Page 12 The Messenger **Second Edition for August 2009**



Life and Love give us what we need.

By Paul V. "Pauli" Scholl

A few days ago my wife passed away in her sleep. As I found her early that morning, it was surreal, shockwaves in an instant, panic, crushing realization and a sinking unimaginable.

"Trish, wake up. Wake up! Oh, come on baby please wake up! Trish, wake up!"

Calling 911 as I looked upon her, checking for all the signs. "Oh, come on baby, please wake up...

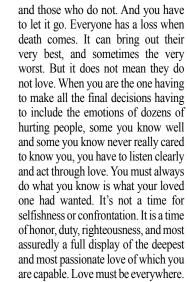
The emergency crew arrived quickly. Confirmation was quick. Police arrived, asking only the necessary questions. They went next door to get my neighbor to stay with me until the coroner arrived. "Trish, wake up..."

It seemed only minutes before the coroner was in the room, asking again only the necessary questions, compassionate and professional. "Can I just lay with her for awhile?" I did, and I told her how I loved her, as I did every day we were together. I held her, just as I wrapped my arms around her all those nights watching goofy television shows together. I kissed her face.

That morning, as I lay next to her on the bed, with the sun rising through the window of our bedroom, I again studied the beautiful lines of her face. The curvature of her cute little nose, the lips I'd kissed thousands

Patricia Diane "Trish" Scholl

August 2nd, 1958 – August 6th, 2009



The sacred symbolism, the significance of the spiritual hourglass surrounding it all, and this printed memorial in no way is meant to elicit pity or condolences, to glorify my own pain or to paint a picture of anything less than the truth. It is meant to be a gift. A gift that at least one man out there reading this will look at his wife with more love and understanding, and never again take the most simple moments with her for granted. It is a gift to at least one woman out there who will recognize and acknowledge the love her husband gives her everyday. A gift to a husband and wife that will share a deeper love, a greater joy, and a longer commitment to a marriage as intended by God.



Patricia Diane Scholl in her finest hour

The first play was a ground ball to me, I turned and threw to her at second, and she turned a beautiful double play. 6 to 4 to 3. I ran over to her and we introduced ourselves with a big smile and a high five.

She was due up at our first turn to bat. I remember watching her walk up to the plate from the dugout. Her walk. Man, oh man, what a walk. I was smitten. As it turned out I was in the wrong game, and on the wrong team. But I was right on time.

"We had time together many years ago that no one here even realizes happened. She was magic to me then. She is magic to me now.'

I read a poem I had written for her over twenty years ago named "What Happened at Carnelian Bay". It spoke of our love for each other from twenty years ago. As I went through some of her keepsakes days later, I found a copy tucked away in a secret place.

How I proposed

score, eat peanuts, drink beer and tell a story all at the same time. That was the plan. Sharing her in her element of joy and enthusiasm.

The A's were loosing all night long...when Miguel Tejada hit that game winning double to defeat the Yankees in the bottom of the ninth to win by coming from behind, it was a dream come true.

Through all the yelling and celebrating, I turned and asked her,..... "Will vou marry me?" She stopped breathing, had to sit back down, "What?" and had to ask me to say it twice. "Yes" never sounded so glorious.

"On that wedding day, I knew, I was the luckiest man on the face of the earth"

Readings offered throughout the service were given by her big brother Joe, representing the family, long-time friends Jakki and Lorrie representing her many close friends, our daughters Christina and Jennifer, and her good friend Terri. All very poignant and appropriate, describing the many facets of her life.

We met for the first time over twenty years ago on a softball field in Fairfield, California. I was on another

The beginning of the ceremony

Taking my place as Rev. Paul, and

"Today, I stand before you, As a

minister, As a brother, As a son, As

a father, but most importantly, for

this day, I stand here as the adoring

Husband of Patricia Diane Scholl

I am presiding over this ceremony,

because Trish asked me to. When

we were married, she had said she

had only wished that I could be

both her groom and the minister,

because she loved to watch me

perform wedding ceremonies.

Today, I grant her that wish"

husband "Pauli"

How we met

There was always a "fiery" passion

of times, the forehead that touched

mine in tough times, just as I had

looked upon her all those mornings.

She was so serene, no anguish

or struggle obvious, only calm.

ready, as if you're ever really

ready to let go of the one you

expected to spend the rest of your

life with in love and joyful living.

final than watching a coroner's

vehicle drive down your street

taking your loved one's body away.

Many asked "How can you do

the service yourself' and "Are you

sure you are up to it?" and others not

sure of motive asked "Why?" Once

the very idea of having to prepare a

service came there was no doubt I had

a duty to my wife to perform it myself. There was no uncertainty, no fleeting

thought, anxiety or indecision. I knew

only I could give my wife what she

truly wanted, in life and in death.

times I'm sure aloof, it was duty

to my wife first and foremost. I

was doing what had to be done

to give her the reverence, respect

and spiritual safety in both worlds.

into more pieces than there are stars

in the sky. The universe failing in its

immensity to secure room enough

for the hole I was falling through.

"Jesus, my Lord and Saviour, at

some point, please just catch me."

No matter how loving, how well

intended, you believe a family is

in their caring, there will always

be issues. You will find those who

have social graces and those who do

not. You will find those who

understand grace itself,

All the while, my heart was breaking

Seeming stoic, separated, at

Ceremony and Burial Plans

There are few things in life more

The coroner waited until I was



field waiting for a team that never showed up. She waved to me to "Come on, we're starting" from an adjacent field. Thinking I was somehow in the wrong place, I ran to her and took shortstop. They had already started the game, with the first batter getting a hit. She was playing second base.

We tried to get back in time for the early evening so I could be with her, but we were caught in traffic and I was hours late. She waited. We shared a piece of birthday cake, and a kiss. I gave her her birthday gift, a new music box with a picture on it of what I wanted to create with her in our backyard. A beautiful and lush surrounding of a gazebo where we could go out every morning and share

Presentation of the Roses by the Naughty Nieces

our coffee and thoughts together.

The tune? What a Wonderful World.

During the ceremony, 300 roses were presented to everyone in attendance by the Naughty Nieces, all the women in the family who regularly get together one or two weekends each year just to bond as the women in the family. Trish was the only one to have never missed one of those weekends.

As they handed the roses out I read:

She was always so much fun These roses are given to you today at the ballpark. She would keep as an extension of Patricia's love They are your keepsake. Trish always loved the surprise of coming home to roses. Last night, she was surrounded in her rest by the dried petals of every rose I have given

her throughout our marriage.

"300 Roses"

Love comes and goes in the silence of the night By any other name You and Love are just the same

Both warm and deep within in my My roses, my kiss, my soul Every rose a kiss Every petal an "I love You" Every look in your eyes Another hour in my heart Rest now my sweet, adored and

cherished wife 300 roses will be returned ten fold to everyone you loved to everyone you've touched Shhh! ---- You can hear Love coming...

Our marriage

We had big dreams. We were married at a sacred time, on a sacred date. The symbolism representing one's body and soul being reflected by another's body and soul, perfect in their reflection. A perfect union. Complete recognition of one another.

Countless times we would call each other, or leave messages at that sacred time, morning or night. Everything else stopped for a kiss. When she prepared a meal, no matter

what, where, or when, I could taste all the love that she put into that gift for me. Never, never, was there a meal that didn't taste like love.

In marriage, we served each other. We saved each other. Trish spoke to me the other night. She chose red for her day.

"Pauli, I want red"

"Red symbolizes the passion Trish

had for life. It symbolizes the deep spiritual passion we had for each other. And it is with that passion for her. that I share this last poem, and end this ceremony of remembrance for my wife, Patricia Diane Scholl. Thank You my beloved, for letting me be your Hero."

A Victor Hugo poem, read at the memorial, and on our wedding day

When two souls, which have sought each other

for however long in the throng, have finally found each other, when they have seen that they are matched,

are in sympathy and compatible, in a word, they are alike, there is then established for ever between them a union,

fiery and pure as they themselves are, a union which begins on earth and continues for ever in heaven. This union is love, true love, such as in truth very few men can conceive of,

that love which is a religion, which deifies the loved one. whose life comes from devotion and passion,

and for which the greatest sacrifices are the sweetest delights. Amen.

love of my arms into the warmth and the love and the light of Yours.

Trish filled every room she entered with love and joy and laughter. Trish was a big baseball fan, loyal to the Oakland A's. She had great love of music, dancing, games and many other sports. She was a big supporter and organizer of teams for annual Relay for Life/American Cancer Society events in Vacaville and the Sacramento area. She was very active in the Lincoln, CA Chamber of Commerce, recently being named their ambassador of the year. She lived her life with great passion for life, always giving of her time to family and friends in need.

Memorial services were held Thursday, August 13th at 11:00 am at Saint Mary's Catholic Church, 350 Stinson Avenue, Vacaville.

Born in Fairbanks, Alaska, she has lived for the past few years in Roseville. She was 51 years old. She is survived by her loving husband Paul V. Scholl of Roseville, owner of the Messenger Publishing Group, two daughters Christina Rae Whedbee and Jennifer Lynn Simms, son-inlaw Christopher Simms, stepson Gabriel Lucas Scholl, parents Joseph and Judy Gregorich of Vacaville, brothers Joseph, David, Tommy Dale, Timmy and Ricky, sister Victoria and their families, and her dear grand children Hailey Smiley, Kearsten, Kylie and Kendra Simms, along with dozens of nieces and nephews,



"The luckiest man on the face of the earth"

"I'm having a dream, about having a dream, about having a dream, and in that dream guessing who it will be that will wake me up."

Trish had a great relationship with her mother-in-law, Margaret Scholl of Fairfield. She would often take her on trips to see matriarchs of the Scholl family throughout the bay area, just to get to know the family history. She would also take her shopping, a sometimes difficult task for an 86 vear old great-great grandmother. Trish was greatly accepted and loved by the entire Scholl family.

Trish also had a wonderful and special relationship with her stepson Gabriel. They had a bond all their own. She was his sounding board, his rock.

Days later, as I held my daughters one more time before they left our home, headed back to their own worlds, the tears and weeping came



A special bond with Gabriel

over me, unstoppable, "I hope that you have learned one thing, how deeply a man can love a woman."

God, I know I ask this days too late, for she is already with you, grant her spirit safe passage. May she fly from the warmth and the

aunts and uncles, cousins and friends who all will miss her dearly.

A special thank you goes out to McCuen Garden Chapel Funeral Home in Vacaville, the Vacaville-Elmira Cemetery, Father Gomez of Saint Mary's Catholic Church in Vacaville, the Roseville Police Department, the Placer County Sherrif and Coroner's Office, the emergency crew, Ambience Florist of Roseville, A & A (Anthony) Music Events of Sacramento and Pamela Pamperin, Harpist, of Rocklin. All of you were so supportive, professional and caring. Trish would have given all of you one of her world famous hugs.

Thank you also to all of you who have sent the dozens and dozens and dozens of cards, emails and flowers. They are all very much appreciated.

In lieu of flowers, please make a donation to the American Cancer Society. Mail in the contribution to the American Cancer Society Solano County Unit 744 Empire Street, #206 Fairfield, CA 94533, or call direct 707-425-5309. Make sure to indicate that it's to be credited to the 2010 Vacaville RFL. In honor of Trish Scholl. Please credit this donation to the Vacaville Relay For Life 2010. Team Name: Naughty Nieces.

I take thee Trish, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish until death do us part.

"Rest now my sweet, adored and cherished wife. You were magic to me then. You are magic to me now. You have always given to me the best days of my life." Pauli.



symbolism. We designed them together. The roses represent ourselves, the three leaves on each rose represent our children, and the three diamonds represent the spiritual aspects of divine love. "Gabriel, You have been my son many times.

Our wedding rings and their

Christina and Jennifer, you will always be my daughters.'

Her last birthday

On Trish's last birthday, just this past August 2nd, Trish spent the entire weekend with her grand daughters. She was in the closest place to heaven she could be. My son Gabriel and I were having a father and son weekend, staying at the very same hotel were Trish and I spent our honeymoon on the north coast.