



## Josif Krecu

February 28, 1925 - May 9, 2020

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Josif was born in Grebenac, Serbia to Romanian parents Paraskia and Dimitri Krecu. He lived in that village up until he was a young man and was conscripted into the communist Yugoslavian Army during the World War II era. Josif was a devout young man and he refused to bear arms due to his strong religious beliefs. His unwavering to not fight in a battle he did not believe in did, however, land him as a conscientious objector and was then assigned to a non-combat unit of the Yugoslavian Navy. As a Sailor he was put to work on the Navy barges that sailed the Danube with supplies for the Military. Once he completed his tour he returned to his home in Grebenac and worked as a farmer. Josif was quite the man-about-town but caught the eye of a beautiful young woman that also grew up in his village. He met and soon charmed the love of his life to become the future Mrs. Krecu. Josif and Persida were married in February of 1956. And that year would serve the newlyweds a collision of exciting and turbulent times. They found they were expecting their first child and yet were in the midst of plotting to flee their country. They decided to suspend their first attempt and when they later did put their plan into action they were caught and both were placed in jail, while Persida was pregnant. Their first son Milijan was born later that year and two years after that their second son Dimitri was born. But the plotting never subsided and a third attempt to escape was in the works. All of their worldly belongings reluctantly had to be abandoned, home, family and all. As they were making their attempt to escape they caught wind that the police were looking for them and Josif decided to create a ruse and disguised his family. It worked and after a trying journey, with the children strapped to their backs most of the way, they eventually made it across the border into Trieste, Italy in 1961. From there the young family was taken to a refugee camp in Latina, Italy where they spent about 6 months awaiting the approval of their immigration. Josif had applied to Australia and the United States of America, America responded first and Josif accepted. America then sponsored them as defectors of a communist country and in 1962 flew them to New York! Initially they shared an apartment in Manhattan with another family. They moved and settled in the Bronx and Josif became

the building handyman and superintendent. During this time Josif was invited to visit California and he was enchanted by the sunny weather, enjoying barbeques outside, people donning flip flops, all while New York was hit with one of the worst winter storms in 30 years. And so, Josif began to dream of moving to the warm warm West. They attended a church fair, entered a raffle and won a car, a brand new Chevy II. Then in 1967 they packed their little family into that car, drove across the country and began the journey to making his dreams come true. Once in California they rented a home in Inglewood and he began diligently working as machinist making components for the defense industry. He met an Italian builder that explained the "American Dream" of owning a home and he soon worked towards purchasing and building the first Krecu residence in Hawthorne. He filled that home with three additional children, John, Roman and finally a girl, Corinne. Josif worked very hard to provide for his family and when he was laid off as a machinist he reinvented his career and moved into maintenance in the hotel industry and never skipped a beat. He finally retired in 1995, sold the home in Hawthorne and moved to his forever home in Mission Viejo in 1997. Josif was passionate about his love for God and a devout religious man up to the end. He enjoyed going to church, would recite the Bible and reverently would speak to his children about the kindness we all should learn from the teachings of God. But in the end, it all of us that can take a lesson from the pages of Josif's life. Learn from his valor, his passion, his determination, his sacrifice and his love of family. And now, he is truly in his forever home, the Kingdom he so reveled and aspired. He IS finally home, an Angel amongst his God in Heaven. And here on Earth he leaves an incredible legacy, the beautiful family he selflessly created. A strong, compassionate, handsome, loving, virtuous and accomplished family. A family that is proud of the life their husband, their father, their father-in-law and their grandfather has paved for them.

JOSIF KRECU IS SURVIVED BY:,

His wife of 64 years: Persida Samanc Krecu,

His Children:,

Milijan Krecu and Leah,

Dimitri Krecu and Debbie,

John Krecu and Donna,

Roman Krecu and Silvia,

Corinne Krecu Bocka and Peter,

His Grandchildren:,

Lauren Krecu and Brian Smead,

Erik Krecu,

Cayla Neipris,

Alysse Bocka,  
Andrew Bocka,  
Isaak Krecu,

His Great-Grandchildren:  
Bodhi Smead,  
Tanner Smead,

“FALLEN LIMB”

A limb has fallen from our family tree.  
I keep hearing a voice that says, “Grieve not for me.”  
Remember the best times, the laughter, the song.  
The good life I lived while I was still strong.  
Continue my heritage, I’m counting on you.  
Keep smiling and surely the sun will shine through.  
My mind is at ease, my soul is at rest.  
Remembering you all, how truly I was blessed.  
Continue traditions, no matter how small.  
Go on with your life, don’t worry about falls.  
I miss you all dearly, so keep up your chin.  
Until the day comes when we’re all together again.

In lieu of sending flowers you may consider making a memorial donation to his church in  
"Tribute to Josif Krecu".

GoFundMe, <https://gf.me/u/x2scrt>.

May you Rest In Peace our beloved Josif.

A PRIVATE service will be held on Monday, May 18 at 11:00am with burial immediately following. Due to the current COVID-19 situation Josif’s immediate family only is allowed to attend.)

# Comments

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“ SAMANC FAMILY OF FLORIDA purchased the Sentiments of Serenity Spray for the family of Josif Krecu.



**SAMANC FAMILY OF FLORIDA** - May 15 at 06:36 PM

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“ Joe and I were walking one day, we stopped to talk story, I don't know how we got on the subject, but I was telling him about some past good memories I had with my father and how I still think about them. He told me his fondest memories of his father and growing up on the farm, he said It was beautiful, they would hook up the horse and cart loaded down with farming goods early in the morning and go to the farmers market in town, it was an all day ordeal and it was what he looked forward to doing with his father. When they set off it was still dark, early in the morning, the air was cool and crisp with the scent of the farm. They would talk all the way to the market in town, at the end of the market day they would start the long journey home, the both of them would be worn out from the day at the market, Joe paused to reminisce, then finished his memory, this part I thought was very peaceful, when the sun went down it would get cold and sometimes it would be a full moon, it would light up the way home, his father would grab a blanket and they both leaned against each other for warmth and go fast asleep. The horse knew the way home, when they finally arrived the horse would stop in front of their house, they would get off and the horse would head to the barn all by itself, the horse had made this trip many times and knew when and where to go. When we were finished talking story we came together in that moment and we were both small boys again, walking away having lived each others past. We will all miss hearing his voice. With all of you in mind may we see him again, soon. Dean Raymond

**Dean Raymond** - May 14 at 08:52 PM

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“ I remember being in the door to door service with Joe, maybe 12 years ago and I was having a hard time keeping up with him, I said "Joe how to you walk so fast?" He said it was his book bag that made him strong and fast, he said "without it I don't do so well" I will always remember that, He was a man who loved his God, and always had a smile on his face. We will all miss him so much! Much love and prayers to the family, you were so fortunate to call him husband, father and grandfather. With Love  
Colleen Raymond

**Colleen Raymond** - May 14 at 08:27 PM