

## **Tributes received by email in memory of Patricia Allen, November 24<sup>th</sup>, 2011**

### **Christine Allan-Johns, New Zealand**

Here are just a few of my memories of the last 35 years we have been friends. I can see you, Pat, with Max and I around a piano at Cumbrae, ploughing through the mountains of new songs people had sent in for us to look at. Many of them were awful and we had a lot of laughs! Your sensitive piano playing and your glorious voice singing "They have no wine." The wisdom you shared with me, from one single woman to another. The beautiful ring with the Holy Spirit flame you gave me when I set out to return home from Scotland to New Zealand. The ring that was once to have been your wedding ring. Meeting up with you in Australia in 1981 when you were agonising about the call to a life of prayer. The privilege and joy it has been to support you in this calling for over 20 years. Your encouragement when I despaired of raising our son Simeon who has Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder. You prayed and would tell me that he was going to be okay. You assured me of the love the Lord had for him and the call on his life. Now he is an intern for a Pastor in a big church in Auckland. He really loves the Lord and is on the way to be a Pastor in the future. Your prayers for him gave me such hope. You had such courage to follow the Lord's calling to Israel. I remember you writing to me in 1997 and wondering if we would ever meet again this side of heaven. I was blown away because we had just signed up for a Pastors' tour of Egypt and Israel in February 1998. We had a wonderful day together as you joined our tour for the day. It was so special to see you again. Such a holy day! One day we will indeed catch up again! I will so miss your lovely letters and cards and interesting things you collected to send me. You never missed my birthday. Most of all I will miss just knowing you were covering my family and me in prayer. This Christmas I had planned to send you the attached photo I had taken. You always loved the calendars of New Zealand scenery. This taken on the West Coast at sunset. I loved the sun making the sign of the cross. Bless you my dearest sister. The angels of heaven will rejoice and sing when they see your beautiful face! Rest in peace.

### **Martha Keys Barker, Member of the Community of Celebration in Millport, Scotland**

"Patricia had a remarkable gift of making space for the other—both for God, and for those of us whom she loved. When I was pregnant with my son, she wrote a beautiful song for my family that included these words:

"Little child within, we're so glad you're here,  
That you've come to share our life together.  
And we pray that you will grow strong and true,  
And to know the love, that gave birth to love,  
That is you."

I recall having Quiet Days at her flat on the Isle of Cumbrae, and in the small monk's huts near the Cathedral. She created a sacred space of silence that allowed me to breathe and reflect during the crowded days of being a young mother. She made beautifully arranged simple meals that nourished both body and soul. On one of these special days, she shared a thought with me that I have carried with me throughout my life:

"Settle into the Christ-life within you. You carry Him about with you always and forever, a precious treasure that will never be exhausted of exploring."

I know that Patricia continued to explore the depth and mystery of God's love for us for the whole of her life and shared the fruits of her exploring generously, especially in her wonderful letters. What a gift she has been to the wide circle of friends who have been gathered around her in spirit for these final days of her journey on Earth. I trust that we will continue to communicate deeply in the spirit as she moves on into greater exploration and further adventures in God's love.

### **Alison R. Barker, Texas**

I remember the "quiet day" retreat she offered at her small flat on the Scottish Isle of Cumbrae. Pat would meet you with her hospitable, warm smile and settle you in to her attractive arranged little room, where there was a comfortable chair, music to listen to, books to read and a place to pray. She would disappear. It was comforting to know that she was praying, too. She would appear at lunch time and later at supper time with a carefully prepared tray with a nutritious lunch and supper. After supper, she would offer to pray and talk as I wished. I returned home refreshed, comforted and loved.

**Margaret Bradshaw, England**

It will be hard to think of Jerusalem without Patricia's prayerful presence there. What a saint! Her ministry will be always treasured. We valued her constant interest in our children and grandchildren. Please say to the sisters that our prayers and thoughts are with them in their sorrow for Emmi and Patricia.

**Clare Chiesa (Morris)**

I just want to thank her for teaching me, and the rest of the community children, to listen with our hearts. To hear what is true and to know that there is love in everyone. I remember going to visit her after she moved to the Snoopy Huts... it was a strange way to live I suppose but to us it was just what Pat had to do. I remember thinking that maybe one day I could grow up and live in a beautiful little house surrounded by snowdrops too. I am so grateful to God for her life and her prayers for so many all over the world.

**Jane and Jim Clowe**

How thankful we are that the three of you (Howard, Jodi and Elaine) were with Patricia in her final hours.. We are persuaded that she was totally aware of your presence, although unable to acknowledge it. At least, you made significant eye contact with her. What a blessing! We would so have loved to be there with you, sharing that moment. The memories we have of Pat back in the early days of the Redeemer Community are much associated with her beautiful voice, and the gracious way she shared her gift with the Body. I remember especially the Sunday service that she sang when she sang Cat Stevens version of "Morning Has Broken". And later, of course, came the wonderful song she composed herself, "They Have No Wine", the story of the wedding at Cana. She could play the piano as well as she sang, and accompanied herself when she shared this lovely song. And yet, the greatest of her gifts was intercession in prayer and it was in this context we came to know her best. We communicated with her often during her sixteen years at Abu Gosh, and were blessed to spend a day there with her during a trip to Israel in 1999. We leaned heavily on her prayers for our entire family, and she has walked with us through several crises. We will miss her, but rejoice that she is now singing with the angels. The scripture that came to our minds was I Cor. 15: 54, 55. Our thoughts will be with you on Thursday. Our loss is Heaven's gain.

**Joy Crawford, Australia**

A message from Australia, where Pat travelled to St Mark's Anglican Parish Community in Malabar, Sydney with Jerry Barker and Rick and Lesley Roberts. David and Joy Crawford have maintained a particular and rich connection with Pat over the intervening years, visiting her several times and greatly appreciating this ongoing connection. Pat came into our lives in a very intentional way in 1978 when she and Jerry and the Roberts came from Cumbræ to live with us for a year. Her presence amongst us was like a small piece of fine yeast in a bowl of good flour - the effects are both immediate and continue to be felt for a long time. Pat came with music and song, a fierce passion for relational clarity and honesty, a love of the sea and the world of the shoreline which she found in her new home, and a deep sense of the closeness of the kingdom of God - right here, right now. 35 years later we hold in our hands the strands of meaning, love and connection between us that are still vibrant in both memory and active association up until weeks ago. We mourn her loss, give thanks for her life and love, and trust her God to hold her tenderly as she makes this next transition.

**Max Dyer, Houston Texas**

Patricia Allen was one of my dearest friends. I was privileged to receive the strength of her friendship over many years. She was an Intercessor, and my wife and I are grateful for her support which has brought stability to our marriage. She was godmother to our oldest son and has always been present in our marriage and family in some hidden way. I became friends with Pat at the Church of the Redeemer in the early 70's and for almost a decade we were both members of the Community of Celebration in the UK where we travelled together with the Fisherfolk. Patricia had a passionate soul and a fine clear soprano voice and could sing with a devastating spirit of abandon. She had a tender straight gaze and her lovely eyes danced with life. She had a special quality of leadership that was invisible. In some ways Pat was like a mother to me. She extended the lifeline of her unqualified love to me when I needed it most and simply never withdrew it. I found healing in her gentle acceptance, friendship and constancy. As I saw her make the transition to her contemplative vocation I always found joy in releasing her to God. For the past three

decades Pat and I exchanged letters, generally one or two a year. Her letter often arrived at the very moment when I was sending mine. This happened frequently enough it almost became the norm and was a always striking reminder of the deep bond we shared. Our relationship has never been diminished by time or distance. Perhaps that will continue to be true as Pat begins her new journey. I am deeply grateful for the gift of my friend and dear sister Patricia Allen. She will continue to live in my heart. I honor her in the sight of God.

**Patricia Beall Gavigan**, Hurst, Berkshire, UK

Patricia Allen, "Pat," beloved Saint of God and dear friend back in Redeemer Days and through the years, be welcomed by the choir of angels and along with Lazarus, once a poor beggar, be led into the Holy City, Jerusalem, City of Peace, where the Light of Jesus shines to you, through you and all around you, where the dew drops of mercy shine bright, where there is no dying or giving birth but life eternal, Ages unto Ages. Know the love you've given through your person, your love of worship both through contemplation and through heartfelt song, resides in our eyes, ears and hearts this side of the great divide! In Genesis we read that the evening and the morning were the first day and at daybreak last evening (morning of the first day) you began your pilgrimage where you are leaving behind your finite mind and putting on the infinite mind of Christ Jesus, crucified, dead, buried, and raised from the dead. Those words, "Fear not for I have redeemed you," have put on new and complete meaning this day. The worship at Redeemer which truly was a foretaste of the heavenly choirs singing with all their hearts and voices has taken a dimension which none of us earthside can imagine or even dream of....yet hope for. And the song you sang with such conviction, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee" gives us all the hope of knowing the fulness of God's grace and mercy here and hereafter. Especially sensitive are the words at the end, "Whom shall I send and who will go? Here I am, Lord, send me!" And you are there just as the Lord bidden you come. Blessings are yours now and forever. The peace of the Lord Jesus is with us! Amen. I get a bit woozy reading 'buried in Mt. Zion Cemetery, overlooking the Mt. of Olives.' I'm sure Patricia, the woman from Beaumont Texas, never could have imagined such an occurrence! But again, so appropriate.

**Barbara Gilbert**

Thank you so much for being there with Pat. It must be so hard but from the sounds of it she is leaving this life in Peace & surrounded by those she loves. My favourite memory of Pat is when she set up the Quiet Room above the bakery & through gentle persuasion led me to my first quiet day. The direct upshot of that was getting Polly, my first dog who you will remember well!!! Pat said Polly taught her a great lesson when she ate all the bird food outside her hut. After being very angry, she realised that when the food left her hand it was free for God to use how He liked - even feeding a dog!! She taught me how to stop & listen to the Lord, a lesson I am still learning & how life should not be frenetic. I know she will be welcomed in heaven with open arms and may she rest in the comfort of the Saviours arms forever.

**Nanette Gill**

Words cannot begin to express how much I loved Pat. My relationship was really post community days in the early 1980s. Yes, I had met Patricia and loved her music, but one day living in Carrolton, Texas, I had too many clothes a dear friend had given me, and I asked the Lord what to do with them and He said, "Pat Allen". Well, I said, I barely knew her and didn't even know if she was still in Millport! Long story short, I blindly wrote to "Pat Allen, Millport" and asked if she needed any clothes. I received a letter within a week saying, "I went before the Lord, saying, "You clothe the sparrows and the lilies of the field, but I have nothing to wear. Yes I would love your clothes, in fact since the Cumbrae fire, I've been wearing some of your clothes"! I sent a box of clothes and we began a long relationship based on our love of God and Israel. Her letters, prayers for me and my family have meant the world to me. My mom visited her many times and I know was there to welcome her home. I will greatly miss her along with countless others.

**John Halsey**, Roslin, Scotland

Pat first became intimately associated with our Community, the Community of the Transfiguration, when she began to discern her vocation as a solitary on Cumbrae and moved into one of our huts. Later she stayed at Sister Patty's hermitage in Loanhead for a year while preparing to be received into the Catholic Church there. Sister Patty remembers the priest noting how radiant she was when she was received,

'Perhaps I ought to do the same', he said. Pat is remembered with great affection by many in the Catholic Church in Loanhead. Her sponsor, May Todman, said, 'She was always so full of joy and wrote wonderful letters. She was always interested in my family. She was a very holy person. I'm quite sure she will go straight to heaven.' When Pat moved to Israel the connection with our Community continued to develop and deepen through her rare but marvellous letters and by her prayer. She was a much valued friend to our Community. She was, and I'm confident will continue to be, a great blessing to us all. May she rest in peace and rise in glory.

**Sylvia Hawkes, England**

Patricia passed briefly through my life in the 1970s but she left a deep impression upon me of a strong, gentle, beautiful character, depicted in the pearl drop she gave me as she moved on as part of the 'Family' known as the Community of Celebration, who, to this day, continue to inspire my walk with God. God bless you Patricia - your prayers now will be even more powerful.

**Donna Hollis, Redeemer member 1971-1981**

Pat, you have touched my life when we lived at Baldwin House back in the 1970s while at Church of the Redeemer in Houston. You helped me to understand that it is change within that makes us who we are supposed to be in Christ. Thank you for your insight and example which you gave to many of us. Your journey continued with the group that went to Scotland and you continued the journey being Faithful to your calling and for that I admire you and I know that your example will continue on in the memories of all those lives you touched. Your spirit continues on through the example of conversion you conveyed throughout your life. May your soul rest in peace.

**Wendy Kimble [Morgan]**

We have been receiving emails via Lisa Tegby following Patricia's journey home, now she is there some amazing celebrations must be going on. Pat and I have exchanged letters for the past 30 years, she has been a constant inspirational friend to me. We had the great privilege of having her stay with us for two weeks when she left Cumbrae, and then moved to Israel, precious memoirs. Patricia will always be in my heart, the most faith full friend [apart from Jesus] I ever had.

**Freda Kimmey**

I first heard Patricia's beautiful voice in 1972 at The Church of the Redeemer in Houston, Texas where she was part of the worship leadership. She sang like an angel. Later, as members of the Community of Celebration, we lived together in Scotland on the Isle of Cumbrae. There, as we got acquainted, I was drawn to her beautiful spirit. Over the years, she and I became closer and I grew to appreciate her profound spiritual wisdom and insight. After she tested her call to be a solitary, she moved into a tiny hut next to cathedral attached to the College of the Holy Spirit on the island where we shared rare but rich moments together on the days she received guests. Years later, when my grandmother died, I was devastated. The first person I wrote to was Patricia. She wrote me back immediately and made a lifelong commitment to include me in her prayers - taking over for Mam-maw. Her love and prayers sustained many people all over the world. When peace comes between Israelis and Palestinians, I will remember how fervently Patricia prayed for this event. Her primary reason for moving to Israel was to be a prayerful presence there.

**Ian and Marlyn Lundie**

Our memories of Pat are of a lovely caring friend who was also a super singer and pianist perfectly displayed in her rendition of her own song "The snare is broken". It seems now that she will soon be totally free of her earthly confines and indeed will be flying in the heavenlies. We as part of Struthers memorial Church will miss her intercession for us personally and for the church in general but know too that she was greatly uplifted by Marlyn's updates of all that Jesus was accomplishing here especially through our young ones. Whilst we mourn her passing, we rejoice at her promotion to Glory!

**Christine and Douglas McDavid and Tom Lennon of Millport, Isle of Cumbrae**

She helped so many people. We give thanks to God that she came here to this island of Cumbrae.

### **George Mims**

Pat was a dear friend whose gifts were many. She was a contemplative from the first day I knew her in 1969 at Church of the Redeemer in Houston. Also, her clean, pure, beautifully toned voice was an enormous contribution to our worship experiences there. Whether it was "O Jesus, grant us hope and comfort," "Mary had a baby," "Once in Royal David's City," as the soloist on Christmas Eve, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace," during prayers for the Baptism of the Holy Spirit," or countless songs of Renewal where thoughtful improvisation was a plus, or on classic anthems from the Renaissance, Patricia had the gift of musicality and sang aloud the meaning of the words and melody. She did so many thoughtful things like writing and giving out little booklets of prayers as she prayed for friends. Patricia was one of the first persons I met when visiting the Redeemer in 1969. We became friends instantly. She shared a love of music in worship and was just plain Christocentric and as such warmed my heart in our conversations together. Certain songs where Pat would be singing have left their mark on me. There was a simple, "Glory to God, glory," where Pat did a thoughtful improvisation that was different from verse to verse. She sang the song, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee," like none other, particularly I'm sure because she believed every word of the scriptures that song has as verses. Who will ever forget her singing the solo verse on "Once in Royal David's City?" She had this purity of tone, clear diction and heart-felt sonority that made the text come alive. The same is true when she sang Betty Pulkingham's, "Mary had a Baby." While we've not had a lot of contact in recent years the times we've been in touch revealed her special gift of prayer and intercession for all of us and for the condition of humankind throughout the world. I know she had some time at Baylor and knew early experiences in faith akin to my own. While her home going has left a void, it has also brought about once again the sure knowledge that we worship Jesus in the abiding presence of saints and angels who have been welcomed by the choirs of angels and along with Lazarus, once a poor beggar, have been ushered into the Holy City, Jerusalem, City of Peace. How appropriate it is that Patricia has been living in the earthly city of Jerusalem these many years in preparation for that awesome day when her finite mind would put on the mind of Jesus Christ! How fitting it is that her earthly remains will be buried in the cemetery on the Mount of Olives! Thanks be to God.

### **Cathleen (Gillis) Morris**

Jodi and Howard, This is the wording of the only poem I have left from Patricia. (My others, as well as some drawings and personal poetry, had been packed separately and stored carefully in preparation for the move from Scotland to Aliquippa. They were in the only three boxes that were never received after we moved.) For me, this one poem has been sufficient to last all these years. I have treasured it. As Patricia goes home, along the next part of her journey, I know she is surrounded with love ... The Lord is near and she is with dear friends like you two, who have been close to her over the years. She is also to be received into the waiting arms of the greater communion of saints - her many friends, family and loved ones who wait on the other side of the thin places into which she always "saw through" here in this world with such clarity and simplicity. If possible, kiss her for me, and send my thanks for her lifelong, simple expressions of godly love.

### **Val Nobbs, London**

It was in the quiet room on Cumbrae by a container of shells she had collected. She gave it to me with some broken shells and it has stayed with me ever since. The shells and her words are on my bedroom bookcase in London as I type this to you. "If you find a shell amongst these broken ones that you especially like, please take it. They hold a certain beauty not found in whole shells. Their brokenness exposes their interior. With them nothing is hidden. We, like them, are broken people. And yet our brokenness, like theirs, is a very precious gift. It exposes the true source of our life and living, Christ himself. Don't hide your brokenness, it is the gift of your own uniqueness."

### **Dave and Jane Porter , Brighton, England**

"Isaiah 43 comes to mind, for Pat's funeral, in the form the song takes, especially the chorus. A personal message from us: "Rest well, dear friend. We'll see you in the morning."

### **Edward and Sherrell Prebble, New Zealand**

Patricia's death is something Sherrell is feeling very keenly, as they have been part of each other's lives for such a long time. Patricia, Martha, and Sherrell lived together in several houses in Houston in their student

days, with Pat being somewhat older of course. She was a very influential figure in Sherrell's life at that time when Sherrell was moving into her own identity as an adult. When we all moved to Coventry, Patricia was 'bridesmaid' at our wedding. I put that in quotes, as we did not have formal attendants, but she and Richard Gullen signed the register as witnesses. In all the time she has been in Israel, Patricia has been a very faithful friend and intercessor. She has sent us a letter about once a year, full of very faithful and prayerful wishes, and has occasionally included a book for us to read. We have sent her a New Zealand scenic calendar every year, which she has found helpful in focussing her prayers. A commendation from the New Zealand Prayer Book: God alone is holy and just and good. In that confidence, therefore, we commend you, Patricia, to God's judgement and mercy, to God's forgiveness and love. Blessed be God the Father, who has caused the light of Christ to shine upon you. Go forth from this world: in the love of God the Father who created you, in the mercy of Jesus Christ who redeemed you, in the power of the Holy Spirit who strengthens you. In communion with all the faithful, may you dwell this day in Peace. Amen.

### **Betty Pulkingham**

As my pictorial memory travels back through years of knowing Patricia, two images come to mind. Pat is kneeling by a gigantic claw-footed bathtub in the antiquated laundry at Yeldall Manor, Berkshire. She is scrubbing our clothes by hand, a back-breaking job - especially when you do it day after day, week after week. This is Joyful Drudgery. Then there is her saintly presence standing quietly at the back of the Cathedral of the Isles in Scotland. Ever so gently she breaks the silence as she sings the opening strains of "Once in Royal David's City." The plaintive quality of her voice captivated even the most distractable teenagers, like my son Nathan, who recalls this as his most moving memory of our beloved Patricia. May her soul rest in peace.

### **Kathy Rauth**

My name is Kathy Rauth and I am one of Pat's nieces. She has two more nieces, Jenny and Nancy in Florida and a nephew, Ken in North Carolina. She also has a sister-in-law, my mother, (also named Pat Allen!), who was married to her only brother, George. My mom is currently in Texas and has stage 4 cancer. I would like to thank you from all my family for your wonderful care and support for Pat. The email updates have made us feel part of her journey and helped us say good-bye. We will miss her. We feel blessed that she had you and all the many friends to be with her when we could not. We did not see Aunt Pat much growing up, my father was quite a few years older than her and had moved to New Jersey where we grew up, and she was busy with her ministry and traveling. I remember we had The Fisherfolk Albums and were very proud of them. My Grandma Allen would tell us childhood stories of Pat and show us wonderful pictures from that time. I remember once as a child watching wide-eyed as the ministry community stopped, unloaded from a van and stayed at our house in New Jersey for a night as they were passing through to their next stop. I didn't really get to know Aunt Pat until I was a young adult, and I wrote her a letter asking her advice about prayer. She had decided to settle in Cumbrae by then I think. Ever since then, through our many letters we got to know each other. I would tell about how my family and my garden grew and she would share with me pieces of her spiritual journey. She was truly a remarkable women. She had the courage to leave all behind and live in the Faith of the Lord alone. When someone close to me passes away, I find comfort in song and usually a particular song for that person comes to mind. For Aunt Pat I will sing the old Shaker Hymn; " My Life Flows On " My life flows on in endless song; Above earth's lamentation. I hear the sweet though far off hymn That hails a new creation: Through all the tumult and the strife, I hear the music ringing; it finds an echo in my soul—How can I keep from singing? Godspeed, Aunt Pat.

### **Lesley Reid, Scotland**

A quiet room was set up in The Cathedral of the Isles. Pat nurtured the room and in the room I and many others were nurtured. Pat put broken shells from the beach at Cumbrae in the room in a basket. A small card sat beside the shells - typed with words from Pat. She encouraged us to see brokenness as revealing inner beauty.

### **Joyce Stump**

Patricia is my dear cousin. What a blessing to have caring friends ministering to her when we who also love her cannot be there at her side. Although our dads were brothers, Pat and I last saw each other when she

was about 10 years old and I was three years older. She played "Claire de Lune" on the piano which her dad, my Uncle Otis had enabled my parents to purchase for me from his furniture store. I was astounded at her skill and talent and passion at the piano. That was the last contact I had with her until an Allen Family Reunion in 1995 in Muskogee, Oklahoma when a letter from Pat was displayed on a table with other memorabilia and photos. I was elated to see her letter, copied her address, and promptly wrote to her in Scotland where she lived at that time. She and I corresponded regularly after that and what a joy it was to establish a relationship (if only through letters) which we had never had. She had grown up in Beaumont TX and our family lived in the country in Oklahoma -- seemingly worlds apart! The thing that came through so clearly in her letters was her love of the Lord Jesus and her tender, loving heart toward people...she always asked about my family and expressed appreciation for the photos I sent her of my children, grandchildren and great-grands, always asking about their lives, and stating that it helped to put a "face with the name" and I know that she prayed for them by name. Although she never married, she was extremely happy for me when a wonderful Christian man asked me to marry him after he and I each lost our spouse. I have kept each letter she wrote -- each one is precious -- so much lovingkindness flowed through these 16 years of correspondence, really our only contacts. And I do believe that writing was laborious for her, yet three or four times a year I would receive from her that delightful packet of love, handwritten. We actually thought it was going to be possible for Lowell, my husband and me to travel to Israel in March, 2010 but that fell through. I know it would have been special to see the Holy Land for the first time, but the ultimate highlight was the thought of seeing my beloved cousin after 60 years or more! One of the Scriptures I shared with her was Zechariah 12:9 "On that day I will set out to destroy all the nations that attack Jerusalem." Pat wrote "I loved the Scripture you shared (Zech 12). It is one that Lance Lambert (teacher with prophetic gifts) loves to quote. He says he feels safer in Jerusalem than anywhere in the world because of God's promises in His Word! God will protect her just when all seems lost.

#### **Ann Wafer**

The first time I knew Patricia she was a renter in one of the apartments I managed in Houston, Texas USA during the early sixties and was one of a few I felt led to tell about my reason for resigning and moving to be in the neighborhood of the Church of the Redeemer. She was hungry to know why and asked as many questions as she could think of about the church. She came to the church to visit and stayed, and shortly thereafter moved into my household and then later into another household and became part of "The Way Inn" Coffee House as a member of "The Fisher Folk". Alice West and I along with The Rev. Graham Pulkingham prayed for her to receive the Holy Spirit which of course she did. When she lived with us there were times she would not go to work (as a social worker) but spent all day "under a tree" (even in the rain) listening to hear God speak to her about her journey. Her voice was beautiful and when she sang it was with a true voice directed always to her Lord. Always peaceful and kind she was much loved by my family and those who knew her. I am very blessed to have known her.

**Ruth Wieting**, former Fisherfolk and Community of Celebration member now living in Umeå, Sweden Patricia was a very special part in Håkan & my marriage since BEFORE the beginning. A couple of years before Håkan came to Aliquippa and proposed, she had a dream about me that I married a widower who had several children. At the time of the dream, she didn't have any idea who the widower was. And she never told me the dream until AFTER I wrote her with the news that we'd gotten engaged. THEN she knew who the widower in her dream was! (She knew Håkan from the Joelson's time with the Community in Scotland in 1975-76.) Alongside that, her move to Israel coincided with my move to Sweden after our wedding, so she always celebrated our "common anniversary" with a special card and letter of love and encouragement and thanksgiving for how the Lord wove our lives together in that way. I loved Patricia's voice and hearing her sing and play the piano. When she became a hermit, I remember being a bit sad that we wouldn't get to hear her sing anymore. But I am thankful to have a cassette of her singing her songs. I always especially liked her song to Jesus, "Close the back door, Baby, now that you've come in ... all I want has just walked through to me." The testimony of her life was that she did open her heart and life so fully to Jesus and thereby also open so deeply to so many of us. I know I am joined by MANY others (literally all over the world) who consider ourselves so richly blessed to have known Patricia and to have experienced her prayer support. We will miss her, but rejoice that she will now be unhindered in her prayer and praise with Jesus.