



Francisc Buda

February 3, 1971 - June 7, 2022

Note: Please copy the following link to view the 'Go Fund Me' for the Buda family:

<https://gofund.me/c396044c>

Before Reading; Please hug your loved ones, and if possible, I kindly ask you read the letter attached to understand my father's story and the compassion he carried, while he could

It is with a heavy heart, tears, and defeat that I bring this unrealistic information to the community and friends alike. My father, Francisc Buda, unexpectedly passed at 51 due to myocardial infarction. I feel personal shame and dishonor to even have to ask for help from the public; however based on some suggestions; I felt that this may be acceptable. Dad had been a cherished member of the Delmar Gardens Family for roughly 15 years, helping at the opening of Garden Villas North and managing parts Delmar Gardens West. As of late, he had only been employed for less than 30 days after being forced to shut down Tower Taco due to financial losses from the Covid Pandemic. He had no life insurance, nor any benefits due to recent time of employment; therefore I must take whatever route possible to help Flori Buda; Frank's widow and my mother. I, Alex Buda, will go to the extents of my soul to help my mother keep a roof over her head and keep her fed; however, I'm unsure how much I can do alone. Please take the time to read the story of my father, and if anyone could contribute to help my mother in this time of need; I will make it my personal life mission to repay each and every person in whatever form possible. May the Lord be with you all, and please; hug your family and tell them you love them at the least if you happen to read this message. The following is a short story about my father, so you all can know the man that I, my mother, and the community came to know and love.

Francisc Buda - The Lifeline of my Father: From Orphan to my Hero

It is with a heavy heart, tears, and internal rage that I would like to do my best to let our friends and the community know that my father, Francisc (Frank) Buda, has left his home here on Earth for a more peaceful, long-term accommodation in Heaven.

My heart is telling me to cry. My soul is telling me to scream. My chest is alternating between a void of emptiness and tremors fueled with emotions I never thought possible; yet my father is urging me to stay calm; so please bear with me while I try to tell his* story in an appropriate and accurate manner.

My father, born February 3rd, 1971 in the communist nation of Romania, was thrown into circumstances that no human should ever experience. He lived in poverty with only his mother. A single mother named Viorica Buda; a compassionate teacher from Nasaud, Romania. She did what she could as a mother, but needed to place my father in an orphanage to be fed a few pieces of bread per day. I recall my father's only Christmas gift he received, which was at 5 years old. It was a shiny red globe with sparkles that you commonly place on trees during Christmas. The joy and purity in his eyes every time he told me that story showed the genuineness and appreciation my father exemplified and embodied. At 8 years old, my father and Viorica had a summer day together where they found a few mushrooms growing in the forest during their walk. They decided to take them home for their meal, given it was a commodity during those communist times! These mushrooms led to Hepatitis, and furthermore the death of Viorica and near-death of my father from toxicity in the liver. My father was told he would not live more than 7 years (approximated time of death by 15). Viorica passed him going into the hospital as he was being carted out, she stated, "Puiu, Ai Grije de tine." (My little one, take care of yourself.)

It is with great pride that I can state he truly did. During his times in the Orphanage in Beclean, Romania, he spent each summer break after his mother's passing at The Rohia Monastery near Ungureni, where he met the Priest and Abbot (Calugar) Parintele Serafim Man and Nicolae Steinhardt (Father Serafim and Steinhardt). I had the privilege of meeting this Holy Man in 1999 when I was just a young boy of 8 years old. Even after 20 years of not seeing my father, he remembered where my father slept, how he acted, and even his favorite treat (piece of bread) to sneak away with after mass as his reward for helping the monks and priests. My father was a sly-little fellow! Haha.

Now let's move to the next chapter: The Land of Opportunity. He came to America in 1989 after the fall of the Communist Regime of Nicolae Ceaucescu. My father had fled the country as a political refugee, and was fortunate enough to be offered American Acceptance through Catholic Charity Sponsorship from the European Community, for whom he worked some time.

He came to America with a torn pair of socks, one pair of pants that belonged to him, and a t-shirt given to him by a friend (whom my father described as a brother; Daniele Merli) in Belgium that allowed him to live with them for a few months. I'd like to take this time to thank the Merli family for their compassion and taking my father under their roof. Upon arrival to America, he couldn't speak English nor had any money, yet he was accepted into the Delmar Gardens Family where he met Barbara Grossberg, Henry, and their son Gabe; whom I have also had the personal pleasure of speaking with as a child and into my adulthood. Their willingness to provide my father with this opportunity enabled him the resources and upward mobility to have me on November 16th of 1991. I need to interrupt the story here to state that my father took the Values of the Delmar Gardens Family literally, and often reminisced upon and spoke highly of many of his coworkers through times of sickness and times of great prosperity. Even two months ago; my father and I had a conversation of a sweet elderly woman named Sarah, who had kissed him before the weekend and told him she was passing. Upon my Father's return to work, she had passed that next week. My father truly loved each resident and fellow worker as if they were family.

Throughout my entire childhood and adulthood my father would always state that the reason for my birth was that he had no family and felt the need for a blood-relative who could be his best friend. I can say whole heartedly, without any doubt, announce that his mission was accomplished. The love, compassion, and care we shared for one another reached a level unparalleled by any I've ever felt before. The dedication he exemplified as a man to lead me through life, now looking back, seems impossible to fathom; yet he managed to do it.

Dad always had an entrepreneurial mindset that reached its' pinnacle in his later years (35-51). I will take this time to state that he successfully owned and operated Quiznos in Chesterfield, and Tower Taco in Saint Louis for the better part of ten years. But, before I go forward with calling my father an entrepreneur, I believe it's better for all to be aware that he was the most altruistic man I have ever met. This applies to helping every single human, family or not, that he had the opportunity to help, without expecting anything in return. He did this, in my opinion, because his heart was so giving. All those days as a lonely orphan in this brutal world taught him that the only way to move forward is with open arms, courage, passion and love. On our last trip to Romania together, we spent most of our time (aside from visiting family) driving across the country and either helping the less fortunate or pulling over on the side of the road, over 50 times, chasing down homeless dogs and puppies to feed them the same food we were eating. That, in itself, exemplified my father. Even if he didn't have enough to give, he would still provide for

others before he ever thought of himself. I sit back and wish he would have asked for help if he needed it, but I suppose it wasn't in his heart to be selfish.

At the relatively young age of 51, on June 7th at roughly 8:25 pm, my father had a myocardial infraction/heart attack while in his bed, after stating he was very tired; telling my mother he loved her, and saying good night.

Given the fact that I can no longer type, and can't tell whether the pain in my chest is ready to explode outwards or implode inwards, I shall end this here. There are many things I have missed, but: Dad - I just want you to know that I've done my best, without exaggerating any situations, to let everyone know who you really were. I love you as a father and as a best friend, and I hope to see you either in my dreams or as soon as I possibly can. I'll never be able to compete with the man you were, but I will continue to spread your message of love, and help others as often as I can.

Until God decides that I can speak with you again and hug you, I truly believe you are in heaven with your mother. It's been a long time that you've missed her and I can't be selfish to keep you here for my mom and me when your mother has waited 43 years to see her beautiful son again. Rest easy my friend. I admire you and will think of you every waking second. Goodbye, Tata. Ai Grija de Tine, cel mai bun prieten si frate al meu. (Goodbye my father, take care of yourself like your mother said earlier and like I say now, brother, friend, and father of mine.)

One last request for you dad! Tell your mother I said "Hello!" I know we've visited her multiple times at her grave; but now you can tell her in spirit for me. Rest easy my best friend; and I will see you when God decides I have contributed enough good to this planet, and rewards me with your presence. I love you, Dad.

We Love you and appreciate the time you've dedicated into making this world a better place; I shall do my best to continue your mission.

Enjoy spending time with your mother! She's waited long enough.
I love you.

Honorable Mentions whom my father admired and cherished:

- Mihai Patrascu and Suzanna; Ana-Maria si Gabriel

- Dr. Marian Marcu and Dr. Mirella Marcu

- Henry, Barbara, Gabe, George, and Jesse
- Mr. Matt Dieckhaus, MaryJo, Jake, and Zeke
- Fritz Wenzel and family
- Doamna Pavel
- Viorel, Nelu, and Corina Ciocoi
- Daniele Merli and the Merli Family
- All his coworkers throughout the years
- All our beloved friends and visitors at Tower Taco

***If my father ever sat down to speak with you; he cherished you as a human and wished you the best. Please take that to heart; He loved you all. ***

Previous Events

Visitation

JUN **15**. 4:00 PM - 8:00 PM (CT)

Jay B. Smith Fenton Chapel
777 Oakwood Dr.
Fenton, MO 63026