Christine Patrick

October 16, 1947 ~ March 1, 2014

My beautiful mom Christine (nicknames "Chris" or "Tine") lived an unconventional life. She was spontaneous and free-spirited, like a bird, flying freely wherever and whenever she wished. She emphasized that when she flew out of this world, she wanted a celebration of her life, not sadness over her transition. Naturally, those that know and love her are grieving her being gone. Especially since she was only 66 years young. However, in our sadness, we find comfort in paying tribute to a beautiful spirit of a woman and our blessed mom.

Christine was proud to be first generation German, born in Delmanhorst, Germany to Hans and Sigi Skowronek. When she was 5 years old, she and her mother and father left Germany for the United States. Ahhh, Freedom! She and her parents lived in Salt Lake City, Utah. She was the oldest of 4 siblings (total): Reinhardt, Ralph, and Charlie. She was fluent in German her entire life, speaking it with her mom Sigi, but also at work, which was Holiday Inn Worldwide Travel Reservations. She worked at Holiday Inn for about 16 years and met some wonderful friends whom she loved dearly. She loved her job, but more importantly, she loved helping others. She felt like this was her purpose in life: to make other people's lives a little bit easier. Christine would give the clothes off her back, and usually did (I, her daughter Candice, had to remind her that she deserved nice things as much as anyone else).

Christine always loved her biological family regardless of their struggles and strife, and although they had some rather challenging times during her childhood and throughout, her heart was always open and forgiving of everything and everyone. "Life's too short," she always said, and "This too shall pass."

Christine was married to Ed Kimball for 18 years. They had 3 children: Jennifer (now 42 years young), and twins (Matt and Candice, both 40 years young). Christine loved her children more than life, and she made that clear to them. She reminded her children of the following throughout their lives: "I am going to teach you some really good things, and some really bad things unintentionally. But, no matter what, I love you always and forever. I am always your mom. I am definitely not perfect, but I have always done the best that I could."

Christine and Ed divorced in the early 1990s and several years later, Christine met Billy Patrick. They were married for several years until he transitioned in 2005 of cancer. They adored one another, travelling the U.S., having BBQs almost every Sunday with friends and family (all were welcome), and encouraging laughter, unconditional love and the connection of family.

Christine loved her makeup especially her bright pink lipstick (she never quite got over the ‚Äò80s genre), eating chicken (i.e., drumsticks), a good cup of coffee with lots of creamer and ramen noodles. She embraced singing, dancing, laughing out loud and listening to R and B and Reggae. She was excited to drive in the Spring, Summer, and Fall with all the windows down, the sunroof open, and the wind blowing in her hair. She enjoyed being pampered and especially giggled like a sweet little girl every time she and Candice got a pedicure (her feet were

really ticklish).

Over the last four years, Christine was diagnosed with multiple mini-strokes in her Occipital Lobe (causing the feeling of being blind) and Vascular Dementia. Towards the beginning of her transition, Christine was diagnosed with Anton's Disease (a unique brain disease).Even though her spirit wings were unable to take flight anymore via driving her car,working at her favorite job, or living wherever she wanted, she was able to reside in a nursing home where everybody loved her sweetness and kindness of spirit. She had the reputation for being "so polite", graciously thanking anyone for bringing her coffee, or helping her eat. The staff always painted her nails and fixed her long hair so beautifully. She felt like a princess at times, watching "I Love Lucy" when she wanted, having the windows open to feel the cool breeze, or walking or sitting in the back yard amongst the birds. She loved her nurse Sherry so much and would say, "Thank you Leann (she called Sherry this)" if she were here now.

I trust that my mom Christine was ready to transition. She knew it was time. She was ready to fly like an eagle amidst the sun, the moon, the stars, the angels. On the beautiful, chilly and windy day of March 1, 2014, she spread her wings and joined her parents Hans and Sigi, her beloved Billy, her favorite aunt Aga, and all of her angels in the non-physical world.

* A special thank you to Chris Kishiyama for being like a son to Christine over the past 2 plus years. Thank you for caring for her via helping her to get on Medicaid and Medicare, finding a nursing home, assisting with taking her to her therapy and doctor appointments, staying with her at the hospital as needed, visiting her at the nursing home often, cooking for her, and being present for difficult medical procedures and consultations with doctor and medical staff at the nursing home. You were and are a blessing!

Christine Patrick: 10/16/1947 - 3/1/14

She Lived!