



Patricia "Pat" Weaver

January 5, 1945 - October 20, 2008

GLENDIVE, MONTANA: Patricia Anne "Pat" Weaver, age 63, of Glendive, Montana passed away on Thursday, October 16, 2008, at the Glendive Medical Center, in Glendive. A Life Tribute Service will be held at 2:00 P.M. on Monday, October 20, 2008 in the Chapel of the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home in Glendive, with Celebrant Sandy Silha officiating. Interment will follow in the Dawson Memorial Cemetery in Glendive. Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home of Glendive has been entrusted with arrangements. Patricia was born on January 5, 1945 the daughter of Burnell and Helen (Lemoine) Randall, in Vancouver, Washington. She was raised and educated in Washington, graduating from La Center High School. She later moved to Glendive where she met and married Jack Weaver on November 5, 1977 in Glendive. Patricia worked as a bartender at the South Side Tavern in the late 70's and early 80's. Patricia loved music, some of her musical talents included singing and playing guitar and keyboard. She was able to use her musical talents when she played in a band at the South Side Tavern. Patricia left the bartender business to spend more time at home with her family. Other talents of Patricia's included sewing and doing arts and crafts. Along with music she also had a passion for flowers but, what she really loved most was spending time with her family. She is preceded in death by her parents, and one sister. Patricia is survived by her husband Jack of 31 years; three sons, Doug Weaver and his wife Penina, of Glendive, Kevin Peterson and his wife Michelle, of Hillsboro, North Dakota, Lloyd Peterson, of Glendive, and one daughter Tammy

Peterson of Bozeman, Montana, three brothers, four sisters, seventeen grandchildren, two great- grandchildren and numerous nieces and nephews. Remembrances and condolences can be shared with the family at: www.silvernale-silhafuneralhome.com Patricia Ann "Pat" Weaver Life Tribute Service October 20, 2008 Chapel of the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home Glendive, Montana Master of Ceremonies: Welcome Song: "When I Get Where I'm Going" by Brad Paisley Celebrant: Eulogy "When someone dies, we don't get over it by forgetting; we get over it by remembering, and we become aware that no person is ever truly lost or gone once they have been in our life and loved us, as we have loved them." (Leslie Marmon Silko) Patricia Ann "Pat" Weaver loved her family and they loved her. Today we remember and honor Pat, because she will live on in the hearts of her family and friends. Her touch on the lives of those who knew her will remain with them throughout their lives. Most important in Pat's life was her family. If a family member needed something, Pat would do whatever it took meet that need, often sacrificing her own needs and wants to see to theirs. Pat was a very honest person and would speak her mind even if it might be something you didn't want to hear. She was a good listener and you could talk to her about anything, and any advice she might give you, was her best attempt to help you. She would just offer it up and then ask how you were going to take care of whatever needed taking care of. She was supportive but always expected you to be responsible for what you did and you to be responsible for your consequences. Besides being honest, Pat was stubborn, and when she was really angry, tears would come. Her son, Doug, knew he was in trouble if his mother called for him using all three of his names. When Pat first came to Glendive, she worked at the Southside Tavern as a bartender. That is where Jack Weaver first met Pat. Jack worked for the railroad and would stop in the Southside for a drink after he finished working for the day. Jack had to be a bit persistent to get Pat to take his interest seriously, but she did, and they married and spent the next 31 years together, raising four children, Doug Weaver, Kevin Peterson, Lloyd Peterson and Tammy Peterson. Pat left the bartending business to care for

her family. Pat's second love was music. She sang and played the guitar and keyboard in a band with Bobby Egeness. They were a familiar sound at the Southside Tavern and also would play some area events and birthday parties. Although Pat would never say this, she really had a wonderful singing voice. Most week-ends, Pat and her family and the other band members and their families would get together and jam. Sometimes it would be at their homes, other times they might get-together in Makoshika Park and combine the music jam with horseshoes, beer, and a campfire. Pat's favorite music was western. And Pat loved it best when her kids would sing with her. Pat had a huge music collection. According to her children, she must have at least a thousand albums. She even has around 40 eight – track tapes. Her favorite music was traditional country singers, Johnny Cash, Hank Williams, Charlie Pride, and of the more recent country artists, Pat liked Alan Jackson. Pat was a huge Elvis fan and has all his albums, and a lot of Elvis memorabilia. Pat never liked listening to Elvis songs that were sung by anyone else, they just didn't sound the same. Another passion of Pat's was dolls. She was quite a collector and many of her dolls are in their original boxes. Pat's daughter, Tammy, tells that Pat's favorite dolls were porcelain dolls; she had both sets of Sunshine dolls, numerous Barbie dolls, Elvis dolls, and many more. Pat would swear she wasn't going to get any more dolls, because there was nowhere to put them, and then the next trip to K-Mart, she would pick-up two or three more. Her kids would remind her that she had said "no more", but she would just reply that she could find room for these. The same with garage sales, Pat would talk about not going to any more sales because she had so much stuff from other garage sales, there just wasn't room for any more, but then she would get invited to go and end up with her car trunk loaded. Pat was a pack rat and has boxes and boxes of good stuff. Around her home, Pat loved to bake. She made donuts, rolls, bread, pies, cookies, and all different kinds of candy. The kitchen was "Mom's kitchen" and you stayed out of her way until she was done. She might let you have some cookie dough, and her son, Doug,

especially remembers testing the cake batter. Pat also had a large garden. She would take some of her produce to the farmers' market to sell and the rest she would can or serve the family. Her garden and yard always included flowers, which she loved. Her favorite flower to watch grow and enjoy were tulips, and Pat's favorite flower to receive was carnations. And she loved all colors of flowers. Included on the memory board are photos of some of the flowers grown by Pat. Pat wasn't much of a television watcher, preferring instead to listen to music and sing along with it. Pat enjoyed doing arts and crafts, sewing and had a special talent for crocheting. She made many afghans and doilies, and each baby born into the family received a baby afghan crocheted by Pat. The family has brought one of Pat's afghans and displayed it so that everyone could see a bit of her talent. She would sometimes sell her handiwork, charging very little. Pat was very humble and did not place a high value on what she did. Decorating for the holidays was something Pat did every year, both inside the home and outside the home. She put out many decorations for Halloween and Christmas. Each Christmas it seemed that Pat would add a few new holiday decorations to the mix. It was a tradition. Photos of the outdoor lights that Pat displayed on their home are also included on the memory board. Pat enjoyed reading western stories, with her favorite author being Louis La'Moure. Pat was a very energetic person. She kept busy with many activities and she kept busy with her family. That is why this past spring and summer when her energy level dropped so drastically, it was apparent to Pat and her family that something was just not right. In July, her doctor gave her the diagnosis of leukemia. Pat had been undergoing chemotherapy these past months. But on Thursday, October 16, Pat collapsed at her home, and she lost her battle with leukemia and died. The loss of Pat came too quickly for those hopeful that the fight was going well. Her death has left a hole in the hearts of her family and her friends. Pat Weaver will be greatly missed. In viewing Pat's photos on the memory board put together for today's service by her family, there is a certain photo of Pat, playing her guitar and singing into a microphone. This was the essence of Pat

and this is the picture of Pat her family carries in their heart, Pat playing and singing her music. Let us now listen to a favorite song Pat loved to sing and she loved to sing this song even more when she could talk her son, Doug, into singing it with her. The song is called "Seven Spanish Angels", by Willie Nelson. Song: "Seven Spanish Angels" by Willie Nelson Closing: Celebrant

There are many views about the hope that waits for us in life beyond life, but there is one undeniable and ever present hope we all can share. That is the hope found in memories. "We live on in the lives of those we touch; we live on in the lives of those who love us; no one is dead until they are forgotten." For Jack, Doug, Kevin, Lloyd, Tammy and all of Pat's family, Pat was a significant and vibrant presence, who added color and meaning to the lives of those around her. Pat's legacy to her family was her love of each of them, and a sharing of her passion for music, and for the importance of family. The honor and tribute paid to Pat today recognizes that the place she holds in the hearts of those who love her will continue long after today. Her story will be told on many occasions when family and friends are together and something reminds them of Pat. Those reminders might be in hearing a song; they might come on a special occasion or day that you remember Pat enjoying; you might remember her as you experience what life brings and have a sudden urge to share it with her. Celebrate these reminders, they are what brings Pat close to your heart. Please listen to the following reading: "When tomorrow starts without me, And I'm not there to see; If the sun should rise and find your eyes All filled with tears for me; I wish you wouldn't cry The way you did today, While thinking of the many things, We didn't get to say. I know how much you love me, As much as I love you, And each time that you think of me, I know you'll miss me too; But when tomorrow starts without me, Please try to understand, That an angel came and called my name, And took me by the hand, And said my place was ready, In Heaven far above, And that I'd have to leave behind All those I dearly love. But as I turned to walk away, A tear fell from my eye, For all my life, I'd always thought, I didn't want to die. I had so much to live for, So much yet to do, It seemed impossible That I was leaving

you. I thought of all the yesterdays, The good ones and the bad, I thought of all the love we shared, And all the fun we had. If I could relive yesterday Just even for a while, I'd say goodbye and kiss you And maybe see you smile. But then I fully realized, That this could never be, For emptiness and memories, Would take the place of me. And when I thought of worldly things, I might miss come tomorrow, I thought of you and when I did, My heart was filled with sorrow. I no longer walk with you, Or on this earth do roam, But as I walked through Heaven's gates, I felt so much at home." Remember Pat in your heart, in your thoughts, and the memories of these times you loved, the memories of these times you shared, will become sacred. For if you always think of Pat, she will never be gone. Let us close Pat Weaver's life tribute service with this song selected by her family, "The Old Rugged Cross".

Tribute Wall



“ *Patricia "Pat" Weaver*

December 07, 2022 at 04:10 PM