



Catherine Mary Baril

March 31, 1916 - January 26, 2016

The house where Catherine Mary (Fend) Baril grew up stood atop a steep hill. Only those who grew up in a copper mining community, like Hancock, Michigan could appreciate the hill that she was climbing multiple times a day: to school, and back for lunch, to school, and back to meet her mom, to the store where her mom would send her, and back home.

It was that house and that hill where many of her stories began, especially the ones she enjoyed telling as often as others would listen. Most would involve her three brothers, Ettinger (deceased), William (deceased), John (deceased) and sister Patricia (deceased). Like the time that she went sledding down the hill because John dared her – after her mother told her not to – and ending up with a leg gashed to the bone; or the stories about the sand, rocks and other items that she and John would dump down the hole in her backyard that never seemed to hit bottom (of course, they lived atop an old mine).

Those trips down those hills had far more meaning later in life for the two sons, 12 grandchildren and 19 great-grandchildren she leaves behind. For near the bottom of the hill, on the way to school, on the way to the grocers and on the way to her future, lived the boy who would one day become the man she would marry: Clement Baril (deceased).

It would be unreal to say that she lived happily ever after. But, together, the

two of them would always find just enough loose change to buy kerosene for the heater and tuition for the catholic schools for her sons.

From the time she was a young girl, it would not be uncommon to find her awake late into the night. As a child, she would rock her younger sister so that her mother could get some sleep. As a mother, she would sit with her sons as they came home from school and studied late in the night. The three o'clock hour was no stranger to Catherine.

But, on Tuesday, January 26, 2016 – two months from her centennial birthday – in the three o'clock hour, Catherine Baril passed peacefully in the night and found rest.

MaMa, as her grand- and great-grandchildren knew her, is coming home to Oak Park, Michigan, where she lived for nearly fifty years, from San Antonio, Texas. She will lay down beside her loving husband of forty-four years, PaPa.

They are survived by both sons, James (Rosalie) and Thomas (Emily). She was the loving grandmother of: Mari (Bari) Vasan, Bret Bari, Cheri (Bari) Spain, Barbi (Bari) Dunaway; Matthew S. Baril, Thomas E. Baril, Jr, Mireille M. Baril, Ruth E. (Baril) Rutledge, James S. Baril, Catherine Badowski and Alexander and Christina LaRocca. There are 19 great-granchildren: Sienna and Sebastian Vasan; Isabella and Kellan Spain; Kayla and Shashi Dunaway, Maximus Yoo; Thomas E. Baril III, Hannah, Joseph, Patrick, Andrew, Mary Rose (Deceased), and David Baril; James Thomas Rutledge; Inessa and Declan Baril; Robington Badowski; and Tala Anderson.

A Mass of Remembrance will be held by long-time family chaplain Father Chateau at Our Mother of Perpetual Help (Fatima) Catholic Church, Oak Park, MI at 10:00 a.m. on Thursday, February 4, 2016 followed by interment at Holy Sepulchre Cemetery next to her beloved husband, Clement. Arrangements by

Wm. Sullivan and Son Funeral Home, Royal Oak. Please share a memory at www.sullivanfuneraldirectors.com.

Cemetery Details

Holy Sepulchre Cemetery

25800 W. 10 Mile Road
10 Mile Road @ Beech Road
Southfield, MI 48033

Previous Events

Funeral Mass

FEB 4. 10:00 AM (ET)

Our Mother of Perpetual Help ~ Oak Park
13500 Oak Park Boulevard
Oak Park, MI 48237


Tribute Wall

TJ

“ Thank you, Mama, for decades of great memories - whether it was celebrating my First Communion while visiting you as a child, enjoying a lunch with you in an English pub, enjoying fresh apple cider while visiting you in college, you giggling while Thomas ate the wires, the weekly Sunday phone calls, or the letters we exchanged. I am glad that Papa has his bride back. We Love you.

Tj - February 04, 2016 at 03:00 PM

BA

“ Rest in peace to the one and only grandparent I've ever really known... MaMa. From a little old house in Oak Park, Michigan, this grand woman lived through the Great Depression, never missed a weekend at church or an episode of Days of Our Lives. Smart as a whip, she belonged on Jeopardy. Living up to her Irish nature, she was one of the luckiest people I know. She had vitality like none other and fought for every last day here. She took care of me when I was a baby and as I grew up, and always kept in touch from no matter how far away. Love you Mama... You are with PaPa now. 



Barbi

Barbi - February 03, 2016 at 05:13 PM

BR

“ *MaMa is forever family. She spanned generations in life at 99 years and will span them here and ever after in spirit eternal.*

We always felt at home with MaMa. From her kitchen in the morning the aroma of toast and sound of percolating coffee are forever indelible in mind and memory. She was fun company with her quick wit and sense of humor and she had game, which is to say talent, to play cards. Her smile and cute chuckle-like laugh gave us bright times. These times together with mama were second to none and reserve special privilege to some of our most blessed memories of family. The light and joy she brought to us as children and thence forth will live in our hearts forever.

Later she continued to amaze us as she often defied the limitations of the physical world. Even into her eighties she mowed her own lawn, shoveled her own snow, and made her own house repairs. Of course the physical realm could not indefinitely shoulder her spirit and the time came for her to transcend physical bonds.

MaMa lived ninety-nine years but her life spanned more than just a number. It is no coincidence that God pulled her out of this world before reaching one-hundred as He felt she had a more important place to be just then.

From heaven she will smile down on us, court favor with Saint Jude as only she can, and be part of us for all time.

God bless MaMa

Bret

Bret - February 03, 2016 at 01:39 PM

MI

“ *My good memories of Mama range from sharing gin and tonic with her in a hotel room, following an afternoon at the casino, to watching the Golden Girls with her in her bedroom.*

Mama and I had our adventures, but we also shared the ordinary moments in life too - neither of us liked large gatherings and instead of joining the rest of the family one Thanksgiving, we watched old movies, ate mashed potatoes and pumpkin pie as our main meal, and chased that down with Rolling Rock - the only beer that we could both agree on.

We travelled to visit family gravesites several years ago. It was there that I saw a more sentimental side to Mama. We honored those who went before us. It is natural but odd that I'm returning to this same land to honor her life now.

Mireille - February 02, 2016 at 09:52 PM



“ *Simply Elegant Spathiphyllum was purchased for the family of Catherine Mary Baril.*



February 02, 2016 at 11:54 AM

RU

“ I am so thankful for having the opportunity to come home to San Antonio and have you there, Mama. I will always remember the Christmas I had the flu and couldn't do the Christmas Eve activities so you and I watched Christmas movies and you told me stories. You were so strong in so many ways. Whenever someone said you wouldn't or couldn't, you took the challenge. Thank you for all that you taught me through your words and actions.

Ruth - January 30, 2016 at 08:32 AM

TJ

Thank you, Mama, for decades of great memories - whether it was celebrating my First Communion while visiting you as a child, enjoying a lunch with you in an English pub, enjoying fresh apple cider while visiting you in college, you giggling while Thomas ate the wires, the weekly Sunday phone calls, or the letters we exchanged. I am glad that Papa has his bride back. We Love you.

TJ - January 31, 2016 at 10:55 PM