



In memory of my son, Wyatt Zuber
7/4/80 to 8/29/01

The weekend before Wyatt's tragic death, he called me. "Mom, do you want to ride to the State Fair with me?" Of course, I said, "Yes." It was late evening, he'd worked all day, but he'd promised to clip some cows. At the fair, I met several of his friends both young and old. A perfectionist, he immediately went to work. He worked diligently and when the barn lights went off, we realized it was 1 AM with the drive home ahead of us. Wyatt was to be to work by 7 AM. On the drive home, I told Wyatt that I was worried that he wasn't getting enough sleep. His comment was "I can sleep when I am dead." A recently released song, titled "I Can Sleep When I'm Dead", describes Wyatt to a tee and I'm convinced that he helped write it.

The next day, I began having visions of Wyatt being killed on his father's farm where he worked, picturing the cemetery, and picking out a plot. I experienced pure anger as I was convinced that it was Wyatt's dad's fault. (In the past, I had expressed my concerns over the safety of Wyatt working at the farm. I was brushed off as an over concerned mother.) I prayed this vision would not come true. I realized it was just a dream and it couldn't possibly come true.

August 29, 2001 - the day of Wyatt's death. After spending the day with a friend, I left for home not realizing I had passed my parents on the road - coming to break the news to me. When I got home, my roommate told me Wyatt had died in a farm accident. I was in shock. I didn't know what to say or do. My parents and family arrived and we began our journey of grief together. Our pastor helped us set a time to discuss funeral arrangements.

At home, I felt lost. People were in and out - I was numb. Mom and Dad helped with the phone calls. I thought, "How were we going to get through this?" The next day arrived, all too quickly. We made the arrangements. After visiting two cemeteries, we selected the country cemetery as a more fitting place.

My thoughts now were how bad he must have been hurt. I still think about that. But I was comforted by the number of people that attended the calling hours. How could one young person know so many people? His favorite cow was out on the lawn in the middle of Batavia. There were flowers everywhere. His clipping coveralls, trophies and other memorabilia were everywhere. The casket was atop bales of straw and yes, they were able to show him as I had hoped.

I can remember at the end not wanting to leave him, knowing I would never see him in this world again.

By Pat Wheeler for The Compassionate Friends
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