



## Maria Bella Clark

December 16, 1942 - November 19, 2012

Born in the winter of 1942, in Amsterdam, The Netherlands, was our mother Bella Katz. She was born to Miriam and Samuel Katz during a time in history and a place in the world where to be a Jew was tantamount to a death sentence, and yet she, along with her mother and father, survived the Tsunami that engulfed their lives.

In February 1943, her mother and father were ordered by Dutch Anti-Semitic laws to be interviewed; resulting in the both of them being transported to the Westerbork transit camp and then the Buchenwald concentration camp. Prior to being interviewed, our Grandmother and Grandfather hid our 3 month old mother, Bella, in a chest of drawers, and told a married Christian Dutch couple that were neighbors (resistors) where little Bella had been hidden. For the next five years, the Dutch couple provided a safe haven for my mother; with two years of that being hidden away from site from the Germans that occupied Amsterdam.

After being separated from her parents for five years, our mother was miraculously reunited with her father; subsequently, the whole family was reunited back in Holland. Her father's dream was to work in the diamond trade business in New York City which caused them to pick up and leave a place our mother had known all her life, including the people that kept her safe from harm and the people she considered her actual mother and father.

In 1952, our mother came to this country, along with her mother and father, and was detained at Ellis Island for close to a year, before allowing entrance. Once her family was released from Ellis Island, they moved and lived in the Dutch section of Manhattan, near the George Washington Bridge. Her father loved his daughter so much; he would bring our mother along with him on business trips that took her on boat trips back-and-forth across the Atlantic Ocean.

After the death of her father in 1961, our mother was placed in an orphanage for a year, and after a brief enrollment period at NYU, she pointed herself in a new direction. She placed herself on a boat to Israel to be with her uncle. Fortunately for us, her boat was detained by the government of Greece and never made it to Israel, and this is where she met our father, James Clark, who was stationed in Greece with the U.S. Navy. They were married back in the states in November 1963 and our mother Bella became Mrs. Maria Bella Clark.

In December of 1964, her son Michael was born in Greensburg, Indiana. And then in July 1971, her son Rodney was born in La Junta, Colorado. In February 2004, her only Grandbaby was born, Zachary Clark.

We are blessed for the 9 years our mother had to share with Zachary. We are also blessed to of had such a caring mother, wife, and grandmother.

My mother liked to sew, knit, cook for her family, collector of jewelry and purses. She was very passionate of her purses. Our mother was very proud of her sons and her only grandson, Zachary Clark.

She always had to have a clean house, clean floors, and clean EVERYTHING.

My mom would come to my parties and was a person who lend an ear to anybody.

# Tribute Wall



“ *Maria Bella Clark*

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October 25, 2022 at 06:14 PM



“ *1 file added to the tribute wall*



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**mike clark** - December 08, 2014 at 12:51 PM

MC

“ May God remember the soul of my mother, my teacher, my friend, Maria Clark, who has gone to her eternal home. In loving testimony to her life, I pledge to preserve ideals important to her. Through such deeds, and through prayer and memory, is her soul bound up in the bond of life. May I prove worthy of and the many other gifts with which she blessed me with. May these meditations link me more strongly with her memory and with our entire family. May my mother, Maria Clark, rest eternally in dignity and peace.

### *Ecclesiastes 3*

*For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven:  
a time to be born, and a time to die;  
a time to weep, and a time to laugh;  
a time to mourn, and a time to dance;  
a time to seek, and a time to lose;  
a time to forget, and a time to remember.*

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*Though we are separated, dear mother, at this solemn moment, I call to mind the love and concern with which you tended and watched over my childhood. I am mindful of my welfare, and ever anxious for my happiness. I feel the closeness of your spirit, mother dear, and my heart is filled with tender emotion as I recall the many sacrifices you made to ennoble my heart and instruct my mind. I am grateful for your every blessing, your kindly deeds, your understanding heart, your devotion and your warm love so freely given. What I have achieved is because of your influence, and what I am, I have become through you. Indeed, the wisdom you imparted unto me shall ever remain with me.*

*If at times, I have failed in showing you the love and appreciation which you so worthily deserved; if I have been thoughtless and ungrateful; I ask to be forgiven and to bring tribute to your beautiful memory, I implore your inspiration to noble and virtuous living as I cherish the recollections of your lifetime.*

*I pray, O God, that the soul of my dear mother be bound up in the bond of life, together with the souls of all the righteous.*

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**Michael Clark** - December 17, 2012 at 03:11 PM

MC

*Andrie, please contact me @303-356-9904.*

**Mike Clark** - November 18, 2014 at 01:39 PM

MC

*Andrew, we've been searching for you, too!*

**Mike Clark** - November 18, 2014 at 02:30 PM

YP

*Hello Mr. Clark, I'm the son of Andrew Papoulias... If you can please reach out to me on 357 99763694*

**Yanni Papoulias** - November 09, 2017 at 07:25 AM

MC

“ 2 files added to the tribute wall



**Michael Clark** - December 17, 2012 at 03:09 PM



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**michael clark** - November 22, 2012 at 08:11 AM