rage against the dying of the light.

instead,-- she went quietly, into the night.

Na ten czas

Boobla

Stefan Mazur - November 27, 2016 at 02:41 PM



Thanks Uncle Billy. Laughing and crying. Ann

Ann Wroblewski - November 27, 2016 at 07:57 PM



So comforting to realize that you can capture Mama with these heartfelt words. Thank you for your thoughtfulness.

Christine - November 27, 2016 at 09:14 PM