

Patricia Elizabeth Macgregor

Patricia was born in the Fraser Valley and grew up in a farmhouse with 4 other siblings. Her father was a kind man and her mother was a strong-minded school teacher who took no guff. This combination might have left an imprint on Pat, who did not like cooking or domestic chores, preferred to play hooky/swing from barn rafters/drive her father's car along the dyke roads.

It is possible young Pat was not described as well behaved, but she was of quick mind and intellect. Pat went to UBC where she majored in English, moved to San Francisco in the 60's before it was cool and became a stewardess when that was considered glamorous. But then she figured smoking on planes was bad, or San Fran was boring, or something else was beckoning, so she moved back to the Fraser Valley, became a high school teacher and met a guy called John who had a sportscar and one tie.

She got married, moved to Victoria, and had a couple of kids which changed things QUITE dramatically. No longer able to hobnob with movie stars on aircraft, she decided to throw herself into early childhood education and teaching preschool in Victoria, a calling she loved almost as much as her own children. She also fell in with a somewhat disreputable but immensely spirited group of like-minded women (aka The Board, LBG).

As was the case for many couples, divorce complicated things – just not nearly enough for Pat. She completed a Master's degree in early childhood education at UVic, all the while working and raising two teenagers. She taught kindergarten, collected a roomful or two of craft supplies and a fridge full of withered limes, played bridge, and lived a life of laughter to the growing amazement of her now frequently speechless adult-ish children who loved her for letting them throw

parties and not caring what the neighbours thought.

Retirement was not ready for Pat either. She immediately threw herself into the cause of restorative justice where she continued her quest to make things better for kids and adults, no matter where they came from or what mistakes they might have made.

Nicknamed “the mother of all doctors”, Pat kept heart disease, fractured limbs, colon cancer, and other worthless opponents at bay for years with an indomitable spirit, bridge games, choir, margarita parties, good friends, and laughter (so much laughter!). She made friends with her sharp wit and kept them with her kind heart.

The last cancer was a nasty surprise and ended things far too fast for our liking. Pat is survived by her younger sister Nancy Lane, her grateful children Ed Peramaki (Angela) and Liisa Peramaki (Ian), grandchildren Adele, Lisa, Ella and Devyn, dear nieces and nephews, and a host of friends too large to comprehend (let alone list). You’ll know them all by their laughter and tears.

Pat will be dearly missed, but her laughter will ring in our ears for decades to come. Seriously. It could be that loud... and long-lasting.

COVID-19 has wrecked all sorts of things, including Pat’s incredibly detailed plans for a memorial service. But once we can gather without fear and hug with abandon there will be a celebration of life. Word of mouth will likely reach you when it’s time to honour Pat/Patsy/Pam Pam.

In the meantime, feel free to give a donation to the IUP Single Parent Resource Centre or Saanich Peninsula Restorative Justice if you’d like to honour her with something other than laughter amongst friends and family.

Rest in Peace, Mom – we’ll always love you.

PS We are recycling the craft supplies. Ha!

Condolences may be offered to the family below.

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