

ADVENT 2021

PEACE I LEAVE WITH YOU; MY PEACE I GIVE YOU. I DO NOT GIVE TO YOU AS THE WORLD GIVES. DO NOT LET YOUR HEARTS BE TROUBLED AND DO NOT BE AFRAID.

JESUS, IN JOHN 14:27

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Dear Very Special Friends,

“I don’t want to go to heaven in my pajamas,” Dick said, as he chose a favorite cheerful plaid shirt and gray pants, and I helped him bathe and dress for that day in July.

How did he know this was the last time he’d change his clothes before seeing our Savior face to face? There is no doubt about it, he DID know it would be soon! The cardiologist had told him about a year before that his heart failure could take him at any moment because his then 94-year-old heart was just tired of trying to squeeze hard enough to circulate the blood. In the weeks of spring and early summer, he finished his preparation for the moment he’d been anticipating. In the garage, he planted the seeds for the garden he knew he’d not put in the ground. (Our niece and grandsons put them in the ground and the harvest was plentiful!) He organized the garage, little by little, with what sparse energy he could muster up. He organized his clothes. He had his last morning time in God’s Word with Bob, who followed him to heaven a few weeks later.



Dick and Margaret

That day, in his recliner, he drifted into unconsciousness. Our sweet hospice nurse friend was led by the Lord to stop by. In the yard after her visit, Joyce told our friend she needed to give her brothers two days’ notice for them to have a chance to be with their dad for his Homegoing. The nurse said, “Tell them to get on a plane now.” It was almost midnight in Czech and Slovenia, but Dave and Josh hurriedly booked flights on newly opened routes that were much shorter than the 24–30 hours it had been taking to get to the States. Our God undertook in some amazing and unusual ways, and after purchasing their tickets by 1 a.m. on Wednesday, they flew at 7 a.m. (5 p.m. and 11 p.m. Tuesday Colorado time), and were here in Colorado by 3 p.m. on Wednesday the 14th. Wow!

Steve had arrived two days before and was such a help when care for Dick became more difficult in the night. Each of the boys was able to express his love to Dick, and Joyce had already been doing that. Grandkids and great grandkids said their goodbyes in the two months prior as well as that day.

For some time, Dick used to answer the question of “How are you?” with “I’m going to live forever!” “Forever” was about to begin!

So, at 11:57 p.m. on July 14 Dick stopped his labored breathing, opened his eyes a bit, took two normal breaths, and left very peacefully.

As the funeral attendants took Dick out the front door several hours later, Joyce was streaming video to Connie and Kristi. Grandson Caleb, in Albania, was watching via FaceTime. Almost four-year-old Charlie and one-year-old Jenna were on Caleb’s lap watching with him. As Caleb wept, Charlie said, “Don’t cry, Daddy. Grandpa isn’t there now, that’s just his body! He’s gone to heaven to be with Jesus!” Now, what can be sweeter than that?



I've been so very privileged to be able to have Dick in my life for almost 66 years! He's been a man who was always thinking BIG, and God enabled him to actually accomplish many of those "big" things with Him at the helm. One of those was being part of the founders of OCSC/Cadence International, with whom we still serve as Ambassadors.

He was also a man who loved God and His Word, so it was often in his thoughts. In fact, a couple of weeks earlier when Josh was here and was sitting by his bedside on a sleepless night, Dick sat up and preached a whole message on "How to Raise a Wise Son" to Josh! It's been a pretty exciting life to watch God at work for him and through him! And I'm reminded that the same wonderful loving God, who has always cared for us and led us in the past, is still alive and a resident in my heart and capable of meeting my widow's needs before I really understand them.

Thank you so much for your love and prayers for me and our family! As your cards and gifts have come, I've longed to sit right down and tell you how much your words of encouragement have meant to me. But I've gone on with whatever God had before me at the moment and knew that "in time" I'd get a letter off to you. I didn't expect it to be getting to you at this important time of celebrating God's love and provision for us, but I do pray that it will be a sweet time for you of worshipping Him.

Gratefully,
Margaret

If you haven't already, I'd be honored if you'd join us at Dick's memorial service, which can be found at Cadence.org/DickPattyMemorial. If you would like a copy of the service bulletin and Dick's life story, they may be downloaded at Cadence.org/DickPatty.



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