

TRANSITIONAL CARE

This is a tribute to **Michael and Kate Bárány**, two Holocaust survivors who exemplified the art of living, both personally and professionally. We were privileged to serve them and their family at the ends of their remarkable journeys.

Have you or anyone in your family ever had an MRI? Had it not been for **Michael Bárány's** pioneering research, exploratory surgery may have been needed to find out what was going on inside you or your loved one.

That was just one chapter in the story of Michael's life and work. The story of **Kate Bárány**, his wife of nearly 62 years, is every bit as remarkable.

Both Michael and Kate were born in Hungary. He, the son of a Jewish farmer. She, the daughter of a Jewish physician. During the war, Michael survived Buchenwald and Kate



On the UIC campus, the Báránys were known as "the professors who hold hands."

survived Auschwitz. Most close relatives did not. Both returned to Hungary after the war to continue their educations. Michael pursued his M.D. and a Ph.D. in Biochemistry. Kate, a Ph.D. in Physics.

The two met by chance in June 1949, after Kate had cut her finger slicing bread and Michael gave her first aid. They met again on August 1 at a student retreat, where a four-day courtship led to marriage on October 20, 1949. For the next six decades, Michael and Kate celebrated anniversaries of both August 1-4 ("high holidays") and what they called their "legal" marriage.

In 1956, the Báránys took part in a student march that sparked the Hungarian Revolution (soon crushed by the Soviets). Early in 1957, they fled Hungary by walking 10 miles through the snow-covered border with their toddler son, George. Kate was pregnant with their second



Michael and Kate in the early 60's, conducting research with an analytical ultracentrifuge.

son (Francis) at the time. In 1960, after stops in Israel and Germany, the couple found their way to New York City's Institute for Muscle Disease. When it closed in 1974, Michael and Kate found a new home at the University of Illinois at Chicago (UIC) College of Medicine. They continued their research, made a number of fundamental discoveries, published many papers and book chapters, and were beloved by their students and colleagues.

Still, nothing gave Michael and Kate greater pride than their sons (both "in the family business" as professors) and their four grandchildren. George works in the University of Minnesota's Department of Chemistry. Francis works in the Department of Microbiology and Immunology at Weill Cornell Medical College in New York.

Learn more about Michael Bárány's life and work at: <http://www.chem.umn.edu/groups/baranygp/michaelbarany/>
Learn more about Kate Bárány's life and work at: <http://www.chem.umn.edu/groups/baranygp/katebarany/>

After their retirements, Michael and Kate continued to live in their apartment near the UIC campus, and they maintained offices at the school. In recent years, Kate had developed health problems and Michael was overseeing her care. But in February 2011, he fell and broke a hip. All of a sudden, big changes had to be made.

Kate was alone in the apartment and needed a 24/7 live-in caregiver. And after his discharge from the hospital, Michael started a difficult rehabilitation. The consensus was that he would never be able to return home.

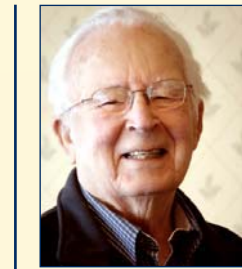
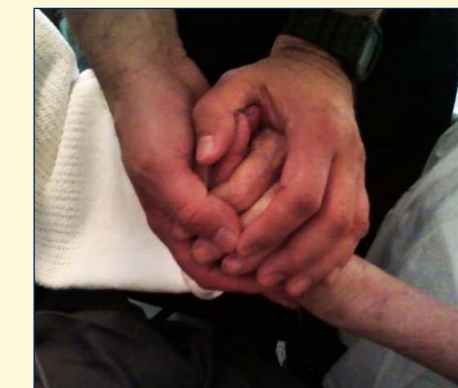
The family decided that it would be best to move both Michael and Kate to the Twin Cities to be close to son George and his wife Barbara. In April 2011, Barbara took a leave of absence from teaching at Highland Park Senior High in order to explore their options. The initial plan was to find a transitional care facility where Michael could complete his rehab and a condo where Kate could live with support from home health aides. The family also needed to plan for Michael's eventual move into Assisted Living.

"Finding the right transitional care facility for Michael was a challenge," says Barbara. "He was a professor and M.D., and was used to being in charge. We needed to find a place where he would feel duly respected and empowered. The mother of one of my students recommended Episcopal Church Home because of her parents' and family's experience there."

Barbara says that from her first visit, she felt that our **Transitional Care Center** would be the best place for Michael to complete his rehab. The facility was beautiful, but what really stood out for her was the competence and compassion of the staff. "They addressed him as 'Professor,'" says Barbara, "and rather than tell Michael what was going to happen and when, they made appointments with him for his care and therapy. His dignity remained intact, and his outlook brightened dramatically."

On June 5, a week before Kate was scheduled to move into her condo, she suffered a stroke in Chicago. It left her paralyzed and unable to eat. Admissions Director **Deb Veit** felt it was important for Michael to be with Kate in her final days, so she offered the family a room for Kate that was close to Michael's. "We were wondering what to do, and Deb just volunteered it," says Barbara. Kate arrived in the Twin Cities on June 8 and passed away on June 13 with Michael by her side.

Michael continued to make excellent progress, but he succumbed to complications of his age and joined his beloved wife on July 24. His last word was, "Kati."



A POEM

Jim Palmer
Cornelia House
Resident and
Poet Laureate

Changing Times

When I was young and
rich with time
to spend on things
eternal,
tomorrow and in just
a little while
seemed to me
forever.

Now I grow old
and days are dear,
tomorrow and
forever
seem just
a little while
at last.

Jim and Lee Palmer have lived at **Cornelia House** since it opened in 2005. They hail from the Groveland Park neighborhood. Both were teachers (Jim was also a counselor, then principal). As we go to press, Jim is in our **Transitional Care Center**, and Lee just moved to **Iris Park Commons** for Assisted Living. "Everything we need is right here," says Jim. "That makes it easier to roll with the punches."

Michael and George holding Kate's hand while keeping vigil at her bedside.