

“Yeah, but for The Grace of GOD, go I.”

Now abide these three: Faith, Hope and Love. And The Greatest of These is Love.”

[I CORINTHIANS 13:13]

My Mom, Dorothea Marie Braff-Baral, nee DuPeron, was born on 10/24/1920 in Moosejaw, Ontario, Canada. She was raised in a devout Catholic family. After her first marriage failed, she came to the United States to attend Columbia University in New York City. She came with maybe a few hundred dollars in her pocket and graduated with a Masters of Arts in Education circa 1952. It was there that she met my Dad, William Charles Baral.

Family stories of how my Dad use to chart and time my Mom’s travel patterns on the subway so he could meet and talk to her are very romantic. They married in 1956. I was born in 1959 and my brother in 1961.

All my mother ever wanted was to just be happy. And she was once: married to my Dad. Some kids. A little house. My parents divorced when I was only six. My stepdad, Stan Braff, died in 1973. My Mom lived so many years of pain and aloneness. She filled the voids with education and work. She obtained a PhD and became a successful businesswoman.

But she always use to say through the years,

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In the last 7 years, as my Mom and I reconciled and grew close again, we came Home together to The Catholic Church. She found some of that Peace, as did I, together. My Mom died knowing she was loved – by me, by so many others who helped care for her, and by GOD.

She wanted to stay in her house, where she lived mostly since 1968. With the help of so many good people, I accomplished almost everything she asked of me.

I give deepest thanks to GOD for:

\*\*Grace Cordice, who cared for my Mom 24/7 for the last 4+ years at our home:

\*\*Tami DeLauro, who coordinated her care

\*\*David DePinto, who looked after her affairs and interests

\*\*Peter Alsen, who helped to make it possible for my Mom and I to have so much together

\*\*and so many others

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It took a lot for her to admit she needed help. 7 years ago I called to say hello and she asked me to come and help her. I was there the next weekend. I've been with her at least once a month, every month, at home since then. We had some tough times, as everyone here knows, but we has a lot of good times.

It's the good times I will always remember – the cupcakes she made for me; the places we use to go and hang out together – Dunkin Donuts, Forum Diner, Sunny Buffet, Poppy's Diner. Going to Mass together at St. Patrick's. And just spending time talking endlessly.

My Mom left this world covered by GOD's Grace in The Sacrament of The Sick by Fr. Nick and by Fr. Christopher, who gave me Eucharist at her side as she was dying, allowing me to receive The Host for myself and also for my mother.

I was at her side through the week she slowly died at Southside to protect her, pray for her, advocate for her and be with her. My Mom left this world, not perfect in this life, but Perfectly Forgiven, on 2/21/2014. She is now Perfected in Heaven.

My Mom never stopped loving my Dad. Now, my Mom has again what she always wanted – My Dad, who has been waiting for her in Heaven since 1991.

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Now I do have a wonderful Stepmom, Martha Harris-Baral. Until GOD calls my Stepmom Home to Heaven, my Mom will have my Dad to herself. They are embracing now in The Arms of JESUS – like they did on their wedding day! Like in the picture of them I use to carry as a teenager of them on their honeymoon so happy together.

When my Stepmom gets to Heaven, she and my Mom will have to time share my Dad. I don't know how GOD works that out, but I know He does in some wonderful way!

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Now, in Heaven, my Mom at last has eternal Happiness and Peace. She is married again to my Dad. They have their little house again. Some day, by GOD's Grace, my brother and I will join them There. Covered by The Amazing Grace of GOD's Love.

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