



## Norbert T. Baron

February 23, 1930 - June 29, 2017

Norbert T. Baron, 87, of Manteno passed away on Thursday, June 29, 2017 at his home. He was born on February 23, 1930 in Chicago. Norb married Florence Eunice Adams on August 12, 1972 in Harvey. She preceded him in death on July 30, 2011.

Norb was a veteran of the United States Army and a former member of St. Joseph Catholic Church in Manteno and Manteno Nazarene Church. He was a fan of Chicago Cubs baseball and enjoyed golfing.

He is survived by a daughter Ruth Ann Van Heel of Manteno; a son Michael Gustafson of Florida; a niece Eileen Pachinski of Tinley Park; and very special friends Ben and Betty Hale of Manteno. Along with his wife, he was preceded in death by his parents and his siblings.

Funeral service will be held on Monday, July 3, 2017 at 11am, with visitation one hour prior, at Clancy-Gernon Funeral Home in Manteno. Rev. Jack McCormick will officiate. Burial will follow at St. Joseph Cemetery in Manteno. Memorials may be made to the family wishes.

# Cemetery Details

## St. Joseph Cemetery

9000 E. Road  
Manteno, IL 60950  
(815) 263-6287

# Previous Events

## Visitation

JUL 3. 10:00 AM - 11:00 AM (CT)

Manteno - Clancy-Gernon Funeral Homes, Inc.  
291 N. Main St.  
Manteno, IL 60950  
(815) 932-1214  
cgfuneral@gmail.com

## Funeral Service

JUL 3. 11:00 AM (CT)

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# Tribute Wall



“ Dear Ruth you have my deepest sympathy and I am so sorry I can not make it Monday have no one to work for me I enjoyed many years waiting on your dad he will be missed Sandra moody

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**sandra moody** - July 02, 2017 at 10:18 PM

“ Well where to begin, Dad had a great sense of humor, a very hard worker. When Mom & him first started dating she was told that a catholic an Nazarene would have problems with the mixing of religions. Those opinions were so far from the truth. When they got married my brother was a freshman, I was in seventh grade, and my sister was in fourth grade. Now being a confirmed bachelor he walked into an instant family. I can remember the first thing he told me about all his tools, I could use any tools he had but if I didn't put it back where it belonged I would never use them again.

Early on in the marriage mom introduced him to what he called hillbilly cooking. With an iron skillet full of fried chicken and iron skillet full of green tomatoes and iron skillet full of fried potatoes, hot biscuits on the table. He remarked you know people eat like this, he grew up in a Polish home eating a lot of different Polish foods. Needless to say he packed on some weight real fast. Another story we were cleaning the basement and my brother and his friend were trying to crack in a Styrofoam 1 gallon thermos under their arms and every time they squeezed it it would make a loud crack. Well pops came down and saw them doing it and said let me show you how to do it. So he proceeded to put it under his arm and squeeze as hard as he could and we heard a crack except it was three ribs.

He was a computer programmer for the I.C Railroad for his whole career. Once while on vacation they were calling him to her three times a day. So the next time the phone rang he stepped outside and we answered the phone and they would say is Nord there, we could honestly say I'm sorry he's not in right now, that was only way he could get any relief because they would not leave them alone. Two days ago talking with my cousin Eileen we were saying that Dad was in a much better place now. And I remarked that I can see him standing at St. Peter's gate telling him he knows how to fix his computer all you have to do is turn it off and turn it back on again.

Another good story we used to go down to Danville Illinois to see

*relatives. And one such trip my cousin had a barrel racing horse. And him being a good city kid thought he could ride this horse. Well he jumped on it and lit out of the driveway and in about 10 minutes came back laying over the saddle of this horse. We all thought he was just joking around but the stirrup broke and he fell off the horse and broke his ribs again along with a collar bone and spent the rest of his vacation in the hospital.*

*He was also known for his appetite, that man could eat. Though his favorite thing in the world was ice cream. I remember as a kid watching him cut a half a gallon of vanilla ice cream and half putting it in a big salad bowl and covering it and cornflakes. Mom and dad once went out for dessert with another couple to a place called Ferrells ice cream parlor. Where when the waiter came by he ordered an ice cream dish called pikes Peak. It was 15 scoops of ice cream and all the fixings. The waiter started walking away and he said wait a minute everybody else want something also. That man ate that entire dish of ice cream. A few years ago I didn't know what to get my mom for Mother's Day so we went to PJ's ice cream to get her a quart of ice cream and I said out loud I don't know what she likes. The woman behind the counter said who and I said Eunice Baron and she said no she doesn't get this and she proceeded to put everything that she liked into a cup. And said are you getting Norb something and I said sure go ahead and she knew just what to get him. I know he had a tough life growing up and that's what defines him today, but he started out as a stepfather, and ended as my dad.*

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**Michael Gustafson** - June 30, 2017 at 03:10 PM