



Ruth Dorothea Bayerle

DEC 29, 1931 - MAR 25, 2015



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MEMORIAL GARDENS

Levitt-Weinstein
MEMORIAL CHAPELS & CEMETERIES

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Ruth Dorothea Bayerle

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Ruth Dorothea Bayerle, “Omie” to her grandchildren or “Tante” to her nieces and nephew, (née Beermunder) died March 25, 2015, suddenly at her home of 40 years, in Murray Hill, Manhattan, New York, at the age of 83.

Ruth is survived by her son Martin Bayerle and grandchildren Tess and Grant Bayerle of Miami Beach, Florida, her brother Karl and her niece Rondinna Beermunder of Weeki Wachee, Florida, her niece Marlene Beermunder Welch of East Lyme, Connecticut, and nephew Carl Beermunder of Kingston, New York.

Ruth was born on December 29, 1931 in Behringersdorf, a suburb of Nuremberg, Germany to Max and Anna Schiessl Beermunder. After moving to New York, Ruth married Gerard Bayerle, a US Army Officer, in 1950. Ruth devoted herself to her family and inspired in them a love of life, other people, animals, all of life, and adventure, and encouraged all to pursue their dreams.

Ruth was an accomplished singer and would perform both professionally, and always upon not-infrequent requests from family and friends; she had a beautiful voice, which will greatly be missed. She was a generous, kind hearted individual who loved life, her family and pets and who was passionate about the importance of pets in our lives, blessings from God who teach us about unconditional love, companionship, and loss.

A funeral is scheduled for Wednesday, April 8, 2015 at the Church By The Sea, 501 96th St, Bal Harbour, FL: viewing 10 am to noon; prayers and tributes noon to 1 pm. Mausoleum interment will be at 2 pm, Woodlawn Cemetery North, Miami, FL. All are welcome to attend and celebrate Ruth’s life. A reception for family and friends will follow at 5 pm, The Bistro, Ritz Carlton, Bal Harbour, FL. Please RSVP for the reception, martin.bayerle@gmail.com. In lieu of flowers, please save a life. Ruth would be so pleased to know that, even after her death, she was still helping to save animals; so please adopt a pet from a local animal shelter or give to the animal shelter of your choosing.

Arrangements by Blasberg-Rubin-Zilbert Memorial Chapel (305) 865-2353



Events

Ruth Dorothea Bayerle

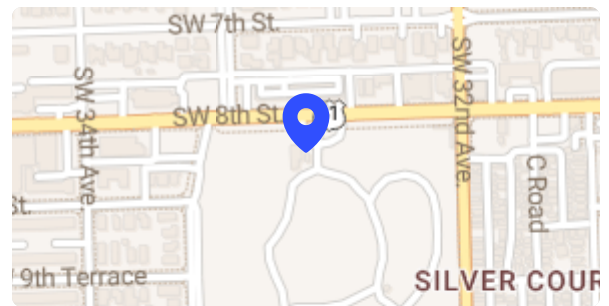
DEC 29, 1931 - MAR 25, 2015

Cemetery Details



Woodlawn Cemetery North

3260 SW 8th Street, Miami AK 33135





Tribute Wall

Ruth Dorothea Bayerle

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Levitt-Weinstein Blasberg-Rubin-Zilbertmemorial Chapel shared an album called **Eulogy for Ruth Bayerle page 4 of 4.**



April 9 at 6:15 AM



Levitt-Weinstein Blasberg-Rubin-Zilbertmemorial Chapel shared an album called **Eulogy for Ruth Bayerle page 3 of 4.**



April 9 at 6:15 AM



Levitt-Weinstein Blasberg-Rubin-Zilbertmemorial Chapel shared an album called **Eulogy for Ruth Bayerle page 2 of 4.**



April 9 at 6:15 AM



Levitt-Weinstein Blasberg-Rubin-Zilbertmemorial Chapel shared an album called **Eulogy for Ruth Bayerle page 1 of 4.**



April 9 at 6:15 AM



Martin Bayerle shared a photo to the **Tribute Wall** album.

My mother always attended church on Easter. I know she would have particularly liked this Easter's Sunrise Service in Surfside, Florida.



April 6 at 9:47 AM



Martin Bayerle shared a photo to the **Tribute Wall** album.

My mother loved Easter, Easter Sunrise Service.



April 6 at 9:23 AM



Levitt-Weinstein Blasberg-Rubin-Zilbertmemorial Chapel shared a photo to the April 9 at 6:15 AM Eulogy for Ruth Bayerle page 4 of 4 album.

Life is all too short, and even should we be lucky enough to pass away at 88, it will seem all too brief, but a blink.

But ask yourself, as Ayn Rand said, whether the dream of heaven and greatness should be waiting for us in our graves - or whether it should be ours here and now and on this earth.

And Eric Fromm's related "Who will tell whether one happy moment of love or the joy of breathing or walking on a bright morning and smelling the fresh air, is not worth all the suffering and effort which life implies.

And finally, from Albert Camus, "For if there is a sin against life, it consists perhaps not so much in despairing of life as in hoping for another life and in eluding the implacable grandeur of this life."

My mother would say, with absolute certainty, that life IS the gift, that heaven is the here and now, among friends, loved ones, and all of our existential, total baring-none experiences.

In essence, life with its essential contrasts, its abysses and mountain tops, its tragedies and triumphs, its young and its old, its griefs and its joys - is perfect... in its imperfection.

Yes, my mother taught me these things.

My mother was fortunate enough to die exactly the way she would have wanted -- in her own home. Rest in peace my dear mother, confidante, counselor, advocate and protector, my best friend, Ruth, God's gift to me, Dorothea Bayerle, still and always one of my most valuable treasures in my heart, and in my memory, 1931 - 2015.

Martin Bayerle, April 8, 2015.



Levitt-Weinstein Blasberg-Rubin-Zilbertmemorial Chapel shared a photo to the April 9 at 6:15 AM Eulogy for Ruth Bayerle page 3 of 4 album.

She loved cooking, and she knew I loved her ~~assorted~~ potato dumplings, red cabbage, her Thanksgiving turkey-stuffing, Easter dinners. She loved Easter church services.

She particularly liked the fact that people frequently took us for brother and sister. I was as she preferred, her younger brother ... And she became upset about the Internet, and that anyone could find her age with a quick, simple Google search. "That must be against the law!" she would remark.

Mom's positive attitude and devotion to family was evident even just a few short weeks ago. Despite her own affliction of Parkinson's Disease and near-immobilizing arthritis, she offered to attend to me, to fly to Florida when I had my recent cataract surgery. My response, I would be more concerned about her than my own condition. She was so relieved that, after the surgery, I now have perfect vision.

The gift of life, unconditional love -- her "always ready to help," taking me in during my years of penury, the nadir of my financial life. Even my eye surgery and her desire to assist me, was so characteristic of my mother! She was also so concerned about my still prevalent walking "gait," my hobbling around. I joked with her that, with her arthritis and my bad hip, we could do a three legged sack race. "We're such a team," she would say. She knew, too, that I was planning to have my hip fixed soon, and she was happy with that knowledge. She wanted to see me dance again! And I will!

She was always asking about her Grandchildren, Tess and Grant, particularly their social lives, their boyfriends and girlfriends, their adventures and future plans. She loved the "treasures" adventure, and she in great part is responsible for that journey.

She taught me about humor: the affirmation of man's ability to overcome adversity. You could either laugh about it or cry about it, that it's better to laugh.

Suffering becomes beautiful when anyone bears great calamities with cheerfulness, not through insensibility but through greatness of mind.

-Aristotle and related.

"I know not all that may be coming, but be it what it will, I'll go to it laughing!" -Moby Dick by Herman Melville

She, of anyone, knew my jokes. Her 88 year-old boyfriend Irving Nixon (when she was 78) and the famous "farm" joke. She would enjoy that her sense of humor was still making people laugh, putting a smile on faces. Good restaurants, a party. Enjoy life, because each day, each moment, is a gift. Make the most of it. Tomorrow isn't guaranteed to anyone.



Levitt-Weinstein Blasberg-Rubin-Zilbertmemorial Chapel shared 2 photos to the Eulogy for Ruth Bayerle page 2 of 4 album. April 9 at 6:15 AM

learned to take naps from the expert, professional nappers, our cats. Pets unconditional love, devotion, no hidden agenda, no betrayal. My mother taught me that animals are truly gifts from God, because of what they can teach us about life, love and loss.

She taught me to make your own way in life, to set your own direction. We are not a rudderless ship blown by random winds.

And, perhaps the most valuable lesson of all, that you need a contrast to appreciate the difference. Contrast is essential to life, for the full experience of the very limited time we have.

An Abyss is necessary to appreciate the mountaintop - the greater the abyss, the more spectacular the mountaintop. As Joseph Campbell said, "It is by going down into the abyss that we recover the treasures of life. Where you stumble, there lies your treasure." -Joseph Campbell

Grief is a result of a past joy - the greater the grief, the greater the joy in our life which we have lost. Celebrate that joy, that you've had the great blessing to have that experience, that relationship, that joy which, without its existence, you would not now be experiencing the grief. The joy, a blessing. The grief, then necessary upon loss.

Defeat, to appreciate Victory - Defeat is indeed necessary -

"It is not the critic who counts, not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the door of deeds could have been done better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marked by dust and sweat and blood, who strives valiantly, who errs, who comes short again and again, because there is no effort without error and shortcoming, but who does actually strive to do the deeds, who knows great enthusiasms, the great devotions, who spends himself in a worthy cause; who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who neither know victory nor defeat." - Theodore Roosevelt

Adversity, as do good times, will end. As Nietzsche would say, "happiness is the temporary remission of pain." But pain, too, is the temporary remission of happiness. Things tend to balance out....

My mother loved life. She was beautiful and glamorous every day of her life, the "nicest beautiful woman in New York" in much more than her great external beauty.

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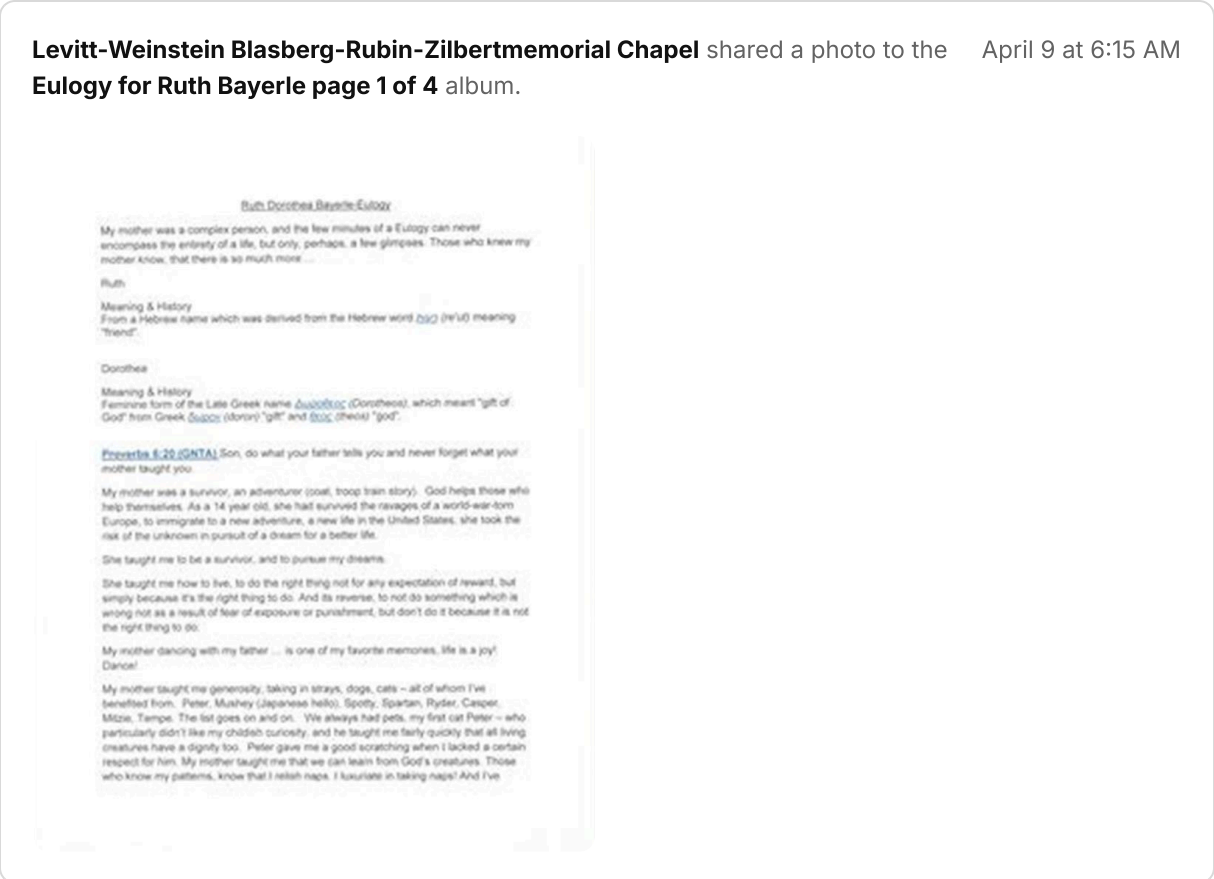
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Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Ruth by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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