



Patsy Ann Rosado

March 11, 1947 - August 8, 2020

Patsy Ann Rosado, 73 of Athens, passed away Saturday, August 8th, 2020 at her son's residence. Mrs. Rosado was born on March 11th, 1947 to Elmer Matson and Marie Shipp Matson.

She is survived by her sons Shannon Harding and Jack Harding (Lisa); grandchildren Luke Harding and Kaitlyn Harding; sister Karen Coppinger; and brothers Jack Matson, Wayne Matson, and Harry Matson.

Preceded in death by her parents; brothers Bill Smith, Lee Jones and Alvin Jones; and sister Leona Matson.

A Memorial service will be held later in Washington State.

Tribute Wall

KC

“ *Patsy, was always there for me even when I was a little girl, not only a sister but like a mother. Always smiling never complaining, the best sister anyone could ask for! Miss you sis*

Karen Coppinger - August 15, 2020 at 11:04 AM

JH

“ *Patsy Ann Rosado*

Jack Harding - August 15, 2020 at 08:49 AM

ED

“ *To the best friend anyone could ever have...Patty loved unconditional. She took my son and I under her wing after his dad died when he was 4 years old, Patty became the best Aunt Pat a kid could ever ask for. This woman has been there for us through thick and thin. She will forever be a part of us. Miss and love her so much. I will see you on the other side my Friend...Take care till then.*

Eddylou Dean - August 14, 2020 at 09:38 PM

JH

“ My mom Patsy had a good reputation. She was a four-foot eleven sassy little gal, but without question, all that knew her would say that she was trustworthy, reliable and an eager helper. Whenever she was asked to help with a project, maybe painting a room, housesitting or babysitting grandkids, she was always available and would arrive early for the job. When I was in elementary school, I remember getting off the school bus and having a very loving and reassured feeling of being home with mom. I remember sitting next to her and how she would run her finger through my hair, up over and behind my ear. As if she was tucking it behind my ear. I'm not sure if that's because I almost always needed a haircut, despite my dad having a barber's license, or if she just had the room to explore because my ears were too big for my little head. In either case, the caress of my mom conveyed her love for me. After my parents separated when I was 12 years old, I only got to see mom every other weekend. While it was unknown to me at the time, I'd later learn that she endured sacrifice to make those weekends so special. After two short days with her, I'd be taken back to my dad's house. On the way home, every time, I'd get a feeling of heavy sadness as I felt the loss of my mom for another two weeks. As mom rebuilt her life in the late 1980's, God was gracious to give her a new best friend in Eddy Lou Livengood. My mom became sort of a second mom to Eddy Lou's son Victor, she loved him very much and later loved his daughters Sophie and Kari as if they were her own grandchildren. Her friendship with Eddy Lou has withstood the test of time and distance. Each one always available for the other. Eddy Lou meant a lot to my mom, and my mom meant a lot to her. I'll always be grateful for Eddy's friendship to my mom and to me as well. Of course, she loved her sisters and brothers a great deal. She loved to visit with them, sometimes unannounced. She especially liked to visit at dinner time if she heard they were making a pot of beans. Later she'd call me to let me know how everyone was doing. Patsy's grandchildren, Luke and Kaitlyn, meant a lot to her. I'll always remember the smile on her face when she talked about them, recollecting a craft that she was doing with them or a conversation she had with them. She loved those kids with all of her

heart. Finally, the best thing I remember about my mom is a lesson taught by her example of a positive attitude. Each time I called and asked "How are you doing", she would always respond "hey I'm great". Even if I knew she wasn't. In closing I'll share my hope and prayer, which is to honor my mom by her example of a positive response to others when asked how I'm doing. It's going to be a lot more than two weeks before I see her again, and my heart is broken over that but I'll muster all the strength that I can with love and admiration for mom, to respond like she always did "hey, I'm great" even if I'm not.

Jack Harding - August 14, 2020 at 07:26 PM