



Howard I. Kwitny

September 1, 1924 - January 15, 2016

Howard I. Kwitny,

91, of Indianapolis, passed away January 15, 2016. He was born September 1, 1924 in Indianapolis to the late Benedict and Helen Kwitny. Howard graduated from Shortridge High School and attended Indiana University, Butler University and Montana State College. He served in the U.S. Army and the U.S. Army Air Force. Howard was shot down over Augsburg, Germany February 27, 1945, and spent 62 days in many POW camps. He received the POW Medal, Air Medal and the Purple Heart.

Howard was a self-employed home improvement contractor for over 30 years. He was a member of St. Alphonses Catholic Church in Zionsville, plus a life member of the VFW, American Legion and DAV.

Howard is survived by his son, Brian Kwitny; his daughters, Cindy Keith and Jill (Chris) Burkhard. Their mother, Frances Marilyn Kwitny, preceded Howard in death after 25 years of marriage. Howard is also survived by seven grandchildren. Howard is preceded in death by his brother, Charles Kwitny; and sister, Harriet Aaron.

A Memorial Service will be held Thursday, January 21, 2016 at 1:00 p.m. at Hoosier Village, 5300 W. 96th St. Final care and arrangements are entrusted to Shirley Brothers Fishers-Castleton Chapel.

Previous Events

Memorial Service

JAN 21. 1:00 PM (ET)

Hoosier Village
5300 W. 96th St.
Indianapolis, IN 46268
(317) 873-3349

Tribute Wall

JD

“*Heartfelt condolences from the family of Richard Aaron, who loved his Uncle Howard very much. Uncle Howard visited us in our home a few times with his son, Brian. He was always quick with a warm and gentle smile. There are so many wonderful memories expressed by friends and family here. I know he will live on in your hearts. Bless his soul and that of my Richard, who was there to welcome him in the hereafter.*



Juanita Duncan

Juanita Duncan - January 21, 2016 at 11:19 AM

IC

“*As a kid, my favorite place to be was at Uncle Howard's house. The pretense was often that I was babysitting Jill. But we all knew we were just both horsing around and having way too much fun. We often watched musicals on tv while Aunt Frances, a beautiful woman with no makeup, took a great deal of time to get ready to go out. Uncle Howard would yell for her, and it would have no affect. And when she descended that staircase, beautiful and smelling like the best perfume ever, Uncle Howard seemed to melt. At least that is my memory. I know he would yell. I know she didn't worry. I know she always kept him waiting. Seemed like it was worth the wait.*

Uncle Howard was a witty guy who loved to laugh and make others laugh. In later years, he was more than an uncle to me, he was more like a gateway to my own father. Even his voice was so similar it was a comfort to be near him.

ilene collins - January 20, 2016 at 11:48 AM

TF

“ *Therese Burkhard & Family purchased the Beautiful in Blue for the family of Howard I. Kwitny.*



Therese Burkhard & Family - January 18, 2016 at 10:32 AM

JB

“ *Where do I begin to share about the man I call Dad? Once Dad needed more assistance, we found Hoosier Village a good fit for him(my father in law lived there too). Living within 15 min away, we saw him weekly sometimes 3-4 times a week. He loved to go out for dinner or fish in my pond. He adored my kids and pets too. Jamie, Joseph and Jenna knew a different kind of man as a grandfather than I knew as a Dad growing up. Our relationship grew into one as an adult that I will cherish forever. His love for my husband Chris was great. They had a special relationship more like a son than son in law as Dad felt about him. My Dad always voiced his opinion no matter how offensive. He had a great humor and loved sarcasm and practical jokes. He loved to sing and anywhere he felt like singing. Bridge (a card game) was his passion. As a kid he played with my Uncle Chuck and others while my mom -Frances and sister Janice and friends played maj Jong. He played bridge as often as he could up to 3 times a week at Hoosier Village. I will miss his daily phone calls telling me things he wanted or asking to go to dinner. May he be at peace finally and be fishing with his Dad and brother Charles. May he dance with my mom and watch over us.*

jill Burkhard - January 17, 2016 at 05:08 PM

KR

“ ON BEHALF OF THE COMRADES AND SISTES OF THE DEPARTMENT OF INDIANA YOU HAVE OUR DEEPEST CONDOLENCES FOR THE LOSS OF YOUR LOVED ONE AND OUR DEPARTED COMRADE. OUR PRAYERS ARE WITH YOU ALL. SINCERELY VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS OF THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF INDIANA STATE CHAPLAIN KEISTON R.HOLLOWAY

KEISTON R.HOLLOWAY - January 17, 2016 at 11:30 AM

SA

“ 4 files added to the album New Album Name



Sarah Aaron - January 16, 2016 at 09:52 PM



“ Divine Peace Bouquet was purchased for the family of Howard I. Kwitny.



January 16, 2016 at 03:19 PM

LM

“ *My thoughts and prayers are with your family.*

Lisa Middleton - January 16, 2016 at 08:29 AM

TK

“ Call it a rite of passage. The longer one lives the more encounters with human loss one is destined to experience. For me, this one will take a lot more time to get over. He was my Uncle Howard. When I was young I attempted a stunt at a gathering of family and friends at an outdoor pool. Trying to emulate my cousin and brother, both of whom were older, I tried to jump while holding onto a raft off of a diving board. During my attempt, my foot turned awkwardly and as I fell into the pool, my head slammed against its side. Down I plummeted and the two arms that yanked me to the surface belonged to Uncle Howard. He came to my rescue then, and through the years has done so on other occasions. He was my Dad's older brother. They shared certain attributes and differed in numerous and obvious ways...but they enjoyed many of the same leisure pursuits and past-time activities. Such things forged a strong bond between them from early boyhood throughout their adult lives. I was lucky enough to get to tag along on fishing trips on my Uncle's small fishing boat with my Dad and Uncle. Such is the stuff of memories that I will carry with me until my final day. Uncle Howard told stories and humorous anecdotes of pranks that he was notorious at having my Dad fall victim to. And except for rare occasion, my Dad was a good sport. He also spoke with lament and sadness at the loss of my father and other members of his beloved family. That rite of passage mentioned earlier, over the span of years extracted a heavier toll on Uncle Howard by virtue of his own longevity and the fact that so many close to him simply became gone too soon. I truly believe toward the end he became increasingly lonely for their company, and if Heaven in any way is what we imagine it to be, he is already sharing the heavenly embrace of many such dear and departed loved ones. Lastly, Uncle Howard was a inimitable blend of many strong qualities that made him both an animated and unforgettable character: he was extremely witty and clever and quick with a memorable quip or funny remark, he was highly intelligent and well read and was known to be articulate on a vast range of topics. He was given to strong opinions and wasn't shy about voicing them when conversations drifted toward an area of which his passions might

become aroused. He had a streak of stubbornness that has made itself evident among many of us that share the Kwitny surname. Such grit and spirit undoubtedly served him well during the sixty plus days he spent as a prisoner of war during the Second World War. He was also, as I came to know him, a loving Uncle that I will always reflect upon and remember with only the deepest affection and gratitude. Now that his body knows rest, may his spirit live on within everyone whose lives he has touched, and may his soul come to know the boundless glory and eternal bliss that Heaven can bestow him.

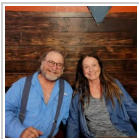
Tim Kwitny - January 15, 2016 at 10:33 PM

LF

“ Laurie Fidler lit a candle in memory of Howard I. Kwitny



laurie fidler - January 15, 2016 at 05:51 PM



“ I remember the train track dad mounted on a plywood sheet. He leaned it against the garage wall. Then flop it into the floor and we would play with the train. My dad and I both liked coffee cups with handles big enough for 4 fingers...both had ECCO shoes of the same model as our favorite...both liked to tear up our lettuce into small pieces before adding dressing...we both had pontoon boats and loved water. I remember playing tennis with him at the carmel raquet club...once uncle paul was there...we three went into their bar and the waitress made me a tootsie roll...a drink with kahlua and orange juice...she said it was free if i didnt like it...i have liked them ever since. Dad loved a good joke...once he heated up grub worms he used as bait and served the squirming to my mom.

Brian Kwitny - January 15, 2016 at 04:23 PM