



Marioara Gaylor

March 11, 1968 - January 4, 2026

Mary entered eternal rest on January 4th at 7:10 PM, leaving this world the same way she lived in it — quietly, faithfully, and with a heart devoted to others. Mary is survived by her three children, Elizabeth, Jamie, and Abraham, who were the center of her world and the living legacy of her love, strength, and devotion.

For 33 years, Mary served as a Monitor Technician at PeaceHealth Southwest Medical Center. She did not simply work in healthcare — she stood watch. She bore witness to the fragile rhythms of the human heart, sitting faithfully through long shifts where lives hung in the balance. She was present for moments of crisis, recovery, fear, hope, and sometimes farewell — moments most never see, yet moments Mary treated as sacred.

Mary understood that behind every line on a screen was a person. A family. A story. A prayer whispered in a waiting room or a hallway. She carried the weight of that responsibility with humility and reverence. To her, it was an honor — never a burden — to serve in life's most critical and sensitive moments.

Beyond her work at the hospital, Mary also served her community as a Licensed Practical Nurse (LPN). This second calling reflected who she truly was — a caregiver by nature, not just by title. Outside hospital walls, she

provided hands-on care, comfort, and dignity to those who needed it most. Whether tending to patients, supporting families, or offering reassurance in moments of vulnerability, Mary brought the same compassion and steadiness wherever she served.

There was no clear line between Mary's professions and her personal life, because caring was not something she turned off. Once you are a nurse, once you are a healer, you carry that calling everywhere. Mary noticed who was hurting. She checked in. She showed up. She helped — quietly, instinctively, and without being asked.

There were times when Mary witnessed a life fade on a screen. But she never believed she was witnessing an end. In her faith, she saw something deeper. She believed that when a heartbeat stopped, a spirit did not vanish — it went home, gently called into the presence of the Lord.

Mary was selfless to her core. She was the one who asked for more work, not less. The one who stayed longer so someone else could rest. The one who carried the unseen weight so others did not have to. She did not seek praise or recognition. She served because service was love in action.

Her greatest work, however, was love. She cared for her children faithfully until her final days, giving of herself completely — emotionally, spiritually, and practically. Her love was steady, enduring, and unshakeable.

Mary loved her friends just as fiercely as she loved her family. She did not see race, gender, creed, or status. She saw a soul — and if she believed she could touch that soul with kindness, generosity, or quiet encouragement, she did so freely and without hesitation.

In Romanian tradition, death is not an ending, but a return — the soul going

back to God while remaining close to those it loves. Not gone. Just home.

As the poet Rabindranath Tagore wrote:

“Death is not extinguishing the light;
it is only putting out the lamp
because the dawn has come.”

And now, we close not with goodbye, but with release:

Do not hold your tears for me.
Let them fall.

I have carried enough weight in this life;
let your sorrow rest now too.

I am not lost.
I am not afraid.

I have gone where love is complete
and pain can no longer follow.

If you listen in the quiet, you will feel me —
not in sadness, but in peace.

When your heart finally breaks open,
let it be because you loved deeply,
and because love never ends.

I am home.
And from here, I am still loving you.

Mary's watch is complete.

Her work was holy.

Her love remains.

Her spirit lives on.

Previous Events

Celebration of Life

JAN 31. 2:00 PM (PT)

Cascade Park Baptist Church
1201 SE 136th Ave.
Vancouver, WA 98683
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