

Don't put off travel or saying 'I love you'

I've never written a story through tears, but I want to share our story and I know many others have already been where I am now.

My wife, Mindy, died on Oct. 2, three weeks after heart valve replacement surgery. She had a very long medical history that started when we first met, in dental school, when she was diagnosed with Hodgkin's disease and treated with radiation and surgery.

We had been married 40 years. We have two wonderful daughters and four beautiful grandchildren. Mindy loved them all dearly, and it's not fair that she won't see more of their stories unfold.

She was the bravest and most relentlessly positive-minded person I have ever known.

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My lifelong hobby has been playing baseball and, in recent years, "senior softball" in leagues and tournaments for the over-50 set.

I have several softball friends who lost their wives previously, and they have shared their stories with me to different degrees.

One of my best friends is a doctor from the Detroit area named Andrew Rosenfeld. His wife, Elissa, and Mindy were also friends, and it cut Mindy deeply when Elissa died seven years ago at age 60 of bone cancer.

Andy focused on their three children and the new demands of being a single parent with a full-time job. He says he thinks of her and misses her every day still. However, happily, he recently remarried and is moving forward with his life.

We all have a division of labor in our relationships. I took care of the lawn, house maintenance, etc.

Among other things, Mindy was in charge of our calendar and



David Weinman, of Williamsville, lost his wife, Mindy, in October.

our travel arrangements.

Apparently, Elissa did that task for Andy, too, in as much as he showed up for one of our tournaments in Fort Lauderdale exactly one week too soon a few years back.

Andy's advice – to those who still have their spouse or partner, and to your kids – is to cherish every day. Tell them you love them – today. Give them a hug if possible. You can't go back and have a reset after they (or you) are gone. Life is not a video game.

My parents were children of the Great Depression. They saved and sacrificed for a retirement of travel that never came because my mom got Alzheimer's before they had the chance.

I'm very grateful that Mindy and I had the ability to travel and experience a little of the world together while we could.

Starting in 2009, we went on annual softball trips to Europe with Senior Softball USA until Covid-19 came, and we had great times and made friends through those trips.

The support of our softball family – along with our real family, and many other friends who I'm grateful for – has been a real comfort to me.

I just retired from dentistry, as well, and whereas my plan had been to take care of Mindy while she recovered from her surgery, my new plan is to play a whole bunch of softball over the winter, in the Dominican Republic with SSUSA, and in Florida.

I'll be going to Prague and Budapest in May to play more softball, but for the first time, Mindy won't be with me on an SSUSA trip.

Except in my heart.

My View is a first-person column open to all Western New Yorkers. If your article is selected for publication, a photo of you is required. Email submissions to editpage@buffnews.com.