



Dr. Raymond G Barile

August 26, 2020

Raymond Barile, 88, went to his eternal rest on August 26, 2020. Ray was born on September 4, 1931, in Manhattan to Gaetano and Philomena Barile (nee Speciale). He grew up on Tenth Avenue and later in Astoria, being educated at Sacred Heart School and Long Island City High School. He received his undergraduate degree from Columbia College and his medical degree from Georgetown University. After serving in the Public Health Service in Chicago, Dr. Barile returned to New York to become an anesthesiologist. He spent the majority of his medical career on staff at The New York Hospital (now New York Presbyterian Hospital), where he met his beautiful wife, Margaret (nee Wertz), who was an operating room nurse there. Although they were New Yorkers at heart, Ray and Margaret raised their six children in Haworth, NJ, where they lived for over 50 years. The family spent many summers in Noyac, NY, where Ray enjoyed fishing from a spartan boat and cooking Neapolitan meals that usually did not include the day's catch. After retirement, the couple also spent time in Osprey, FL. Devoted to his family, Ray was beloved by his children, grandchildren and many pets over the years. He firmly believed in the importance of education and learning, and he instilled this value in his children and his grandchildren. He was a social man who relished spending time with his many friends. He also enjoyed meeting new people and inquiring about their backgrounds and pursuits; everyone was interesting to Ray. His favorite pastime was holding court at the head of the table while sharing a good Italian meal with family and friends. Ray lived life

fully, and his outsized personality will be remembered for many years by those who loved him. In addition to Margaret, Ray is survived by his children, Gaetano Barile (Anne Marie Valinoti), Mary Barile (Mark Adzigian), Anne Barile (Yasho Lahiri), Susan Laskowski (Igor), Julie Ruocco (Matt), and Raymond Jon Barile. His love and legacy will live on in his fourteen grandchildren, Nicholas, Jacob, Alex, Ray, Joseph, Alexandra, Susannah, Christopher, Isabelle, Natalie, Matthew, Zachary, William and Max. He was predeceased by his brother, George Barile. Ray was a faithful Catholic and a parishioner of Sacred Heart Church in Haworth. In lieu of flowers, the family requests that a donation be made to the ASPCA (aspca.org), any non-kill animal shelter, or the Sacred Heart of Jesus School (shjsnyc.org).

Tribute Wall

DS

“ 3 files added to the album Ray



David Suman - August 31, 2020 at 11:56 AM

RS

“ Ray provided me countless great memories. But one that stands out is a fishing trip...it had to be in the late 80s or early 90s. The night before our fishing trip he was having dinner with my family. Ray suggested a fishing trip. But my dad (Nick) had to go to work for his part-time pharmacy gig the next day. Ray then suggested that he and I go. He really wanted to go fishing. My dad warned me, openly, in front of Ray, not to go with Ray. Ray took umbrage and the two of them bickered a bit about their comparative nautical skills. But I was an adult and always loved Ray's company. We were going...and Ray was revved up to start early.

The next morning I was at Ray's place at the appointed time. Of course, he was not ready. About an hour after our designated start time he finally made an appearance in his memorable bib overalls. We then took another hour to stop for food, gas, bait, and assorted other "necessities" for our trip. Those of you who know Ray will readily understand how this could happen.

We finally got underway well over two hours after Ray had ambitiously planned to set sail the night before. About 10-15 minutes into the trip and just after passing under the Sag Harbor bridge, I was chit chatting with Captain Ray at the helm and we both felt a sudden shudder of the boat and discordant grinding from the engine and propeller.

Ray was a brilliant anesthesiologist and intrepid mariner. But it turns out his navigation skills were somewhat wanting. We'd landed on a pile of rocks sitting a few inches below the surface of Sag Harbor Bay. Ray was clearly surprised. When I looked over the side of the boat, I could see that we had bottomed out. He gave me the most serious look I'd ever seen from him and he said, "my God, we're marooned!"

It only took a casual glance to the side for me to determine that our situation was not as dire as Ray may have thought. We were a mere 100-200 yards from the Sag Harbor Wharf and pretty much

within shouting distance of fisherman on the wharf. Something about the way Ray characterized our circumstance as "marooned" struck me as hilarious. I started laughing until tears were streaming. I think he was a little displeased at first. But his quick wit caused him to start laughing as well. We both realized it was still low tide and in a few hours we'd have enough clearance to get back to the dock with his auxiliary engine.

We passed the next couple of hours fishing (unsuccessfully) and chatting and it was pure joy hearing Ray's stories. It was even more fun being stuck on a boat with him interrogating me for several hours. He loved to know everything about people and he had a very sensitive bull shit detector. It was better to simply surrender.

After the tide lifted us a bit and about two dozen pulls to get his auxiliary engine started...it was apparently laying idle for some time...we finally limped back to the dock. It was the end of the best, and least productive, fishing trip of my life. It was all capped off when, instead of the fish dinner we had planned, we had a great pasta and lamb sauce that my mom made that evening. But best of all was watching my dad and Ray re-litigating how to navigate Sag Harbor Bay while hurling good natured gibes at each other and the rest of us. They often reminded me of Statler and Waldorf from the Muppet Theatre Balcony.

Ray was one of a kind and my journey was made all the richer by his presence.

Ray Speciale

Ray Speciale - August 31, 2020 at 07:46 AM

RP

“ Ray was very much larger than life. Linda and I will always remember his booming voice calling out "Margret" or "Mary" while we visited. One day, Ray was going to fix us a spaghetti dinner. Ray and I got up early to visit the local farmers markets to get fresh parsley. None of the places we went to had the "right stuff" We spent about four hours looking for parsley and finally Ray was forced to settle. We heard about the parsley all the rest of the day. (tasted great to us)

It was obvious to us that Ray loved the Lord and family and country came in a close second.

Our sympathy and condolences to the Barile family. May the comfort of the Lord be with you in this difficult time.

with love from Ron and Linda Pierce and family

Ronald Pierce - August 30, 2020 at 08:05 PM

DS

“ 2 files added to the album Ray



David Susman - August 30, 2020 at 08:48 AM

 Haim
Cohen

“ Our sympathy and condolences to the Barile family.
*Growing up in Haworth we have great memories of our neighbor Dr. Barile.
May the family not know of any more sorrow.*

Haim Cohen - August 29, 2020 at 05:52 PM

CM

“Cousin Raymond will always hold a special place in my heart. He was a giant of a man with a heart of gold. He loved his family unconditionally. I'll always treasure the summers we had at Sag Harbor with Kyle and Nicholas shooting off Stomp Rockets! Raymond going to the fish store and always calling out “Margaret”! We had a lot of laughs and good memories. Raymond, you'll always be in my heart. Love you, Cookie❤️

Cookie McCartney - August 28, 2020 at 03:13 PM

JW

“Ray was one of the most endearing and engaging people I ever met, So many memories-
On July 1, 1964, when I was lost on my first day at NYH, this big guy steps up, slaps me on the back and says "Come on in. Good to see you again!" Of course he had never seen me before, but this was Ray: open, unfiltered, and welcoming.
In 1967 some of us moved to Edison, NJ to help start up a new small hospital, with Ray as Chief of Anesthesia. Once back in the "big-time" (NYC) Ray organized our Friday after-work "club meetings" at a restaurant attended by our dept. MDs, with Ray officiating on the doings of the week. No one could narrate an event like Ray. His laugh was infectious, and his stories hilarious. He even taught us how to cook fresh "bruckli"
By the way, did I mention that he was an excellent anesthesiologist?
Ray was a big man, in many ways.
Ray, you are unforgettable. Rest in peace.
Judy Weingram,MD

Judith Weingram - August 28, 2020 at 02:13 PM

JP

“ We remember Dr. Ray's generous spirit, probing mind and excellent meatballs.

He had a refreshing taste for direct talk and an intolerance of hazy thinking or injustices of any kind, whether to people or animals. He taught by asking incisive questions and remained curious, which kept him youthful.

Our sympathies go to Margaret and their accomplished children and grandchildren. Dr. Ray's strong and encouraging presence will be missed, but won't be forgotten.

Jeremy and Rita Pearce

Jeremy Pearce - August 28, 2020 at 12:18 PM