



James Robert Chatt

JUN 5, 1957 - JUL 17, 2023



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MAUI MEMORIAL PARK
NAKAMURA MORTUARY
CEMETERY, CREMATION & FUNERAL

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James "Jim" Robert Chatt, beloved son, brother, and friend died on July 17, 2023 unexpectedly after a brief battle with cancer. Jim passed away on the island of Maui where he has lived for the past 7 years. Jim was born in Rochester, New York, then spent many years living in Southern California before settling in Hawaii. Jim is survived by his mother Margaret Chatt, Brothers Ed (Anne) Chatt, Nephew Alex, Paul Chatt, John (Lisa) Chatt, Nephew Anthony, Niece Cara; sister Kathy (Larry) Fedick, Nieces Ellen (Eric) Meador, and Jenny Fedick. He is also survived by Aunts, Uncles, several cousins, and many longtime friends.

Jim is predeceased by his father, Edward Chatt.

Jim loved the outdoors and enjoyed snorkeling daily, was an avid runner that had completed many marathons and Ironman races. He enjoyed his work at Sargent's Art Gallery and the friendships he had developed over the years. Jim will be missed by everyone that knew him. He was the kindest man and always made you happy when you spoke with or saw him. Jim's burial and celebration of life will be held at a later date.

A Hui Hou, Jim!



Tribute Wall

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Luke Miller shared a photo to the **Tribute Wall** album.



I knew Jim from childhood but, being a few years younger, I really didn't hang out with him much until I was in my late teens. He was a lot of fun to be around with a quiet, understated sense of humor. One thing we really enjoyed was filming comedy skits with a Super 8 movie camera. Jim was at his funniest portraying the portly detective Frank Cannon attempting to solve a murder case with Joe Friday but unable to keep his mind off the fridge. His best line: "Why am I always the heavy?" Of course, Jim wasn't heavy at all. He was fit as a fiddle and was quite athletic too. After Jim moved to California, we stayed in touch with Christmas cards but didn't see each other again until I visited the state on a cross-country car trip with another friend. Jim was a gracious host and took us to the Orange County Fair, where he spotted an exhibit boasting "the world's longest shark!" Jim absolutely KNEW it was a scam but he wanted to see it anyway and figured what's a buck to get in? Sure enough, on the wall was a shriveled shark skin so puny it appeared to be a joke. We all had a big laugh, so I guess Jim's insistence on seeing the exhibit wasn't a total loss. Although Jim wasn't easy to get to know on a deep level, he was someone you'd gladly welcome into your home or spend an afternoon knocking around town with. Some of my fondest memories were making snarky remarks about really bad movies we were watching—either on TV or at the theater—and then continuing to joke about scenes later. Sometimes years later, in fact. Rest well, Jim!

March 5 at 5:42 AM



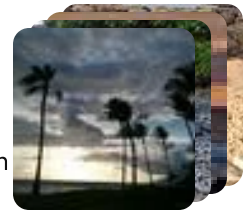
Tribute Wall

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John Demaria shared 4 photos to the **Tribute Wall** album.



My name is John DeMaria and I was a friend of Jim Chatt for over 55 years. As our mutual friend, Wayne Bagrowski has said so eloquently, Jim was a kind, gentle soul. Jim and I were best friends for much of our childhoods and then, on into our early thirties. As I have thought about what to say here, I feel the best thing I can do is to recall the person I knew. Jim was a wonderful athlete. As Wayne said, he was strong and could run fast. He was, though, not graceful. I was reading some remembrances from one of his newer friends once he left New York for good and moved to California. In one of them, someone fondly recalls a yearly ritual of Jim helping hang Christmas lights on their house. To me, this would be akin to asking Stan Laurel for help. It would be fun, and comedy would surely ensue, but the lights would not be hung and the job left for another day, after the gutters were reattached, bruises healed, and perhaps, Jim busy at work. Jim Chatt could not use tools. In all our years as friends I never witnessed him using a wrench, screwdriver, or hammer in the manner they were designed for. Jim would repair his misbehaving bike by getting off of it and throwing it as far as he could. If that didn't fix it, he then stomped on it several times. Jim's part of the repair process always stopped there. It was comical to watch. Jim always loved numbers and keeping statistics. Jim Chatt was not made for work that required physical labor. He would do it if he had to, but only just as long as necessary. Jim Chatt was funny. Not with jokes, or observations, but with his mannerisms and facial expressions. He knew what funny was. He made me laugh all the time. I remember one evening when we were maybe twelve. Mr. Chatt had taken Jim, Tim M. and I somewhere, and as darkness fell, we arrived back at the Chatt family home. There must have been some issue with the motor that Mr. Chatt wanted to investigate, so he popped open the hood and asked for Jim's assistance. This was a strange and intriguing request. Tim and I didn't say a word to each other, but we instinctively positioned ourselves on either side of the opened hood. Jim was on my side, armed with a flashlight to help his dad pinpoint the problem. I can't say for sure what Jim's intentions were. Knowing him, he was probably conflicted. He could dutifully help his father or he could try to be funny. I only know that beam of light shone on many things, but it only rarely found itself where it might have been helpful, and then, like a compass pointing to true north, always found its way back into Mr. Chatt's eyes. I can still hear his sadly irritated refrain, "Keep the light out of my eyes!" Jim Chatt was uncomfortable speaking. Like some silent film star who had difficulty moving to talkies, he struggled making himself heard. In all our years of friendship, Jim never really opened up to me about what he was feeling. It is my hope that he was able to do that later in life to someone who was a better listener than me. Jim Chatt loved Carroll's hamburgers (McDonald's before McDonald's), ice cream with rainbow sprinkles, corn, carrots, cheese pizza, and peanut butter sandwiches. This sounds like an old friend's childhood recollections of someone's favorite foods, but in Jim's case, I think these were lifetime favorites. Jim also loved candy apples. He would buy one and then bite down on it with all the ferocity and recklessness of a great white shark attacking a tuna. It was both frightening and mesmerizing to witness. If I quiet my mind just so, I can still hear that terrible sound. Who needs words when you can paint a mental picture like that? Jim Chatt loved the Spinners, the Commodores, and Luther Vandross. Jim Chatt was a skilled nature photographer. He had a wonderful way of framing his subjects which displayed his love and respect for animals. Tim M., Jim, and I traveled many miles together. On one trip we stayed in Miami and went snorkeling. It was the happiest I ever saw Jim. I believe it began



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his lifelong love affair with the ocean. When you know someone from childhood it's easy to keep placing them in the same familiar box you always did, as only what they were, and not recognizing the person they have become. This was easy to do with Jim. I regret that I was guilty of that with him. Jim was a late bloomer who made decisions at an agonizingly slow pace, but he did eventually make them. He was never well suited to Rochester. Even California was only ever going to be a stopping off point. It took awhile, but he finally got where he belonged, Hawaii. I was so happy he got there. I loved Jim Chatt like a brother, and it brings me profound joy to think of him still snorkeling in Maui, with his beloved sea turtles nearby. I miss him everyday.

December 4 at 3:25 AM



John Demaria shared 10 photos to the **Tribute Wall** album.



December 4 at 3:25 AM



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WB

Wayne Bagrowski posted:

Dec. 4, 2023 By Wayne Bagrowski Months ago, a close friend, Steve Trabold, told me Jim had passed. We were shocked. I looked everywhere online yet couldn't find mentions of his death. Jim was a kind, gentle soul. We grew up just two blocks apart and spent several thousand hours together from ages 5 through our teens. I am positive there were periods when Jim, Steve T, John D, Tim M, and I saw each other every day for months straight playing football, baseball, basketball, hockey, at the same schools, biking, sledding, roaming Highland Park, going places with our families, or just hanging at one of our houses. We were always in motion and almost always outside! Jim was one of the best natural athletes I've ever known. Ran faster, jumped higher, skated... (not!) could catch footballs over his shoulder at just 9 or 10, and was deceptively strong. He did it all better than any of us. I begged him to try out for the Bishop Kearney football team. The last time I saw him was around 1986 in Brighton, NY at our gym. I would see him there quite a bit. We'd always say hi, talk about "old" times, laugh and smile. Jim made it easy to smile along with him. I moved to Metro NY in 1987 and lost touch with every neighborhood friend until just the last few years. In April 2021, my wife, Judy, my sister Noel (who Jim knew well) and my brother-in-law Ric were in Maui. I wrote him via IG, the only place I could find him. I never heard back. Boy, I wish I knew he was living so close. I would have tried hard to find him. How special it would have been for the two of us to snorkel, walk the beaches, bike... but not run! I was never able to keep up with Jim, certainly not after he had trained as a triathlete and Iron Man. Very impressive, yet no surprise. To Jim's immediate family: I remember you all. The hundreds of days playing basketball and street hockey in your driveway, trying to heave Eddy's shot put, and hanging out in the house watching TV and playing games. Thank you for your kindness. The world has lost a genuine, kind, warm human being. Mahalo, Jim. You lived and shared the Aloha Spirit long before finding your island home. A Hui Hou, Wayne

December 4 at 3:25 AM



Kathy Fedick February 26 at 12:09 AM

Hello Wayne, Thank you for all your kind words about Jim. Give me a call. Kathy 585-261-3883



Media

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Luke Miller shared a photo to the **Tribute Wall** album.

March 5 at 5:42 AM





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John Demaria shared 4 photos to the **Tribute Wall** album.

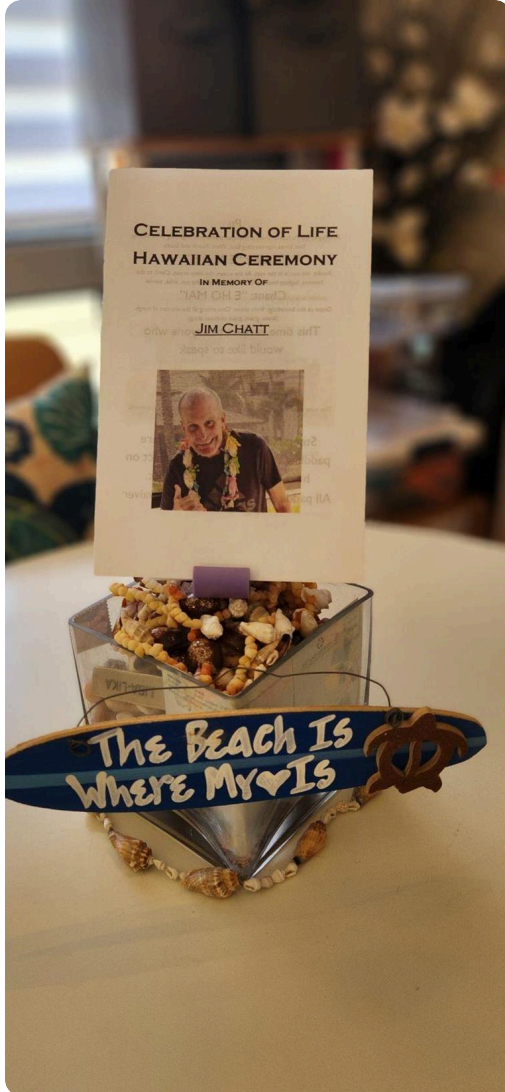
March 4 at 11:52 AM





John Demaria shared 10 photos to the **Tribute Wall** album.

March 2 at 1:39 PM



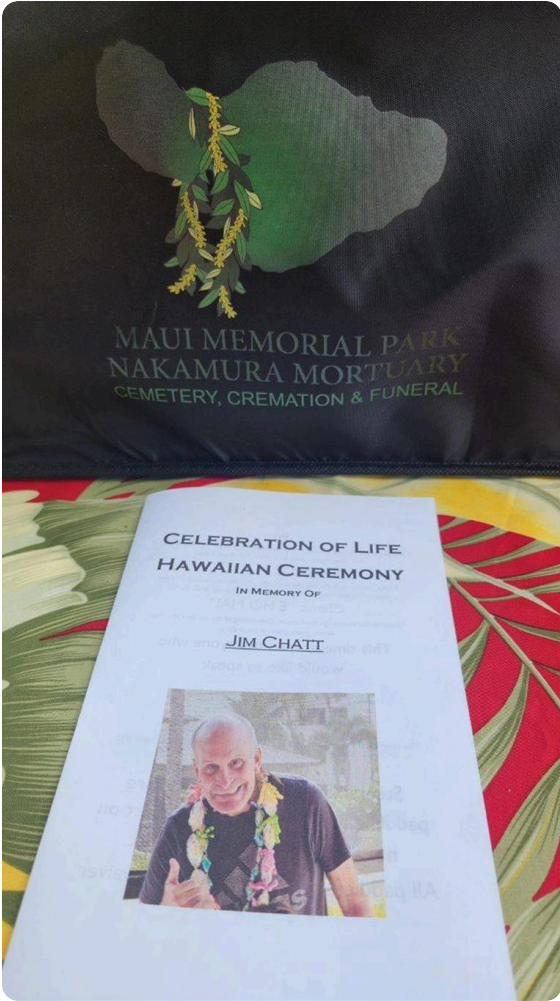




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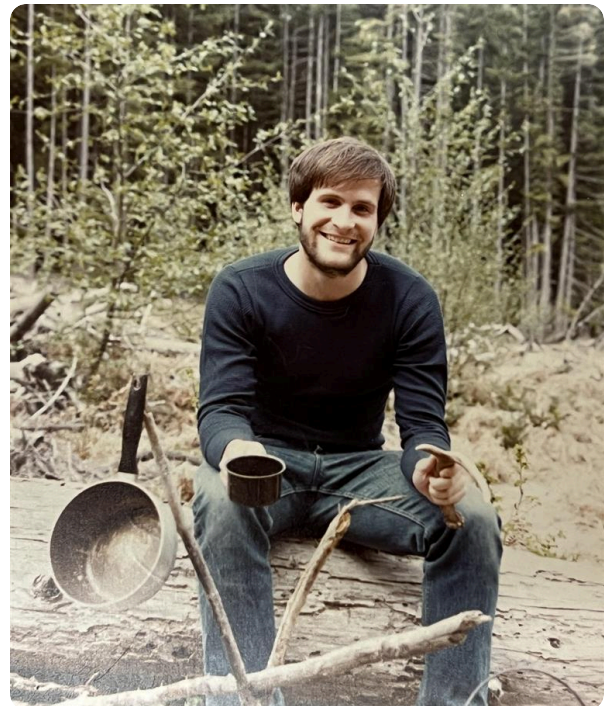
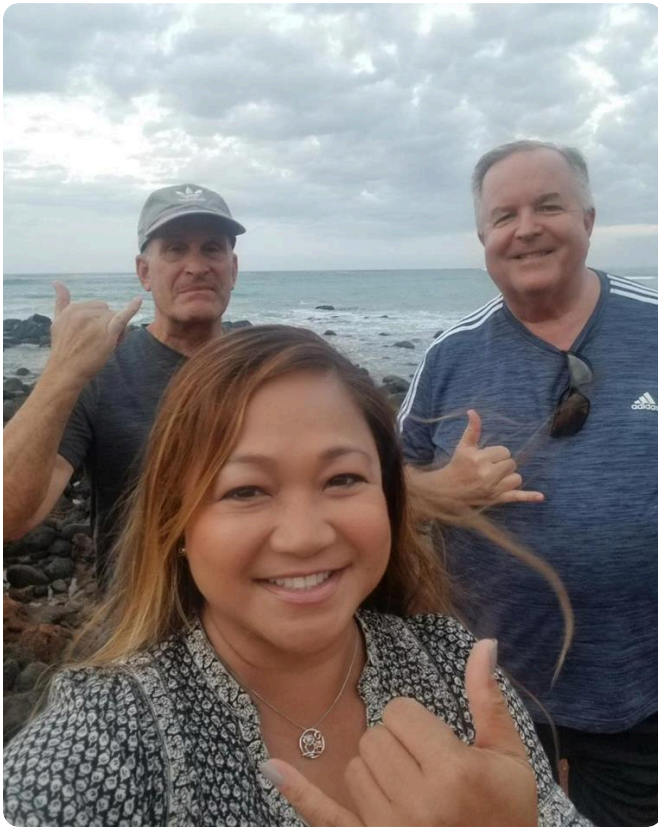




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Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring James by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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