



## Patricia Wibbenmeyer

July 12, 1930 - September 2, 2021

Wibbenmeyer, Patricia, was born July 12, 1930 in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, to Guy and Estelle (Merriman) Flanders, and entered into rest on Thursday, September 2, 2021 at 3:12 in Iowa City, Iowa. She exited this life in peace.

She is preceded in death by her parents, Guy and Estelle (Merriman), and her two siblings, Margaret (Chuck) Schaller and John Flanders.

She is survived by her children, Lucy Wibbenmeyer (Mel Sharafuddin) and Dan Wibbenmeyer (Kathy); grandchildren, Zach Wibbenmeyer, Megan Wibbenmeyer, Jake Sharafuddin, Paige Wibbenmeyer and Evan Sharafuddin; her dog Pip; and numerous extended family and friends.

Our mom was an amazing woman who touched the lives of all who were fortunate to cross her path; she truly lived to serve others. After graduating from Marquette University, she uprooted to St Louis to pursue a career in social work, despite not having much family support for her decision. Her father had died when she was a teen-ager, and her mother, advanced in age, suffered from debilitating migraines, but Mom was always thankful to have found guidance and support from a Jesuit priest. She obtained a master's degree in social work from St Louis University in 1954, and the following year she received additional training in psychiatric social work from the Menniger Foundation.

Her first job after school was as a case worker in the Department of Child Welfare Services. Anyone who knows our mom can easily picture her climbing stairs in the projects of St Louis and wrestling children in trouble from families. Although this was what she remembered, we think she would have also paused and provided on-the-spot counseling and support to those families in need. Perhaps it was the stress of that position, combined with her desire to serve in a more therapeutic role, that led her to a job as a clinical social worker at Barnes Jewish Hospital. There she found her strength in helping patients who were in pain and suffering as well as supervising and mentoring students from Washington University School of Social Work. During these years she met her dear friend, Joyce Hendrix.

Her last professional move was to Catholic Family Services, where she was a therapist and supervisor before becoming the South Office District Director. Here, she devoted herself to helping others through individual, group, and marriage counseling. She dearly loved this job and the amazing life-giving friends she met along the way: Sister Barbara, Sister Carmelite (Carm), Jordie Schmaltz, and Carole Simon. These friends became family members who supported our many adventures during our childhood.

Her “retirement” from Catholic Family Services was short-lived, as literally the next day she entered private practice. She slowed down just a bit, but at one point had 20 clients. She continued her group therapy as well as marriage counseling. During those years she met Ellie Bhullon, a clinical psychiatrist who would supervise her and come to be a very close friend. She continued practicing up until the age of 80 when a medical misadventure sidelined her.

Drawing upon the resilience that characterized her entire life, she was now able to enrich her friendship with a group of dog owners and amazing game-playing women. One friend, Kaci, would provide her with ongoing support that

helped her stay connected despite the fact that she could no longer drive. And, finally, this opened up the possibility of moving to Iowa to start the last phase of her life.

Her career, while intensely important to her, only provides a glimpse into the woman, wife, divorcee, friend, mother and grandmother she was. She married our father, a clinical psychologist in 1960; unfortunately, the union would be plagued by his mental illness and alcoholism, and they divorced in 1970. In a testament to her spirit and ingenuity, we, as children, were oblivious to this hardship or the financial constraints of her very limited salary. With her hopelessly bad sense of direction and famous spontaneity, we explored national parks, dipped our toes in the ocean, traveled the Appalachian trail for 3 days, visited Washington DC, and went to Europe, just to name a few of our many adventures as a family. On one particularly memorable vacation, she changed course midstream after my brother and I vociferously objected to visiting the Quakers (no offense here). We ended up in the Smoky Mountains. Thank goodness we had tennis shoes!

We often traveled with other families or our extended family, but many times we just struck out alone with our trip tics from AAA (we still got lost). These were hot trips with no AC and a back seat carefully split down the middle between my brother and myself. Locally, we watched the eagles, sledged at Art Hill, frequented the zoo, attended famous Wibbenmeyer cold-cut picnics, sat in the bleachers at the old Busch Stadium (Lucy has yet to enter the new one), and watched musicals from the free seats at the Muny Opera (not missing a performance). And, of course, for many holidays and summers, we joined her sister, Aunt Marge, and brother-in-law, Uncle Chuck, and our 8 cousins in Neenah, Wisconsin. There we drank Coke and had endless popsicles from the wondrously "spare freezer" they had below their kitchen. Along with neighbors, St Louis Wibbenmeyer relatives, and one incredible

teacher, Wayne Baldwin, we flourished in the love, support, guidance and comfort they provided for our family of three. Our mom, however, was the captain, mate, THERAPIST, engineer, and social director of this life- giving arc. She was the fabric which held it all together, and she provided the nourishment to make it flourish.

As my brother and I grew up and had families of our own, our mom's attention turned to her grandchildren. Uniquely able to perceive need, she selflessly offered her love and ear. It is mostly her ear we all remember as she was an amazing listener. All the grandchildren have precious memories of overnights at her house and moments they shared with her. Riding with grandma was often an adventure involving driving the wrong way down one-way streets or accidentally crossing the bridge to East St. Louis (too numerous to count). But, she always got them there, wherever "there" was. She was next to each one of them to share in their successes and listen to their pains.

During her final years she joined Lucy's family in Iowa. Jake and Evan, now young men, were able to grow into caretakers, helping their grandmother find comfort and peace in a slower lifestyle. Memories of weekend overnights at our house, trips to assisted living for soft serve ice cream, eating at her favorite roof-top restaurant, and finally helping her enjoy her last days, have so enriched us. She never missed an opportunity to brighten someone's day, even when she was barely able to keep her own eyes open. She was forever noticing someone's clothes, joy, or sadness. And, always, she wanted us to continue to take care of ourselves.

A memory that we hold dear is lying on your bed as kids and listening to "Bye Bye Miss America Pie." And, Mom, yes, as the song goes, we feel a bit of "the music died" with you.

We love you and miss you. We raise a glass of white wine to you as you start

your next amazing adventure.

Visitation will be at 10:30 am, followed by memorial service at 11 am on November 27, 2021 at Chapel Hill Mortuary, 10301 Big Bend Rd. Kirkwood, Missouri. Lunch will follow.

Memorial donations may be made to the St. Louis Zoo.

Family and friends can review and share stories, photos and condolences online at [www.stlfuneral.com](http://www.stlfuneral.com) and follow details of this event and others in the community at [www.facebook.com/stlchapelhill](http://www.facebook.com/stlchapelhill).

# Previous Events

## Memorial Visitation

NOV 27. 10:30 AM - 11:00 AM (CT)

Chapel Hill Mortuary - Kirkwood  
10301 Big Bend Road  
Kirkwood, MO 63122  
(314) 965-8228  
info@stlfuneral.com  
<https://www.stlfuneral.com>

## Memorial Service

NOV 27. 11:00 AM (CT)

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# Tribute Wall



“ *Patricia Wibbenmeyer*

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January 06, 2023 at 10:46 PM



“ *Today I was confirming Pat's address and saw her obituary. Pat and I were at Menninger together and walked together almost weekly until I moved to Oregon. Whenever I think of her, I smile and remember the affection we shared. She loved her children and grandchildren dearly. I know she left you with an abundance of lovely memories.*  
*Hugs of comfort,*  
*Virginia Ives*

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**Virginia Ives** - November 27, 2021 at 09:45 PM



“ *Hi Lucy and Danny (?) it's been awhile. This is Laura Kleeman. I remember our moms taking us kids camping a few times, Thanksgiving at your house and other times just hanging out. Reading your mom's story, they still sound alike in many ways. Your mom is a memory for me of a dynamic, smart, energetic woman who made life happen and took care of business when her family and kids needed her. I'm sorry for your loss. I'm trying to get off for the memorial. If I don't make it and you need anything while in town. My number is 314-578-5147.*

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**Laura Kleeman** - October 13, 2021 at 03:33 PM