



Gladys Pons Brasile

November 18, 1917 - April 10, 2006

Gladys Pons Brasile, 88, of Plantsville, died Monday April 10, 2006 at the Alzheimer's Resource Center of Connecticut in Plantsville. She was the devoted loving wife of James V. Brasile, who died in 1986. Born in Bristol, she lived in New Britain most of her life, moving to Plantsville in 2000.

Surviving are two sons, James L. Brasile and his wife Elaine of Newington; Stephen Brasile and his wife Sheila of Bristol; a daughter, Patricia Turgeon and her husband Ken of Southington; a brother, Russell Pons of Bristol; a sister, Vivian Cormier also of Bristol; six grandchildren, Denise Niland and her husband Matt; Deborah Jean Tyler and her fiancé James Berardi; Stephen Brasile and his wife Mary; Michael Brasile and his wife Laura; Lisa Brasile; and Jim Brasile; eight great grandchildren; several nieces and nephews. Besides her husband James, she was predeceased by a brother, Robert Pons.

Gladys was employed at Emhart Corporation in Berlin for 10 years, retiring in 1973. She was a member of St. Ann's Church in New Britain; the church ladies guild; and the New Britain Senior Center.

A Mass of Christian Burial will be celebrated Wednesday 9:30 AM at St. Ann's Church, North Street, New Britain. Burial will be in St. Mary Cemetery. Calling hours are Wednesday morning 8 to 9 AM at Carlson Funeral Home, 45

Franklin Square, New Britain. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Alzheimers Resource Center of Connecticut, 1261 South Main Street, Plantsville, CT 06479 or to a charity of the donor's choice. Please share a memory or note of sympathy with Gladys' family by clicking on "GUESTBOOK" at the bottom of this page.

Tribute Wall

“ Not Just Gladys. or The Thank You Never Spoken

Today on this celebration of my moms birth into eternal life and these few weeks that have followed the funeral, Steve and Sheila, Pat and Ken, and Jim and Elaine, want to thank the many people who took the time to express their love and appreciation of our mom Gladys by taking a little time out of their busy lives. Twenty years ago I stood here at St. Ann Church at the end of the funeral mass for my dad asked for a minute of silence before Fr. Guisanni made the final blessing and we buried my dad at St. Mary's Cemetery. From that point on it seemed like it was just Gladys.

Mom grew up on the Farm on East Rd. in Bristol as part of the Pons family with older brother Bob now deceased, younger sister Vivian and brother Buddy. I remember the big picnics in the back of the East Rd home with Grandma and Grandpa Pons having a great time with mom's relatives. It is here I got to know Viv and Pete, Bud and Bev, Bob and Margaret. Thanks to all of mom's nieces and nephews, cousins and friends from Bristol who made the trip this morning. Your thoughts now and your love for her over those years in Bristol show it was not just Gladys but her family and friends in Bristol.

Married in 1936 Gladys moved to 60 Franklin St. and lived there with dad for 30 years. The 4 family house that was home, at some point, for everyone in the Brasile family and many of our friends, some that are here today. It is here at 60 Franklin St I started hearing the names of Pete and Marge, Sue and Tom, Paul and Irene, Joyce and Phil, Joe and Josephine Red and White Store, Sue and Tom. But most especially NOW it was not just Gladys, but Gladys and Jim. It is during these years that mom and dad showed the love for each other. Gladys working hard as the stay at home mom as Jim worked at New Britain Machine. Mom was the best cook, cooking many of the Italian dishing she had learned years ago that my dad loved. When we were all finished eating she was always in the kitchen cleaning the

dishes. She topped all this off by meticulous care and cleaning up of the house. I want to thank all the family and friends that have showed up today from those days on 60 Franklin St. Your thoughts and concerns show it was not just Gladys but her family and friends at and around the 60 Franklin St. neighborhood.

Gladys and Jim moved to 104 Linden St. On October 31, 1959. Now she cooked and cleaned for her children and her grandchildren. Mom created the most tasty and beautiful looking desserts, continued taking care of the house, always in the kitchen and years of taking care of my elderly and handicapped Nona. It was here mom always referred to Norma and George, Phil and Joyce, and their families. And special times were spent at picnics in the backyard, ballgames at the parks, and trips to People's Forest. Your thoughts and concerns today shows it was not just Gladys but her family and friends in and around 104 Linden St.

When dad died on May 23, 1986 Gladys lived on her own for 14 years after the death of her husband Jim. Fairly healthy years and ones where she learned to drive and tried to manage the home on her own but once in awhile needed some help. Like the time helped by the police after driving her car for about a quarter mile on three wheels before she realizes the tire that had pasterd her out was her own. Or the time she called at 2AM in the morning and said to me, "Jim I think there is some water in the cellar?". Only to arrive and find out that there was 4 inches of water in the entire cellar, and, water continued to fill up from a 30 foot spray of water that started from the washer hose she never remembered to turn off on one side of the house and hitting the ceiling and continuing across to the other wall. Your thoughts and concerns today show it was not just Gladys but her family and friends that continued to look after her during those years.

In April of 2000 Gladys went to the Alzheimer's Resource Center in Plantsville. In that time the CNA's, nurses, and staff in Plantsville must have feed mom close to 10,000 times. Not to say

the many times she needed healthcare for even the basic necessities 24 hrs a day. So thanks to Sheila, Lorraine, Barbara, Jan, Jean and the many other health care professionals and fellow family members who made moms stay as comfortable as possible. Yours thoughts and concerns today and most especially over the past six years shows it was not just Gladys but her family at ARCC.

Finally thanks to Mark Gudarian and the Good Shepard Choir, the many familiar parishioners I see in the choir, For Fr. Bob and Fr. Joe, family friends always present during these times and times of baptism and marriage. Deacon Carl Lickwar and especially Fr. Giusanni who blessed mom and dads marriage 70 years ago.

So as Fr. Giusani makes the final blessing on my mom as he did 20 years ago for my dad, and we take mom to St. Mary's Cemetery we are saddened by the loss. Loss of the many great times we shared over the years knowing mom. But reminded by this mass that it is a celebration. Because a life is not ended, but changed, it is not just a burial, but a rebirth, and it is not just Gladys but once again Gladys and Jim. Amen

jim brasile - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM

MA

“ Hi, my name is Marilyn Bellini Asal and I just wanted to extend my sincere condolences. I just found out about your moms passing at a baby shower the other day. My sister Margaret had told my sister Maryann and myself about your mother and that she had seen it in the paper a few weeks ago. I had called your mother a few years ago, just because I was thinking about her, and wanted her to know the fond memories I had of her. I was so glad to be able to talk to her. I still have a lucite cube of the last supper she gave me after my wedding ceremony in 1969. I remember when I was a little girl, and my father was dying of cancer your mom use to watch me so my mother would be able to go to the hospital to see him. I was the youngest so everyone was in school. I could remember walking with your mother to pick up Stephen at school. When you are four it seemed like we walked miles. We would talk and check out all of the new leaves and plants as they were growing. That was the first time I new about spring. Which is now my FAVORITE SEASON. I also remember your uncle who use to bring my brother Danny , Stephen and myself for a ride on his motorcycle, until Stephen burned his leg. No more rides after that. Your mother always had a special place in my heart. I am deeply saddened that I did not see her obit in the paper. I would have liked to paid my last repects to her. She was a kind woman who I will always remember fondly. My deepest sympathy to you all, and may her memory bring you comfort. Marilyn

Marilyn Bellini Asal - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM

“ Ode to Gram B. Our Skinny Golden Girl

It’s seems so long ago that I was force fed apple sauce the minute I was carried in the door or had to wait for “Glad” to “Sit down!” before we could eat the mashed padata’s.

Grandpa Jim never got to see me in a bikimi, but Gram did. She happily rolled out the hose with the holes in it and gave me one of Grandpa’s big white t-shirts “to match Jimmy” of course. I was only 9

I think that was around the time she dubbed herself Gram. Unless my big cousin’s called her that? She was always Grandma Gladys to me until she got her license and zipped around in that little white car.

She laughed about the time she picked up her girlfriends and all of a sudden the car felt funny so she stopped to look and the wheel was rolling down the road. I wasn’t as excited to borrow her car after that.

Every Friday, I would sleep over and watch the Golden Girls, Empty Nest, and Nurses in a row and notice how my grandma’s nails were always done and her pumps always matched her purse, even when we went out in the snow. She taught me how to be a teen and I maybe should have paid more attention because I’d be a bit more stylish right now.

Backtracking to when I discovered that she wore wigs, even though she really didn’t need to. It was a game to figure out which day she was wearing it. I tried to see one time when she greeted me at a party if it was her real hair. Her wig stayed on the foam head for a while after that.

She tried to give me a mean look once. It turned out to be rolling her

eyes and half smiling the day Dad dropped me off on Linden Street because I was “sick” and eventually I admitted that I drank hot chocolate with the thermometer in my mouth.

I couldn’t understand why she hummed at such a low octave. It didn’t sound good to my young ears, but it’s funny that now, I’m stuck with the low hum.

It’s been a while since I’ve heard about Debra Jean’s red car or Denise’s ear piercing story, how Michael “is always the one who will come and put his arm around you” or how Stephen put the phone down and went back to bed when he heard the news of my birth! Or “be nice to your brother!”

Gram was the best Easter bunny considering we’d still be finding eggs at Thanksgiving.

And one question, “WHO ARE THE NORTON BOYS? AND ARE THEY STILL WANDERING AROUND LAKE COMPOUNDS? ”

Teasing my hair has not been suggested to me, lately, or putting tissues in my sleeve.

I haven’t been offered Aspir-gum or had to wrestle a Sprite bottle that’s been tortured by her nutcracker, in some time.

Although I’ve saved a few, I haven’t received a card shakily signed Gram B, recently, and even though everyone had two grandma’s for a while,

Gram, you never had to write the B. Love Lisa

Lisa Brasile - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM

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Lisa Brasuke - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM

MG

“ it was great seeing ever one today but i will miss my grandma very much! and thank u all for coming today it ment alot to my family well gtg ttyl people.

Mary Brasile Great grandouther - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM

GB

“ Jim:
What I rimember about your Mom is when Tom and I would pick you up in the morning to go to school. Tom would still be home and I would knock on your door. Your Mom would say come on in and every morning like clock work she would be at the kitchen sink doing the breakfast dishes and a cup of hot chocolate would be always sitting on the table for you Jimmy. She would smile at me and say that you would be right down. She would always ask me if I wanted anything to eat or drink. I would politely decline as I watched intently as she meticulously finished her dishes and cleanedd the sink then dried the dishes. She did a sparkling good job I thought to myself as I looked to see how clean the sink was when she was done. Your Mom usually called you twice Jim before you finally came down I always thought the first time she called is when you got out of bed. Ha Ha. Then you would take a sip or two of the hot chocolate and we would be on our way. We would say by to your Mom as she smiled and told us to have a good day. Then we would go out to the sidewalk and see Tom just coming down the street and the three of us dashed off to school.

Your Mom was Loved by all of us and we will see her again in Heaven.

Gary Brasile - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM

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Gary Brasile - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM

LL

“ *I will always remember the kindness and understanding Gladys showed me as a youngster. It was sincere and loving. She will always remain in my memory.
Larry and Marcia*

Lawrence LeSuer - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM