



Teter- Teator Tree

Summer 2014

Newsletter #36

The afterglow of the 2014 Teter/Teator Reunion still lingers here in Freehold, with satisfying memories of family and roots and friends, and of a chance to reconnect since our last Reunion. Twenty-plus years of reassuring chit-chat about health, work, retirement activities, doings of children, special events, community involvement, etc., help cement the family bond over the years.

One of our most pleasant weather-days awaited—low 80s, a slight breeze that occasionally flustered to toss a couple pages, and mostly sunny (sunny enough that some of the Brink clan had enough time to return to the hay fields).

Arranged on a table were past group shots of each Reunion, reminding us all that just when nothing changes a year at a time, the total effect of the twenty-two years since our

first reunion in 1992 tells the story that a generation in our lives has passed or has been gained, depending on one's point-of-view. Toddlers in 1992 are now renewing that life-bearing cycle, and young adults of that era can appreciate what their parents endured and enjoyed. And we looked back in remembrance of those who have passed on. I watch—with fascination, surprise, shock, at times—whenever I draw up a new family tree and realize a generation or two has filled out underneath me. (You “old-timers” have been warning, or advising, me that this would happen!)

Also available for viewing were the duplicated photos from past years, as well as a family tree. And I appreciate the photos you have sent that show a current shot of your family (if you send, or email, please label who is who so others can enjoy them in years to come).



As in the past, Deb and I arrived about 11:00, unloaded the grill and supplies, set up a radio (Gray Fox transmission), checked the bathrooms, moved tables a little, and tidied up.

First to arrive this year was Darren and Stella, with June and Rose close behind, leaving me a chance to chat a bit.

Once again, a dozen had clustered by 12:15, Deb and I once again wondered if the newsletter was read but, by 1:00 (a little later than usual), most of the crowd had formed, with another dozen in the following half-hour.

By reunion's end, almost 50 Teator-ians had appeared. And although a bigger number does not make our family history any more or less important, it is satisfying to share an afternoon every couple of years with a sizeable group.

Enclosed is a group shot in each envelope, while any family attending should also have a family line photo included. (To see the color pictures, go to dteator.com, click on Teator Reunion, then 2014, to see all the lines represented (to be completed soon). I can also email it to you, now that I have started an email list, with a start of three of you. Email me at dteator@gmail.com to request a return email and I will add you to the list.)

Olin's line



The Town of Durham has done a worthy job improving Brandow Park after 2011's Irene. Our 2012 Reunion showed the emergency repairs; two years later, a new block building with regular bathrooms was noted.

Chris Kohrs (Town of Durham clerk) opened the bathrooms earlier, and I assume she locked up after we left. I urge you to thank the Town Board (7309 SR 81, East Durham, NY, 12423, or call) for our use of Brandow Park. It serves our purpose well, and I will write a thank you note to the Town Board. Overall, we run a fairly inexpensive operation, with no additional costs for park use (except for the recently required liability insurance for the day).

We had a moment of silence for those who have passed since last reunion: John Monette, Charlotte Rogers, Charles Soderblom, Connie Teator, and Katherine Brink.

We started opening food lids around 1 p.m. which used to be normal but was getting late the last few reunions. It worked for this year. A thank you goes to Robert Kudlack for the meal's blessing; another big thank you, and another, and another to Debra for filling in the operational pieces, especially as Chef-Griller, that allowed me to stroll around and chat with everyone.

Nora's line



The range of main dishes, side dishes, salads, condiments, and plates of burgers & dogs & rolls and desserts is a testament to originality, good planning, good cooking, and perhaps some good luck. I found myself wishing I could have had a spoon of several more dishes but there's only so much room. (When I was younger....) And, the desserts were as good and plentiful, as usual.

(It was Katherine's custom to bring a ham; this year, after several comments about that delicious sliced meat—was it ham or corned beef, some wondered—I found out that June had prepared a wonderful corned beef. Thank you, June.)

Of course, a thank you goes to all of you who came out. I suppose I don't need any validation but I do feel rewarded when you do attend, whether you come for the family history, or to see relatives we only see once every couple years, or to check out the best dessert (not that I would do that, mind you), or reconnect with people who have become friends since the first reunion, or to see how many more white hairs I have, or whatever the reason may be.

As usual, we did superlatives. I approached this with some trepidation, especially since John and Katherine, our usual winners for the last few reunions, had passed on since last reunion.

But there are still many worthy contenders. Congratulations, to Ray Teator, for being crowned the 2014 male champion, with Wayne Teter next. (Gene Every, again the youngest looking old person, offered to win; somehow he was five years younger than he was two years ago!)

And congratulations to Janet Armstrong for becoming the most senior bloodline woman, with Althea Teator taking the overall title. Barbara Teter was close competition also.

To all of you winners, we have reserved seats for the next Reunion.

The youngest attendees, 1.5 and 3 respectively, were Ruby and Lucy Palmer, children of Alicia (Brink) and Shawn Palmer.

Thank you, Mom and Dad, for sharing a family tradition.

The most recently married attendees were Alicia (Brink) and Shawn Palmer (4 yrs) and Holly (Brink) and Devon Morrison (8 yrs). Yeay! And congratulations.

The longest married attendees were Wayne and Charlene Teter (a half-century+) and Bruce and Bonda Brink (40+). And congratulations to you.

The newest grandparents in attendance were Ernest and Peggy Brink (granddaughter Ruby, also in attendance). You two looked so proud! (Nancy LaBarbera was the newest great-grandmother!)

The persons traveling the shortest distance, the perennial winner, were Loretta and Robert Kudlack (319.7 yards; ok, I fabricated the number but it must be close); also close-by are Roberta Soderblom and then Ray Teator, with a bunch within a ten mile circle.



Willis's line

Coming the farthest was Carl Parsons (Richmond, VA), then Bradley Teator in West Davenport. Other people with long rides were Nancy LaBarbera and then sisters June Monette and Rose Salisbury.

The group photos were taken, as usual, by Debra. The whole-group shot is her excuse to remember how to complete the ten-second delay shot. For those of you present, each family should find a family-line photo in this mailing (John Teter's children: Olin, Orlando, Norman, Nora, or Willis; or John's brother Calvin).

So, which lines were most represented this year? 2014 (2012)

- Olin – 25 (30)
- Norman – 8 (14)
- Nora – 2 (14)
- Willis – 2 (3)
- Orlando – 5 (2)
- Calvin – 4 (3)



Norman's line

(Of course, Mary's line is 0 – she being single, and deceased. The only other line with living descendents is Angeline (Teter) Radick's line. The other lines, the siblings of Alexander and Angeline, are David W. Teter, Rachel (Teter) Gillespie, Elnora (Teter) Cantine, Orlando Teter, and Maryetta Teter (she died as an infant), all of which have no living descendants.)

Just as a reminder, John and Calvin are two of the seven children of David Teter whose genealogy, when written out, will lengthen our family tree many feet longer.

The group shot, as well as the family-line photos, are also on my web site – <http://www.dteator.com/genealogy/2014photos.htm>. I believe you can click on a photo and copy and paste, should you want a copy. If you want the larger file format, contact me.

Thank you to those who helped Deb clear plates and litter. We took the Reunion garbage home and hope we left the pavilion as clean as we found it.

And thank you to Janet and Claudia who helped defray expenses. Not necessary, but appreciated.

The crowd started thinning out after 3:30-ish and all were gone home about 4, in the gold-

en glow of a near perfect mid-summer's afternoon.

It was heart-warming to see all of you; I trust the next newsletter (maybe, mid-2015?) finds all of us in good health.

Included in this newsletter is **Cindy Phillip's write-up** of some of her memories of Teator connections. **Thank you** so much, Cindy (David for proofing).

Take care,

Vitals

Births:

—Gerasimas John Markopoulos, son of Dimitryas and JoAnn (Monette) Markopoulos; b. 22 May 2013, St Peter's, Albany;
 —Ava Marie, daughter of Tanya & Jack Monette, 10 Aug 2012. (I somehow missed this next one until now.)

Marriages:

—Nicholas (Nick) Reinhold m. Mina Mardani; 24 May 2014; Shinto Shrine, Tokyo, Japan

Deaths:

—none



Orlando's line

I was made aware of an upcoming birth and marriage but custom dictates waiting until they happen.



Calvin's line

Other reminders:

- Any notice of change of address is greatly appreciated. Returns means a double mailing expense.
- As young adults gain new addresses, let me know so I can send out one more newsletter. Or an email would be an easy way to start connecting.

- Is your mailing label correct? Do you want a change the way it is written?
- As new births and marriages happen, let me know, please. You can send to my address or email me (dteator@gmail.com)
- If you have ideas for an article or profile, I will be glad to accept your contribution (or try to make it happen). Especially appreciated would be a general biographical sketch – individual or family.
- If you see newspaper clippings relating to family matters, please send them to me. (especially marriage write-ups and obituaries)
- I have some family history on my web site (www.dteator.com). If there is material not clear or accurate, let me know. I'll try to fix it as soon as I can. And I'll start working on filling out the other parts.
- If you have ideas for the reunion, feel free to share. Unless there is a groundswell for change, it is likely we will meet again the third Sunday in July in 2016.

Family Memories

Cindy Teator Phillips

I probably have a different insight to much of the family. After my dad's accident, many of the family members stepped in to help Mom, Dad, and me—their five-year-old. I will always hold these memories dear to my heart. I learned so many wonderful lessons.

For Easter each year, Aunt Martha and I would go shopping for my shoes, purse and hat. Mom always made my dresses, but it was so much fun to shop for the rest.

Many Fridays, when I got out of school, Aunt Martha would pick me up and take me to the auction barn for the weekend. I loved going to the auction, but was also very scared that, since my walking was so uneven and unsteady, I might hit something. On one of these weekends, Uncle Lawrence taught me that I was a special child of God. I was in the barn with him, and he asked me why I was so afraid. I told him I was afraid I would knock something over and break it, and I had no money to pay for it. He picked up a huge vase and asked, "Like this vase?" I said yes. Then he smashed it on the ground! He looked at me and said, "You are more important than all of this 'stuff' to me and to God." The

lesson was learned. We always had root beer floats outside after the auction was over in the summer.

I loved going to see Roberta in her hair salon. It was fun to look forward to her doing my hair for the beginning of each school year.

Aunt Martha tried to come and see Dad at least a couple of times each week. Looking back now, as an adult, I see what a blessing it was that the family came so often after Dad's accident, when so much else of the life he'd had before had been stripped away.

Our visits from Aunt Katherine and Uncle Charles were always in the evening, after chores were done. I don't think I was ever wearing anything other than pajamas when they came. What fun, I got to stay up late and have treats! We didn't go to their house very often as it wasn't easy to get Dad into the house. But when we did, we had so much fun! The adults would want to play cards, but, as a little kid ... Boring! Bruce, with the kind heart that he had even then (and still does), would say "Come on," and off to the barn we'd go. He would find me a stool, and I'd sit and talk to the cows and sheep. I remember Bruce reminding me, "You know, they are food, not pets!" I usually answered that by kicking him in the shin. Bless his heart, he just took my frustration and laughed.

Uncle Norm visited sometimes, and we would also go to his house. I just never understood a thing that was talked about! I told Dad that my ears couldn't listen fast enough.

I never had the pleasure of getting to know, or even meet, Grandma (Grace) Teator. My story wouldn't be complete if I didn't share some of the stories passed on by my Dad. Grandma made big soft molasses cookies. Dad would always snitch some extras and hide them with his clean socks in his dresser drawer. Grandma wanted this to stop. So, one day, after Dad had found that the cookie jar was empty, he went to pull more out of his secret stash and found ... fried potato cakes! No more cookies with his socks.

Grandma was also known for putting embroidery floss in the pancakes, just for fun! Though she was quite the jokester, my dad said that, growing up, he didn't think she slept. She was up before him in the morning, and still up working when he went to bed. Dad said she was one of the hardest workers he'd ever known.

Visiting Grandpa (Olin) and Grandma (Carrie) was such a treat. So much to do, puzzles or dominoes or looking at the walls of salt & pepper shakers. There was a basket of things to do under the stairs, or sometimes Grandpa & I would go out back to the barn to explore. There were all kinds of interesting things to learn about. Grandpa had such a sense of humor, I wasn't sure if he was telling me the truth or a tall tale. We were there to celebrate a few Christmases, what fun for someone who was an only child.

Uncle Bradley and Aunt Nancy came to visit when they could. Young Bradley loved to help Aunt Bev make dinner, as she tried to keep homemade meatballs in the freezer for these visits. They were his favorite, and he didn't mind taste testing, even if they were still frozen!

There are too many memories and stories to share them all.

But lastly, I need to share a bit about my dad (Jim, or, as most of the family knew him, Fanning). I don't remember much from before the accident, as I was only five when it happened. One of the few memories I have from that time was Dad taking me with him once each weekend so he could get the newspa-

per and I could pick up a Golden story book. Most of the time, it had to be a 5 cent book, but sometimes I got to pick from the 15 cent books! Dad would read and re-read them to me until he could probably recite them with his eyes closed. It was the beginning of my love of reading.

I don't really remember the accident, but I do remember going to the hospital with my mom every day for eight months. We had permission from his doctors. I learned many years later that the doctors hadn't thought that Dad would ever come home. Eight months later, he came home anyway! But while he was in the hospital, I remember Dad sending us to see other people in the ward that he had heard were having a bad day. He always said that there's always someone worse off than you, if you just take time to look.

Once we brought Dad home, we three grew so very close. In later years Dad said it was us against the world. There was no such thing as "can't." As I struggled with leg surgeries and ending up in a wheelchair at the age of twelve, there were no pity parties. Dad and Mom made sure I knew and understood that there was nothing that I or we couldn't do with God's help. This being the case, it just seemed natural, when I wanted to go to college, to not even consider accessibility or affordability. Off to the College of Saint Rose I went. Dad was such a cheerleader for me. College wasn't easy, but it was doable. I can still see the smile on his face when I graduated!

Two weeks later, Dad got to give away his "little girl" as I wed David. Two and a half years later, Dad's eyes sparkled as he became a grandpa. It was like that was what God had prepared Dad for his whole life. Dad and my son Andy were best friends. They did everything together. They worked on projects, played, cooked, and had some of the longest talks I could imagine. They laughed, cried, and screamed together, but always ended with "I love you." The last six years of Dad's life, Mom and Dad lived with us, and the bond between grandfather and grandson grew even stronger (even though they still fought over violin practice). When Dad passed away, Andy not only lost his grandfather, he lost his best friend. When Andy began to have his memories of what his grandpa looked like fade ... All he has to do is look in the mirror.