

Eulogy for Pat Anderson
delivered by Roger Bresnahan
St. Mary's Cathedral, Lansing, MI
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Four things may help us as we meditate this morning about Patricia Anderson.

First, theirs was a partnership marriage.

She was every bit Dave's equal.

They were a couple in a most substantial way. When our daughter was very young she even referred to them as a single entity: Patdave.

Some years ago the *Detroit Free Press* did an article on Dave. A young woman came to the house to interview him. She took Pat aside and commiserated with her for having to live "among all these books and all this clutter." Pat responded, "They're my books and my clutter, too!"

This leads into the second part: Pat knew herself and respected herself:

Whenever I second-guessed her, I was wrong. Eventually I stopped doing that.

She always dressed stylishly. She invented her own style and was comfortable in it.

She loved books, not for themselves but for how they could bring people together, and she was always giving people books.

After her retirement as a librarian, she continued her library work in the friends of the library organizations within the community and at the university, where she created an award for students to describe their book collections, no matter how small.

She loved objects of beauty. She was one of the few people I've met who could put her hand in a junk pile and pull out a treasure. One Saturday she and my wife, Mary, were at a roadside flea market on the road to St. Johns. Pat reached out her hand and came up with a bone carving. Mary said, "Pat, I think that's Inuit." Pat quietly replied, "I know."

The third point is that she was a spiritual person.

A week ago today, Mary and I and our daughter, Mei, visited Pat at Sparrow Hospital. She took all of our hands in hers and said, "I'm one of you now."

Her becoming a Catholic was not so much a conversion as a culmination of her spirituality.

Pat's spirituality leads to the final point—that she had the gift of all the great mystics: she understood the time and the manner. She was able to tie up loose ends, and to say goodbye to us, even if we were not ready to say goodbye to her.