

## MEMORIAL TRIBUTE

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### GRIEFWORKS BC

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### MARCEL RAYMOND DORNHARD

My dear Marcel was my husband of 32 years. I met him when I was one month short of being 17. There was a 14 1/2 yr. difference in our ages. We also had ethnic and religious differences. My Darling husband was German and Jewish. I, on the other hand, am Irish and Catholic.

This was the Gentlest man, the Kindest, Sweetest. Would-give-anyone-the-shirt-off-his-back kind of guy. He was sick for many years and took loads of meds for many years so I think the family felt, as did I, that Marcel will always be there.

To Love, Protect, and Honor Always made us laugh. He was soooooo well-liked in the office. The girls said they were his harem. Everyone loved my Marcel. What was not to love?

God sent me this very special man who escaped Germany into Paris, France, where he was born, and traveled south of France to get to Switzerland, then onto America. He was in a sort of holding camp. They had one for the women, one for the men, one for children and one for babies. He had to share his crib with another little baby. Each mother was only allowed to come in to check on her child on a rotating basis of approx. 40 or 50 mothers at a time. Marcel was only 2 lb. when he was born and they told my Dear, Sweet Mother-in-Law that they didn't expect him to live. But live he did!!!

I am Catholic but we enjoyed knowing about and continuing our traditions in every sense of the word. Yes, we exchanged gifts but it was more than that. We celebrated the true meaning of the holiday or holyday.

I believe in destiny. I really do, because who would think a man that came here when he was 11 (I believe in 1949) and crossed that ocean with his mom, pop, and sister, Renee, would wind up all those years later with, as he used to call me, his Blooming Irish Rose.

Marcel was everything to me - Mother, Father, Big Brother, Husband, Lover, Father of our Son, Soul Mate, Just Everything. I will always miss him, forever. A little piece of me died that day, too. He passed of total renal failure after undergoing a heart bypass 3 times, leg bypass, carotid arteries being cleaned out, every thing. He came through.

We were all in denial. I was, except towards the very end when he was still lucid enough to express his wants and desires to me. He made me promise to get on with life after a while, not to stay in a depressed state too long.

Slowly, it's getting better. It will always be with me but I can feel his spirit with me, cheering me on. I can't erase my memories or mind, so death cannot rob this of me. The thing I have learned to do is to honor his life in different ways. This is what he wanted. This is what he loved. When they made my Marcel they threw the mold away. He was a man among men, so Loved and Cherished by everyone. But he really just wanted to stay at home with me. God Love You, My Dearest, and be at Peace. You're always with me in my Heart, Soul & Mind. Your Loving Gracie.

**Submitted by:** [Grace A. Dornhard on November 16, 2005](#)