



Mary Beth Zaske

March 16, 1947 - August 11, 2020

Mary Beth Zaske, age 73, of Corvallis, died Tuesday, August 11, 2020 at Samaritan Evergreen Hospice House. Please share your thoughts and memories for the family at www.demossdurdan.com

Tribute Wall

TR

“ *My strongest early memory of Mary was of her chasing me and my brother. We were so afraid she would kiss us. She always did. She told me later that she had no idea we were afraid and thought we were just playing along. She was always full of love.*

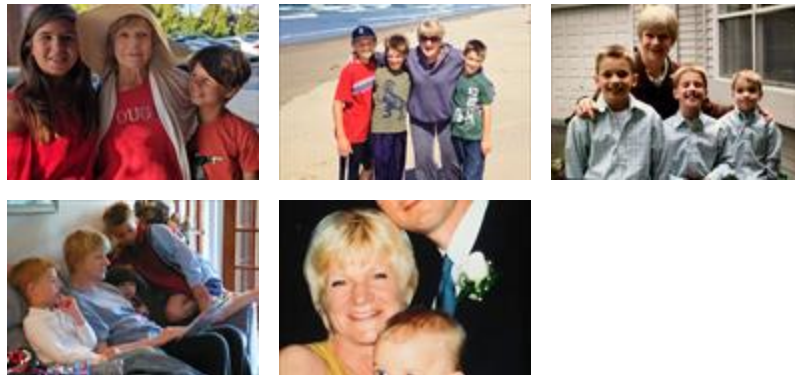
More recently, our conversations were also memorable. We did not think alike, but she always had a point of view worth considering. We didn't speak often. It always seems like never enough, and I can imagine her saying it's always that way. What's important is the time we did have.

In between those times, I remember her having a funny relationship with her parents. Right now, I wonder what's going on up there. I'm sure they are happy to be together, but still I wonder.

Todd Rowland - August 23, 2020 at 08:08 PM

SZ

“ *9 files added to the album Memories Album*



Sara Zaske - August 14, 2020 at 02:56 PM

LC

“ *My most vivid memory of Mary involved food. Surprised? My parents had take. Me to Buffalo to visit the family. Art and Sara. I think weren't much more than toddlers. Mary came out from the kitchen with a dish that was on fire! I had never seen anything like that and thought she might set the place on fire! She didn't. It was cherries jubilee and it was amazing! God bless you Mary! Thanks for the memory.*

Leanne Clifton - August 13, 2020 at 07:09 PM

“ When I opened Mary’s page on the DeMoss Durban website and saw the request for memories, I froze, but only for a moment. Then it dawned on me that there were two events that would forever tie us together. Yes, over time life got in the way, but...

Monday night January 5, 1970 after dinner, Mary whose pregnancy seemingly would never end announced in a barely restrained frantic that her water had broken. Within minutes we were in the car headed to Kenmore Mercy Hospital in Kenmore, NY. I recall driving down Sheridan Drive at ever increasing speed until Mary put her hand on my arm and insisted I slowdown. We must have arrived, and she had to be prepped while I paced in the waiting room...yes, men pace while their children are born...not just in the movies. Ultimately, I was ushered in as her contractions picked up pace. The nurses checked her dilation and Mary lurched with the increasing frequency of her contractions...then everything plateaued at about 8:30. For the next 9 ½ hours she had contractions every 90 seconds. Though he was called several times, her doctor did not think it was important enough to get out of bed and deliver the baby. I never thought that one could sleep in between such frequent transaction, but Mary did and soon I did as she persevered, and I worried. Then, at 6 AM the doctor arrived, took Mary onto delivery, turned the baby and Arthur Rowland Zaske burst into this world.

When I was summoned to her room, both Mary and our son slept, both exhausted from the delivery. Art had two large tong marks on his face and head, but I could not help but wonder at the miracle of his life. Somehow, even with months of pregnancy behind us, the reality of that tiny life being formed had been lost on me.

Saturday September 16, 1972, the day Mary was due with our second child. A child who could not wait to impose herself on the world. Some time in the afternoon, Mary announced, almost with distraction, that her water had broken. We did not have the urgency we had with Art. This time Mary spent time on her makeup and changed her outfit. We actually remembered the pre-packed bag

with her personal items which we forgot the first time. I drove the speed limit all the way to Deaconess Hospital. We parked and strolled in the main entrance. Mary's physician was called, and Mary seated in a wheelchair for the ride up to the maternity floor. Unlike her first doctor, this man lived for the moment of delivery. When he presented himself, one might have thought he were going to the Super Bowl!

After I was sent to pace in the waiting room, he examined Mary and summoned a nurse to prep her. We were both girded up for another ten-hour ordeal. Apparently, Mary was not moving fast enough so the doctor reappeared and said. "Mrs. Zaske, if you don't hurry you are going to drop your baby right on the floor where you stand!" I could hear him shouting from the waiting room. Panic! Mary emerged on a gurney into the hallway and was piloted rapidly toward delivery her physician in the lead. Then everything stopped about 50 feet down the hall. The physician turned, picked up the sheet covering Mary and delivered Sara Elizabeth. Though I could not see much as they then proceeded to delivery, I could hear Sara as she trumpeted her arrival!

When I was finally brought in to see Mary and Sara, Sara was quietly feeding. Mary and I just looked at each other and thought 'Wow!'

We were stunned by Mary's passing. We are all enriched by her life, her spirit and her determination. Godspeed, Mary Beth.

Arthur Zaske - August 13, 2020 at 05:49 PM

CZ

“ We shared many laughs and many tears. So respected your “true grit!” You will be missed by many, Mary. RIP

carol zaske - August 13, 2020 at 05:37 PM