



REMEMBERING **Patricia Ann Gloslee**

February 14, 1960 - October 24, 2020

My mother. My mother was a beautiful woman, she struggled to believe that, the ones whose beauty radiates right from within often do, but that doesn't make it any less true. She was smart, thoughtful, and a lover of people, animals and life. However, life as we all know, does not discriminate, and presented her with many struggles that were unfair when viewed with only the eyes of this world, her health being just one. That is why, in this time of so much grief, I am thankful for the hope that we have in Jesus. My mom loved the Lord, and I loved that about her more than anything, especially now. Having the assurance that she is completely free, mind, body and soul, from all of the pain and opposition that life holds and free to see all things clearly, from the heavenly perspective that only God can provide. Knowing this brings peace. The "better place" is real, my moms joy is now complete, along with her body.

Family meant so much to her, whether it be the ones that went on before (including her parents, George and Belle Macauley and grandparents Gordon and Dorothy Davies), or the many of us that are still here: her brother (Mike Macauley), my dad (Harry Gloslee), my brothers (Colton Zant & Slater Gloslee), her grandchildren who never failed to put a smile on her face and were the highlight on many of her harder days, her friends, and myself (Levanna & Matt Sheppard). She left us too soon and too sudden on October 24th at only 60 years old. She had fought long and hard with many surgical complications that arose after winning her battle with cancer. She went through a lot in her few years, but always came out looking for ways to do it better next time. More drive, more purpose, more prayer.

The memory of her will continue on in us through the things we experience and share with others. Whether that be the view or smell of an immaculate garden such

as hers always was, or take time to notice the particular radiance in the color yellow (her favorite color, and reminiscent to me of her kindness), from being a wonderful hostess and cook, to receiving one of her perfect salon haircuts, the smell of her perfume 'Angel', and whenever we hear the question "What time is it?" forever in our minds we will hear her saying "It's coffee time!", or when a good joke is shared (or we do something foolish but can humbly admit it like she always could) then we will remember her contagious laugh and amazing sense of humor, or as those of us with her grandchildren raise them up we will try our best to emulate the example of just how fiercely she desired to love, protect, and want to be there for us.

My mother was many things, she was a horseback riding, piano playing, hairdressing, degree accumulating, God fearing pursuer of knowledge and love. She was a warrior, a princess, an adventure, a servant of the Most High, and she was beautiful. We know how much we love and miss her, thankfully death is merely the beginning of eternity for those who believe. So, for now, we will remember her, and in the future, look forward to being with her again.

"That is why we never give up. Though our bodies are dying, our spirits are being renewed every day. For our present troubles are small and won't last very long. Yet they produce for us a glory that vastly outweighs them and will last forever!" 2 Corinthians 4:16-17

Special thank you to all the people that have been there for my mom over the years, we appreciate you.

Celebration of Life to follow in summer 2021 due to the current circumstances. Please e-mail rememberingpatsy2020@gmail.com if you would like to receive notification of the details.

