



## Martin Joralemon

Associate Lay Servant of Divine Mercy

By Rosemarie Joralemon

Martin Joralemon was born in Fairhaven, Vermont in 1934. At the age of two he was adopted by James and Frances Joralemon. He had two older brothers, James and Raymond. He grew up on a small farm in Scotia, New York.

After High School, he worked at the General Electric Company in Schenectady, New York until serving in the United States Air Force where he became a jet mechanic. After being honorably discharged from the Air Force, he came home and started a home fuel heating business. He also was a volunteer fireman.

We met when his brother, Raymond, married my sister, Frances. We started dating and a few years later were married on our Blessed Mother's birthday, September 8<sup>th</sup>, 1962, at Sacred Heart Church in Schenectady. Very often, Marty would serve at the 7AM mass. Our daughter, Eileen, was born in August, 1963. Marty and my Mom had a special relationship. Whenever her car became temperamental, and that happened quite often, he was her personal AAA. She referred to him as "Charlie" and he called her "Mabel", but her real name was Rose.

He was an avid bowler and he also enjoyed golfing and umpiring baseball and softball games which he continued to do through the years.

He sold his fuel oil business, and went to work for the Kelly Springfield Tire and Rubber Company managing Automotive Centers. This job took us to Syracuse, New York, where we met our close friends, Kathy and Andy Czarnecki, who lived in the same two-family house with us. Our son, Joseph, was born in September of 1967.

In a couple of years Marty's job took us from Syracuse to Hawthorne, where we lived for a short time. While in the area, we took the family to the Bronx Zoo, and Marty was able to go to a Mets game. He came home one evening and announced he was being

transferred, with the choice of Buffalo or Boston. The Czarnecki family had just moved to the Buffalo area, so the choice was easy, and we shuffled off to Buffalo. From here we were no strangers to the New York State Thruway with our vacation and holiday travel to Schenectady to visit our family.

In later years Marty changed jobs and became a tire salesman. He was a gregarious person, and loved being on the road visiting his customers and delivering tires when needed. After retiring, he was a delivery man and a part-time security guard.

We enjoyed the Buffalo area and would gladly take visiting relatives on the scenic tour which always included Our Lady of Fatima Shrine. When going to the Carmelite Monastery and the Fatima Shrine on different occasions, we would see a lady with long black hair, and it seemed we were seeing her quite often. A notice was posted at the Carmelite Monastery that there was going to be a novena to the Divine Mercy at Precious Blood Church in Buffalo. When I got there, I discovered the lady we saw everywhere was Amy Betros, and, at that time, we met Norman Paolini. The next year I went back, but the novena was not at Precious Blood. I told Marty that I couldn't find it and somehow he found out Amy and Norm had opened St. Luke's Mission of Mercy. We have been involved at St. Luke's ever since, and I know how much he loved everyone! Although, there were a couple of people he was extra fond of.

In April of 2000, we were blessed to be able to go to Rome, Italy for St. Faustina's canonization with pilgrims from St. Luke's and elsewhere. What a privilege to be in St. Peter's Square with Pope John Paul II for this event. It became even more meaningful when the Pope passed away.

April, 2006 was to be Marty's last Divine Mercy Novena. He underwent extensive stomach surgery on May 1<sup>st</sup>, 2006, and his heart was not strong enough to help him recover. He went home to the Lord on December 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2006 (First Saturday).

Through his time of great suffering and trial, we have been so blessed with the prayers, cards, visits, love and support that God has provided through each of you! I know He will bless you abundantly.



*Marty Joralemon was a part of the fabric of St. Luke's. Whether ushering, keeping errant altar boys in line, or shaking his head when all his efforts to avoid "St. Luke's Time" were for naught, Marty was a face that was familiar and comfortable for all of us. He was a father figure for so many, keeping us in line gently, and, well, sometimes not so gently, just like a real father would. When the Associate Lay Servants of Divine Mercy are called to pledge to another year of service and prayer, one conspicuous presence will be sorely missed. See you soon, Marty. Pray for us, and we'll get to church on time...mostly!*